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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AUST.
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PRICE

THE SARA QUADS
at 16—pages 6, 7



Improve your cooking
SEE OUR HINTS FOR
SHOW COMPETITORS

ALL IN COLOR
Dobell Christmas card
London's Tower Ball
Sea scene at sunset

INDEX—SEE PAGE 22

16-page color lift-out
30 BEAUTIFUL NEW
HANDKNITS FOR BABY



LONDON TOWER CHARITY BALL



● Arriving at the ball, Princess Margaret wore a rose-pink corded satin evening coat. Sir Gerald Templar escorted her to the ballroom.

● Princess Margaret and her husband, Lord Snowdon, were among the guests last month at the first ball ever held in the historic Tower of London. The setting provided a colorful contrast, with Yeomen of the Guard in attendance in their traditional uniforms, and guests dancing to a swinging jazz orchestra. It was a gala charity event, with proceeds going to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, now in its centenary year.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - AUGUST 21, 1954



● The Princess dancing with her husband, Lord Snowdon. The orchestra played jazz music throughout the evening.



● Yeoman wardens watch an ox roasting, a highlight of the supper served in the moat at the Tower of London.



● Princess Margaret chatting with American evangelist Dr. Billy Graham, left, who was a guest at the ball during his visit to London. The Princess, right, at the bar specially built for the ball, looked glamorous with a new up-swept hairstyle and slim gown of rose-patterned satin.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 31, 1966

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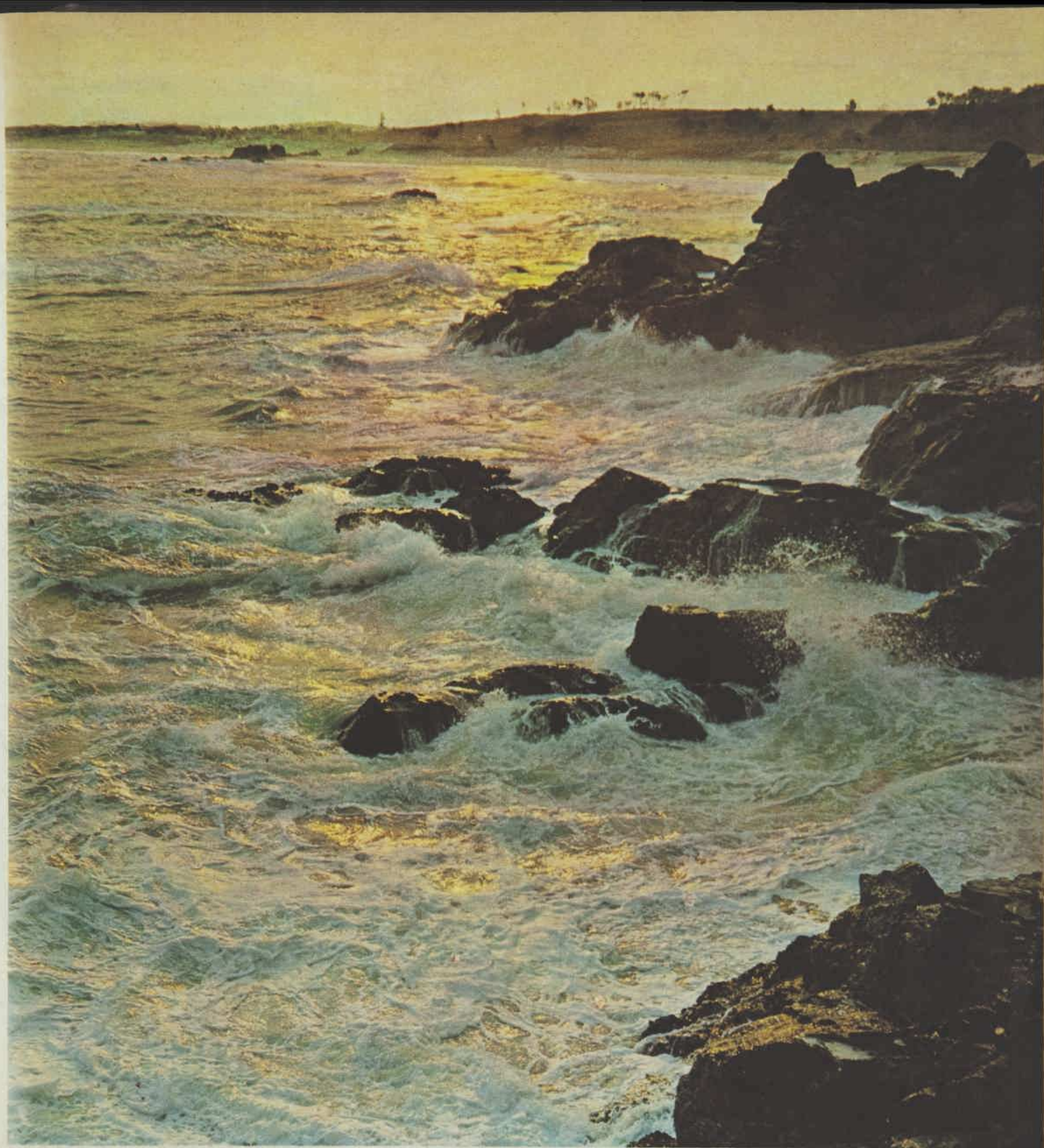
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BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

SUNSET— OVER THE SURF

● From Tacking Point, about four miles south of Port Macquarie, N.S.W. — if you have lingered after the beach crowds have gone — it is possible to look west and see the sun set over the surf. On Australia's east coast this is not a common sight, and to watch the sparkling blue-and-white of the ocean turn to boiling liquid gold is a fitting end to any day spent on the sunbaked beach.

— Picture by Eric Ray, of Sydney.

An apprentice pastrycook, a secretary-to-be, and two school students, all unspoilt average teenagers . . .

Sara Quads at 16



● Phillip, an apprentice pastrycook at a hotel.



● Alison, who is doing a secretarial course.



● High school students Judy and Mark.

THERE'S so little to tell really," Mrs. Percy Sara said. "It's been an uneventful 16 years."

She sat reminiscing as she sipped her tea in the lunchroom of the baby firm where she works — a fair-haired, serene woman with a companionable smile and direct, calm blue eyes.

The time? A few days before the 16th birthday of her four famous children, the Sara Quads.

"Like any average family we have had our ups and downs, our differences, and problems," she said. "But it hasn't been any different from any other woman bringing up five children."

English-born Mrs. Sara, her husband, superintendent of the district ambulance, and their three-year-old son, Geoffrey, were living in Bellingen, N.S.W., when she gave birth to the quads — an event that attracted world interest.

The births were not easy. The first baby, Alison, was born on August 17, Phillip arrived on August 18, Judith and Mark on August 19.

Now, remembering that time, Mrs. Sara said: "It is amazing how you take everything in your stride. It wasn't so difficult managing four babies at once. For the first three years I had a nurse to help me and, as she would handle two of the babies and I two, it was just like looking after twins."

"I didn't have them on my own until after we came back from England."

(In 1953, Mr. and Mrs. Sara, the quads, and Geoffrey went to England to visit Mrs. Sara's parents. The Australian Women's Weekly had promised the Sara family this trip when the quads were born.)

"But then they were just like all children. They matured at different times and, of course, were individuals."

Life was slower

"Living in the country when they were young made it so easy. Life was slower, school was just across the road, and there was plenty of room for them to play."

"When we moved to Punchbowl—they were nearly six then—they were a ten-day wonder, but Sydney, engrossed in its own affairs, didn't bother them. We just merged into suburban life."

"School? That was pretty straightforward. A few days' interest, then everything was placid."

"The only problem we had for a while after they were born was Geoffrey—which was to be expected."

"I remember when we brought the quads home, Geoffrey walked in, took one look, and said, 'Are we keeping them all?'"

"But now he is their adored big brother, and if he asks one to do something they regard it as an honor and feel very important."

"What is he doing now? At the moment he is going through a cadetship in electronics, but his National Service papers arrived recently, so we don't know what is going to happen."

"Phillip is an apprentice pastrycook at the Chevron Hotel. He's always been interested in cooking, and we changed his school so he could attend a home science course."

"Percy and I thought his interest might have been a flash in the pan. But he is very happy and even gets up at 5.45 each morning without any trouble — so he must like it."

"Alison? She just wouldn't study, so I said, 'Right, my girl, out you go to work.' I relented, of course, and she is doing a secretarial course and hopes to get an office job at the end of the year."

Like to conform

"Judy and Mark both got their Intermediate last year but don't know what they want to do when they leave school."

"You know, they really don't like being referred to as the quads now. Just like any kids, they like to conform. They don't like being different."

"But," and Mrs. Sara's eyes lit up with laughter, "they'll use the phrase to whip up a bit of trouble. One will stand up in the middle of the room and sing out, 'We're the Sara Quads.' There's an immediate outcry and pillows, books, anything that's to hand will go hurtling across the room."

"Three separate birthdays? Oh, no. Can you imagine three teenage parties on top of one another? We always celebrate the four on one day, usually the middle day, August 18."

Mr. Sara, now depot manager for a Sydney ice-cream company, is the family's acknowledged disciplinarian.

"The quads haven't had more than three good hidings in their life," said Mrs. Sara, pouring a second cup of tea. "But, if they start playing up, I have only to say, 'Dad's coming,' and they turn into little lambs. Not so with me, because I am too soft."

"Romance? Well, so far the boys are not interested in girls and Judy is still very shy. Alison has a nice young lad who comes to see her. We like him very much and it is nice having him in the house."

Mrs. Sara rose to wash the cups and saucers at the sink.

"You can see," she said over her shoulder, "we are a very normal, average family — and we owe it all to my husband who, when the quads were first born, was firm to the thousands of people who knocked on our door clamoring for a glimpse of 'your babies.'"

"But he protected us, and the children were able to grow up normally and naturally."

—GLORIA NEWTON



THROUGH A
PHOTOGRAPHER'S
EYES . . .



● Sara family, with their dog Vim, posed for this picture before leaving their home in the Sydney suburb of Punchbowl for a Sunday picnic. From left, Mark, Judith, Phillip, big brother Geoffrey, Mr. and Mrs. Sara, and Alison.

ONE of the Sara quads' strongest fans is staff photographer Ron Berg.

Ron, who has two teenage daughters, says he regards the quads as his "second family." He has photographed them from infancy — he took their first photograph soon after they were born.

"Their upbringing is a credit to Percy and Betty Sara," he said. "They are not in the least bit spoiled by publicity. When I go to see them they make me feel welcome and call me 'Uncle Ron.' They are good, average Australian teenagers."

When he took these pictures, Mark took him by the hand and said, "Is this the end, Uncle Ron? Won't we be seeing you again?"

Ron travelled to and from Bellingen many times during the years the Saras lived there. He saw the town during floods and during bushfires.

The first time he took the quads to the beach for pictures, he had to give up because smoke from the fires was so dense. "But not," he laughed, "before Mark filled his mouth with handfuls of sand."

"Another time we were chased by a wild cow at Chora, at the foot of the Dorrigo mountains. Looking for a spot for pictures, we saw a shady clump of trees. The placid-looking cows nearby didn't frighten us."

"We'd all started crossing the paddock, a reporter,

Betty, the quads, and I, when one of the cows advanced on us. We barely made it to the fence. I could feel the cow's hot breath on my neck as we threw quads, cameras, and handbags over the fence."

When the quads made their first visit to a Sydney beach, Tamarama, Ron arranged to take a picture of them. They were about four and he lined them up at the water's edge holding hands, telling them that when he gave the word they were to run toward the water.

"I gave the signal," said Ron, "and they ran all right. But they kept on going and disappeared under a big wave, with Mum, Dad, and me, clothes and all, dragging them out. We were more frightened and upset than they were. They just coughed up sea water and stood there laughing at us."

There had been times, Ron said, when he would have liked to have nailed the quads' pants to the floor to keep them in one place long enough to get a good picture of them together.

"Trying to get four lively, mischievous babies to stay in one place for more than a few seconds was impossible," he said.

Pictures of the quads together became more difficult when they first started school. "They didn't say anything, but I felt they wanted to be photographed alone — as individuals," Ron said.



● Judy, Phillip, Alison, and Mark at eight months, one of the few times they "stayed put" for a photograph together.

Fashion point: Arnel does a double-take on pleats.

Designer: Princeton.

Fabric: Ease-of-care Arnel Crepe, an Alcorso fabric.

Performance: Neat! And Arnel stays that way.

Aqua dress: Also in white, bone, lemon, pink, navy or black.

Taupe on white dress: Also in pink, blue or navy on white.

Sizes: Both 10 to 20. Both around \$22.

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*AMCEL—lessors of the trade name Arnel.

Both dresses available at leading stores and better boutiques throughout Australia.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1966



Dobell Christmas Card



● "The Beloved," painted by Sir William Dobell for the Royal Blind Society's 1966 Christmas card, and, top, the card. The frame was designed by Justin O'Brien, and donated by Mrs. Merle du Boulay.

SIR WILLIAM DOBELL has painted a special picture for the Royal Blind Society's 1966 Christmas card.

And he has donated the original, titled "The Beloved," as a prize in a competition to raise funds for the society.

Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, president of the society's Black and White Committee, said the painting, insured for \$2000, is on display at the Macquarie Galleries, Kent Street, Sydney.

"Mrs. Evelyn Crossing, vice-president of the committee, rang Sir William and asked him if he would paint a Christmas card for the society," said Mrs. Dekyvere. "Of course, she said the society would pay for it."

"His reply, 'I will gladly do it for the Royal Blind Society,' was, we consider, a most generous gesture. The painting has been so beautifully reproduced that the cards themselves could easily be framed and hung."

The cards, 15 cents each, are on sale in the Black and White Committee office at the Royal Blind Society, corner of William and Boomerang Streets, Sydney.

The message inside the card is "Happy Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year."

All inquiries for the cards or for tickets in the competition, which are \$2 each, may be made through Mrs. P. Prichard (FA9222) at the society's office at the address given above.



● Sir William Dobell, who has donated the original to be used in a competition.

SPRING



1619



1611



1578

● Here are some of the newest designs in spring-summer fashions. They have all proved popular in world fashions.

Every spring sewing plan should include at least one shift. Don't underestimate its fashion importance; it's worn throughout the world by all age groups, and all the Paris designers agree that it will continue to be popular for a long time to come. Another important trend is nautical. I like the look, but think it takes sophistication to carry it off.

Then there's the baby-doll look for after-6, a delicious look, but for young girls only. New York, London, and Paris are on the same wavelength about white and beige, so plan at least one dress in either color for spring.

BETTY KEEP



1586

1619.—The baby-doll trapeze was a summer best-seller in Europe. This one has the new high-fit, squared neckline and bell sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. 1619 Vogue Paris Original by Yves St. Laurent. Price \$1.60 includes postage.

1611.—Elegant afternoon dress, with its easy-fit tunic line, is typical of London couturier fashion. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 for 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. 1611 Vogue Couturier design by Michael, of London. Price \$1.40 includes postage.

1578.—Paris-designed dress has a shift-like silhouette and a bias tie neckline. Pattern includes a matching bias-cut coat. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. 1578 Vogue Paris Original by Pierre Cardin. Price \$1.80 includes postage.

1586.—Slim new-look, after-5 dress has a low-waisted bodice and skirt with panel front and shaped belt. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1586 Vogue Couturier design by Jo Mattli, of London. Price \$1.40 includes postage.

1618.—Yves St. Laurent's nautical triumph, a superbly tailored A-line dress with dicky front and turned-back collar. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. 1618 Vogue Paris Original by Yves St. Laurent. Price \$1.40 includes postage.

6766.—Typical trend in summer fashion is the short evening shift with cutaway armholes and neckline gathered into a self bias band. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 6766 Vogue pattern. Price 85c includes postage.

HOW TO ORDER

Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. Please state size required and print name and address in block letters. No C.O.D. orders accepted. Patterns are also available in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.

FASHIONS PREVIEWED IN VOGUE PATTERNS

1618



The Australian Women's Weekly - August 31, 1966

6766



Page 11

is this your problem?



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 31, 1966

The World of WOOSTER

● Bertie Wooster (Ian Carmichael), P. G. Wodehouse's famous silly-ass-type English gentleman, at right, faces the problem of his carnation. Is it the right color for the occasion? Is it, by Jove, fresh as a daisy? Does it go properly in his button-hole? Such things are of world-shattering importance to Bertie, who, without everything correct, would find it dashed difficult to face the world.

But face it he does, and in a way Australian viewers are becoming addicted to. Probably neither Bertie nor viewers would last long without the inimitable Jeeves. Admirably portrayed by Dennis Price, Jeeves is always ready with solutions, worldly wisdom, and/or low cunning. And if all these fail there is a pot of the steaming, or something stronger.

Everything is fine and relaxing in The World of Wooster — such a change from the world of 1966.
—NAN MUSGROVE



BERTIE (Ian Carmichael) in a situation in which he obviously leaves it to "his man" Jeeves (Dennis Price).

● "The World of Wooster" may be seen on ABC-TV Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.; Hobart, 8 p.m.; Adelaide from September 15, Perth, from October 6, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.

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nail polish ... mocha meringue
lipstick ... melon meringue
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nail frosting ... in four yummy new iridescent shades
Platinum Meringue
Mocha Meringue
Mango Meringue
Pinkberry Meringue
Each one as pale, and just as beautiful as a pearl. Each one with just enough colour and frosting to set your fingertips a-glow glow. 85c

nail polish ... mango meringue
lipstick ... honey meringue
eye frosting ... platinum frost



Costumes by Frank Mitchell

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Max Factor



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colour spiked with frosting to set
your eyelids ashimmer and ashine.
Play it *cool* with silver-hearted
Platinum Frost . . . or
moody with Cafe Frost.
Be a golden girl with
Golden Frost . . . or
set the world on fire with
Cinnamon Frost. \$1.10

nail polish . . . pinkberry meringue
lipstick . . . cinnamon meringue
eye frosting . . . cinnamon frost



Match these Lip Frosting shades
with new pale Frosterino shades
in "Dare" nylons by **Style
Girl**

nail polish . . . platinum meringue
lipstick . . . golden meringue
eye frosting . . . golden frost



"ILLAWARRA," of 36 rooms (now used as flats), was built in Melbourne in 1890. BELOW: Mr. Bill Ryan, who spent about \$46,000 restoring the mansion before giving it away.



DRAWING-ROOM at "Illawarra" is part of Mr. Ryan's three-room flat. The tiger-skin rug attracted much attention when the mansion was opened to the public recently for the first time (7000 people came). AT RIGHT: Sevres urns displayed on the morning-room mantelpiece.

● In brick and iron lace, a vainglorious but vigorous boast of bygone wealth . . .

A mansion for the nation

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

"It was so damned cheap I couldn't resist it," William Leslie Ryan was telling how, 25 years ago, he became lord of "Illawarra," a 36-room Toorak mansion designed in Melbourne's land-boom of the 1880s.

"But, mind you," he added, "I did fall in love with the old place at first sight."

Sixty-six-year-old Bill Ryan, a successful wine-saloon licensee, paid £11,500 for the mansion. Today "Illawarra," sitting on a "gold-mine"—two and a half acres of Toorak land worth four dollars a square foot—is valued at \$140,000, and its furnishings, from Sevres urns and tiger-skin rug to two grand pianos, are valued at more than \$40,000.

Recently Bill Ryan handed over "Illawarra"—tiger-skin, urns, pianos, the lot—to the National Trust of Australia. In his modesty the benefactor at first did not want his name disclosed.

Then, when Victorian Trust chairman Mr. Rodney Davidson said it would be a

hard secret to keep, he agreed to a little publicity—but fled like a startled deer when reporters, TV cameramen, and Press photographers wanted to talk and take pictures.

It took nearly two hours of persuasion to get him to pose for pictures. "Oh, no," he protested, throwing up his hands. "Nobody wants to see me."

Bill Ryan has never been in the news before. He's led a quiet life, away from the social hurly-burly of his Toorak neighbors.

His garden and his "Illawarra" have kept him almost a recluse, and poorer in the pocket, too. He has spent about \$46,000 restoring the mansion and has nurtured the garden from bare beds to a lush tangle of shrubs, creepers, flowers, and trees.

Mr. Ryan has lived at "Illawarra" since the day he threw down cash for the house and moved in with "my darling," his wife, who died ten years ago.

He is a thin, sprightly man with a deep voice that surprises when it rumbles from his small frame. He has dark, darting eyes, and his grey hair is clipped in a youthful college style.

He dresses fastidiously, with "sharp" narrow-brimmed hats, colored waistcoats, and chunky cuff-links in his shirts.

Bill Ryan has an old-world charm. On my arrival he handed me a posy of violets—"Flowers for you, love."

He seems lost and a little lonely in the echoing, cold rooms of "Illawarra,"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 31, 1966



CAST-IRON WORK on "Illawarra," the Melbourne home which has been given to the National Trust, is magnificently extensive. The balusters, frieze, and brackets have the same motif (the brackets support an unroofed balcony). There is so much decorative iron that the bill for painting the house last year was \$4000.



why a good baby food should do more than just feed.

1. Why a good baby food should gently develop a baby's sense of taste.
2. How the new Nestlé's balanced feeding programme will help your baby

Right from the start, baby can distinguish the four basic tastes—sweet, sour, salty, spicy—but because his taste buds are so tender and underdeveloped, flavours you like will be much too strange and strong for him. To protect his palate and to keep him happy, he needs foods he can accept and appreciate. Very gently and without fuss, you can help your baby to learn to like a growing range of flavours and foods—especially those you know are good for him.

A good baby food can help enormously and that's why it's so important to choose Nestlé's. Because the flavour levels of Nestlé's baby foods have been scientifically graded to suit his developing palate.

With Nestlé's, you can safely train baby's sense of taste in just two easy steps.

First step is at eight to twelve weeks when you should begin feeding Nestlé's "Strained" foods. If you try some your-

self it will taste rather flavourless. But baby will love it. At first, introduce just a few of the varieties available. Then "educate" him slowly to all the new tastes in the range (the Nestlé's Feeding Programme shows you how).

Second step is at about six months, when baby is ready for Nestlé's "Junior" foods. It's terribly important to stay with Nestlé's, because each Junior "flavour" matches exactly the Strained flavour your baby already knows and likes. Junior foods have almost the same flavour levels as normal adult food.

This careful build-up to adult taste makes Nestlé's baby foods right for baby. *They do more than just feed.*

Last step of all is probably the most rewarding for you—the day when he sits down to a small serving of good adult food. Then you can be confident that Nestlé's specially designed foods have built up good eating patterns which will help him right through his life.

A menu for growing—the clinically balanced feeding programme.

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change continually during the first year. His diet must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and

solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures.

To help you through baby's vital first year Nestlé's offer you a book on baby care including a complete guide to educational feeding—month by month. These "menus" are clinically balanced to provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continually changing diet needs (a sample is reproduced at right).

Lactogen plus baby food

The clinically balanced feeding programme, compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby Foods. Because they are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple.

Complete Manual, free.

The book is free to all mothers. It deals with every aspect of baby care from pre-natal, to the end of baby's first year in a truly practical and comprehensive manner. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Free Advisory Service, located in all State Capitals or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

Suggested programme 8-9 months

NOTE: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend special varieties for individual infants and that vitamin C intake and iron be further supplemented.

On Waking:	Breast or Lactogen feed.*
Breakfast:	Nestlé's Junior Food may be gradually introduced, e.g., Junior "Egg and Bacon Breakfast." A rusk or small piece of toast may be given additionally later on. Follow with breast feed or drink of Lactogen.* (Encourage baby to start drinking from a cup if weaning.)
Dinner:	Nestlé's Junior Food, e.g., "Chicken Dinner" or "Liver, Bacon and Vegetable Dinner" followed by a dessert. Breast or Lactogen feed.*
4 p.m.:	Drink of orange juice and rusk
Tea:	Junior "Egg Custard with Rice" or "Chocolate Custard," "Mixed Fruit Dessert," or a fruit variety mixed with cereal and milk. Drink of fruit juice. Breast or Lactogen feed.*
Before Bed:	Breast or Lactogen feed.
N.B.:	At least 1 pint of Lactogen or milk should be given daily.
*Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.	

Nestlé's

BABY FOODS

Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding



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IN THE SAFETY OF
GLASS

A mansion for the nation

where since his wife died he has lived alone, surrounded only by tenants and his treasures.

"Illawarra" is flooded with the past glory of Melbourne's boom period when speculators made a million overnight and lost it with the same speed. The Trust describes it as an "important social document," although one member went a bit further and summed it up as "pure flamboyancy and uninhibited wealth in a building."

It was built in 1890-91 by Charles Henry James, one of the first great Melbourne speculators and subdividers of the 'eighties, who made more than £3,000,000 in real estate but ended up bankrupt to the tune of £880,000.

The mansion is divided into 12 flats. For as long as anyone can remember it has been a residential.

At the turn of the century it was, as Mr. Ryan said, a "very toffy" boarding house, with footmen in powdered wigs.

A little bit of everything went into "Illawarra." It's a conglomeration of Italian, French, and church architecture, an edifice to wealth and pretension, because it was built as a luxury residence to outdo other great mansions of its time — like Bendigo's "Fortuna."

Even the parquet floor is made up of at least seven varieties of wood. And an ornamental tower sits on top like a sugar steeple on a wedding cake.

The lacy cast-iron work on the mansion has the connoisseurs sighing in envy. The red brick fortress walls and verandas are decorated extravagantly with the iron, in patterns reminiscent of old lace. "Illawarra's" iron, experts say, is in world class.

There is so much ironwork that when the house was painted the total bill was \$4000.

HE WILL STAY IN CHARGE

Bill Ryan tends "Illawarra" as devotedly as he does the garden, where he spends five or six hours most days. A crack appears in the plaster and immediately he calls in the repairers — "I have to get Italians, they're the only ones who know how to restore the decorative plaster work."

He will remain lord of "Illawarra" and its general caretaker, and the house will not be open to the public in his lifetime, except perhaps on a few occasions.

When it was thrown open to the public recently, 7000 people flocked to see inside. They peered at the 30ft. by 40ft. ballroom unlocked after 25 years. No one can remember the last ball held in this room, which has french windows and a balcony for a small string orchestra.

When Mr. Ryan bought "Illawarra," tenants had rigged a badminton net and marked out the polished floor as a court.

He promptly locked the ballroom and used it as a storeroom for the furniture and objets

d'art he bought and hoarded as a hobby.

Members of the Trust goggled when they first saw the room. It was stacked to the ventilators with 40 years' accumulation of chairs, settees, china, brass beds, mirrors, and statues. It was Mr. Ryan's personal auction room.

Bill Ryan admits he is a born hoarder. He hates selling anything he buys, whether he has use for it or not, or even if someone offers him three times the price.

He opened a shop in Malvern so that he'd have somewhere to store his surplus buys.

"I didn't want to," he said. "I had to — there was so much junk about the place. It was all in the drawing-room and I had to climb over everything to get to my bedroom."

He added, "I've only sold about half a dozen things at the shop in the past four years, and I've hardly opened the place in the past couple of years."

"I don't like parting with anything. Look here, if you had something lovely and could afford to keep it and somebody offered a price, would you sell it? No. Well, that's fair."

"But if someone comes to the shop and I know they love a thing, I'd give it to them for a quarter of the price. I'd sooner someone like that than a person who could afford to pay and wanted it for the sake of possession. And I can't stand people haggling about prices."

Soon Mr. Ryan will be closing the shop and bringing everything home again, and when he told me this he rubbed his hands with joy. "Illawarra's" surplus furniture will be auctioned by the Trust and the money will go toward the home's maintenance.

Said Mr. Ryan, "Before the auction I'll say to the Trust, 'What do you need to keep?' and I shall very likely argue when they say, 'There's no need

to keep that' and I happen to like that particular piece."

"I know I've collected a lot of junk as well as a few nice things over the years. My wife and I just bought the things we liked. I have no idea of values."

And he went on to tell, with a wry laugh, about a mistake he'd made with a Florentine carved sideboard. "I thought it was 600 years old and done by the Capuchin monks."

"Tripe!" he announced loudly. "I find now it's only 300 years old, and the bit about the monks is doubtful, too."

The huge sideboard stands in the ballroom, which took four days to be cleaned by a team of men employed by the Trust. Before they could move anything anywhere, Mr. Ryan and his niece, Mrs. Joyce McDonnell, had to clean out the enormous cellar, which was also chock-a-block with treasures and junk.

THE TRUST WILL HOLD A BALL

Once empty, the ballroom got a quick coat of paint for its opening. Eventually, with the help of a \$6000 donation from Mr. Ryan, it will be returned to its former elegance with settees, gilt trimmings, rich drapes. And, to really swing back the clock, the Trust will hold a grand ball to mark the restoration.

Mr. Ryan's delight on that night can easily be predicted.

The preservation of "Illawarra" has been his deepest concern.

"I've seen so many other old mansions pulled down, and I've thought to myself, I wouldn't like to see that happen to 'Illawarra'."

"I know it's overdecorated, really flamboyant, but I'd like to keep it that way," he said firmly. "This place is absolutely different."

"Maybe people will say, 'He



MR. BILL RYAN in the morning-room.

gave the house to break down his income tax.' But now that I have given it I'll have to cut down on my own expenditure, something I haven't had to do for years. The more I save, the more the Trust gets."

From the time he was a small boy, Bill Ryan, the son of a Bendigo goldminer, had imagined himself as a hotel-keeper and owner of a big house.

Even as a nine-year-old he loved pubs. "I'd be sent on a message after tea about 7 o'clock," he said, "and I'd pass a hotel. I'd hear a piano going and there'd be girls dancing and I'd peep inside to watch. I wouldn't get home until 9 o'clock."

"I had a very humble beginning — very humble. My mother used to go nursing for a few extra bob. I can remember her being roused in the middle of the night and going off with a lantern to deliver a baby."

Bill Ryan had seven sisters. Four are still living.

He left home at 14 to make a career in Melbourne. Ten years later, then married, he became the youngest hotel licensee in Victoria — he was running the Woodend Hotel.

"I lost all our money in that venture, but then we started our wine business." He ran two wine saloons in Richmond, two in the city, and one in Williamstown, and retired six years ago.

His mansion has been his life ever since. "I read extensively, go to the pictures, potter in the garden, see my niece regularly — and for the rest of the time I'm bored."

If he's feeling depressed he goes to a comedy film or out to dinner.

He spends his evenings in his living-room-bedroom, which has brilliant orange velvet curtains, a white iron hallstand, and a baby upright piano. ("I don't play — only the pianola out there").

He has his television built high at the end of his bed, and his radio and record-player beside him.

A large porcelain bust of the Greek nymph Daphne looks down on his bed ("I paid a lot of money for her, but isn't she beautiful?") and on the mantelpiece are two white china figurines and a tall marble maiden.

Mr. Ryan simply loves marble. In the drawing-room

alone there are five marble statues on pedestals, most of them handsome maidens.

"Those two over there I bought for three dollars each," he said on a tour of the room. "But look here — this is my favorite," and he hurried toward a marble sculpture of a shell enclosing Venus and held by three cherubs.

"That's a French gilt mirror. It cost me \$100 and I've been offered more than \$400 for it."

The large mirror stands in place of a firescreen in the morning-room, and on the mantel of the fireplace is a collection of Sevres — two vases two and a half feet tall, a platter, and a bowl.

"IT'S ALL GIVEN ME NEW LIFE"

"When Dame Mabel Brookes came here for a committee meeting she said they were among the finest pieces of Sevres she had seen," Mr. Ryan said with pride.

He has offered many of his treasures to his niece, Mrs. McDonnell, who regards Uncle Bill more as a friend than an uncle.

She said, "He has offered me many things, but I couldn't give them room — I only have an ordinary suburban villa. I've told him, 'Sell them and give me the proceeds.'"

But she relented recently when helping her uncle to clear the cellar. They discovered two small Victorian cedar settees, one with a medallion back, and a set of drawing-room chairs.

"Uncle Bill had forgotten they were there. I loved them and he gave them to me. I can hardly wait to have them reupholstered."

Dozen of people have written to Bill Ryan praising him for his generosity in giving "Illawarra" to the nation.

He was touched by the letters. "It's all given me new life," he said. "It's beautiful."

When I was leaving Mr. Ryan and "Illawarra," and taking a final glance back at the mansion, he called, "You know, I must go up into that tower again one day and have a good look round. The first and last time I went up I had a shocking hangover and couldn't appreciate the view."

This was Bill Ryan, honest, frank — and sweet.



WELCOME WINDOW on "Illawarra's" grand staircase throws light to the entrance hall.

Pictures by Brian Ferguson



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1966

AN ARCHBISHOP IS ENTHRONED

● Scene inside St. Andrew's Cathedral when the first Australian-born Anglican Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Marcus Loane, was enthroned at an ancient and solemn ceremony recently. Representatives of seven other denominations, including, for the first time, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, Cardinal Gilroy, and a congregation of 1200 attended the service.

Picture by staff photographer Don Cameron



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OUR COVER

● The Sara quads — from left, standing, Alison and Phillip; seated, Mark and Judith — who are now 16. (See pages 6 and 7.) Cover picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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Social Roundabout

by Mollie Lyons

IN my mailbag this week was an invitation to the Spring Race Luncheon at the Doncaster Theatre Restaurant on September 28 which the RPAH King George V Appeals Committee has arranged. It sounds as if it will be a glamorous party. As well, they sent me one of their delightful Christmas cards which are now on sale. It is their first attempt in this field. Diane Lloyd did the beautifully simple sketch of a mother and baby on the front of the red card.

EXPERIENCES on the snow are sure to be the main topic of conversation at the buffet dinner party Mr. and Mrs. Derek Cassidy are giving on August 27. Their twenty-five guests will be the same people who were staying at The Chalet at Mt. Kosciusko recently when they were up there on a skiing holiday. There'll be Austrian music, a huge open fire, and apres-ski clothes worn by the guests to add to the atmosphere.

ALTHOUGH Brett Kendrick Churcher was minus two godparents at his christening at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, his mother, Mrs. Ken Churcher, told me he'll meet them (Dr. and Mrs. Patrick Murray) at a welcome-home party she'll have for them in September when they arrive from England. Brett's other godparents were Julianne Martin and Dr. Bob McNery. He's the third of the Churcher children to be christened at St. Canice's, where his parents were also married.

I RANG Mrs. Edmund Bateman (the former Belinda Probert) at King George V Hospital to ask about her new baby daughter, born on August 17. The baby, who has "blue eyes, dimples, and looks very much like her father," is the first grandchild for Dr. Tom Bateman, who, I'm told, was one of her first visitors.

ADMIRED the slim ribbed cotton suit worn midweek by Lady Hall Best at a fashion parade. In a wonderful hot mango color, patterned in Chinese-red, the double-breasted suit had matching red buttons and a mandarin collar. At another fashion parade I spotted Mrs. John Bronowski looking so "with it" in a narrow sleeveless Balenciaga tweed dress, beige textured stockings, and a lovely mink coat.

I HEAR that just-engaged pharmacy student Gail Sullivan is wearing a charming solitaire diamond engagement ring given to her by science graduate Colin Stark. Gail (who is the daughter of Dr. Freda Sullivan, of Newcastle, and of the late Dr. John Sullivan) and Colin will marry in Lambton in January next year.

GRASS skirts and seashell necklaces are on the shopping list Mr. and Mrs. Mark Eisner's two daughters, Elizabeth and Christine, have given them to take with them when they leave Sydney in the Arcadia for a thirteen-day cruise to Fiji. Ports of call include Lord Howe Island, Honiara, Lautoka, Suva, and Noumea. Their son, Mark, is going with them.

HEARD from Mrs. Colin Mitchellhill that she had such a restful holiday when she visited her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Mills, on their property, "Gramland Park," at Tamworth. While she was there she helped her granddaughter, Antonia, celebrate her third birthday and spent a lot of time with six-year-old Jonathan.

I SPOKE with New Guinea visitor Mrs. F. W. Turner, who is down from Goroka until mid-October, and learned how disappointed she was not to have been in Hobart for the party given by Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Ring for their daughter, Moyna, and Warren Turner (her son), who have just announced their engagement.

MARGARET MEYER and her fiancé, Michael Conrick, who will marry on September 14, plan to have a wine cellar in their new home. To help stock their wine cellar, Margaret's bridesmaids, Claudia Conrick and Pamela Meyer, are giving them a cellar tea at Claudia's home on September 3. Among the fifty guests at the buffet dinner will be Mr. and Mrs. George Green, Kathryn Hawkins, Brian Brenac, Patricia Twobill, Anthony Wallington, and Mr. and Mrs. Sean Flannery.

A POSY of wildflowers will be presented to Mrs. R. W. Askin, wife of the Premier, after she officially opens the Exhibition of Australian Wildflowers at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries on September 7. The exhibition, which will feature wildflowers from all over Australia, will be open for four days. Among the flowers will be Perth's desert pea from Broken Hill, kangaroo paws from Perth, smoke bush from Geraldton, Cooktown orchids from North Queensland, and saltbush from Tennant Creek.

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JUST WED. Captain and Mrs. Brian Mitchell after their wedding at the RMC Chapel, Duntroon, with their attendants (left to right) best man Captain Robert Hogarth, Miss Judy Barrett, Miss Christine Mitchell, Miss Leonie Mitchell, and flower-girl Marietta Le Grand. The bride was formerly Miss Christine Le Grand, elder daughter of Mrs. H. E. Le Grand, of O'Connor, Canberra, and Mr. H. Le Grand, of Watson, Canberra. Captain Mitchell is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Mitchell, of Tamworth.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Goodsir after their marriage at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay. The bride was formerly Miss Libbie Rudwick, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cook Rudwick, of Roseville. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. David Goodsir, of St. Lucia, Brisbane.



DEBUTANTES. Lieutenant Allan Pitman, Miss Judy Ellis, Miss Monica De Casablanca, and Lieutenant Leigh Hilder (left to right) at the U-Ball, which was held in the Roundhouse at the University of New South Wales. Miss Ellis and Miss De Casablanca were among the ten debutantes presented to the Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, and Lady Cutler.



AT DINNER. Mrs. S. E. Mitchell (left), secretary of the City of Newcastle Art Gallery and Conservatorium Committee, with Mrs. Alton Cusick, who acted as one of the models at a dinner and fashion parade at the Newcastle Art Gallery. Proceeds from the evening will go to a fund to buy paintings for the Art Gallery.



AT LEFT: Miss Patricia Morrison and Mr. Rodney Holdsworth, who have recently announced their engagement. Miss Morrison is the second daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. T. K. Morrison, of Tresco, Elizabeth Bay. Mr. Holdsworth is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Holdsworth, of South Africa.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Ignacy Listwan (left) with Sir Lorimer Dods, chairman of the Children's Medical Research Foundation (second from left), Lady Dods, and Mr. F. Riley at the gala premiere of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" at the Metro Theatre, Kings Cross, arranged by the Cornucopia Committee, of which Mrs. Listwan is president. Proceeds will go toward the Foundation.



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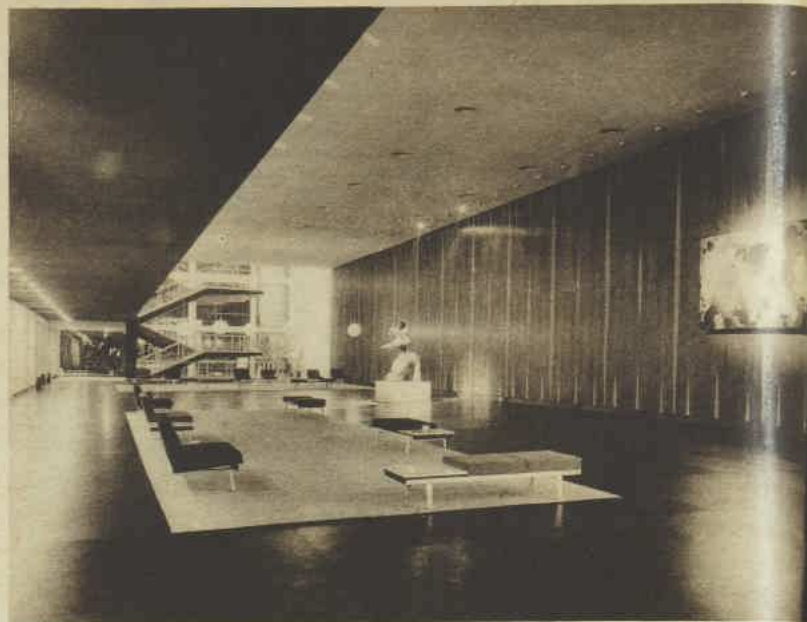
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A NIGHT



● Contemporary spacious foyer of the West Berlin Opera House.

**Slow procession of two by two
creates a romantic atmosphere**

AROUND an elegant marble-balustraded gallery, beneath rows of tiered chandeliers, moves a slow procession of people, two by two.

Huge mirrors at each end of the gallery reflect the scene: the glittering crystal drops, the winding line of men and women against the neo-classical harmony of white-painted walls.

This scene is set, not in the last century but in present-day Russia at Kirov Theatre, in Leningrad.

It is the charming Continental custom of promenading at the interval.

The audience promenades in opera houses in Germany and Vienna, too.

It's a delightful practice, which creates a romantic atmosphere. Your companion takes your arm, and it is impossible to talk to anyone else; it's the perfect setting for flirtatious conversation.

At the Vienna Opera House, my husband and I went exploring at interval—upstairs, downstairs, around veined marble pillars and bulging marble balustrades.

Suddenly, in a large room hung with Gobelin tapestries, we found ourselves caught up in the promenade.

Impossible to turn back, to escape. Around and around we went while it slowly dawned on us that we hadn't the faintest idea how to get back to our seats.

I caught sight of a familiar back, just ahead.

"There," I said, "that girl in the low-cut black dress with her hair in a chignon.

She's sitting in front of us. Follow her and see where she goes."

"Gladly," my husband replied.

We kept our eyes on her, and eventually she led us out of the maze, back to our seats.

Even more prevalent than the promenade in European opera houses is the little black dress.

And in spite of fashion prognoses heard from time to time—that this year it's to be the little white dress, that the long dress is ousting the short dress for theatre wear—I found last season that European women still choose to wear this most flattering of fashions.

In Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Munich, more than half the women at the opera wear little black dresses.

In Rome, Moscow, and Leningrad, there are so many that they form noticeable coagulations of black in the audience.

Cloaking system

In Hamburg's sleek, rebuilt opera house, the wearing of black is carried almost to absurdity. There, the audience, massed row upon row of men and women in black, has a sombre monotony which might be funereal if it weren't that most of the dresses have a good deal of chic.

In European opera houses and theatres, unlike Australian, you can actually see what people are wearing, uncluttered by overcoats, thanks to the efficiency of the heating and cloaking systems.

Cloakroom counters

("garderobe" in France and Germany, "garderob" in Russia, "guardaroba" in Italy) are scattered about on different levels in some of the older opera houses, according to where you are sitting.

In others, the garderobe is a large, separate street-level area where you cloak coats at counters designated by your seat numbers.

Cloaking is free in Russia. In most Continental cities there's a set charge, and in London the compulsive saucer is always close at hand.

In London, that sartorial melting pot, anything goes in the way of dressing.

At a first night at Covent Garden, I saw the whole quaint range, from the stately dowager in grey lace, pearls, and tiara, down through long, floppy floral dresses and nondescript cocktail crepes, to short, short grey flannel skirts, black lace stockings, and purple mohair sweaters.

Not only in dressing but in deportment and hair-grooming, English women suffer by comparison with their Continental sisters.

Few of them know how to stand. The taller ones undulate, the shorter ones tend to brace themselves as if ready for the hockey field.

However, the intervals in London theatres are something to be savored. They are unique, in that the entertainment in the foyers and bars is almost as good as the entertainment on the stage.

The English upper classes are still the most confident people in the world. During intervals they conduct con-

at the OPERA

where
the audience promenades,
and most women
wear little black
dresses

By JOAN LONG

● The Kirov Theatre, in Leningrad, with visiting French President Charles de Gaulle, left, and the Soviet Premier, Alexei Kosygin, in the official box.



versations in loud, emphatic voices.

All you have to do is stand there, clutching your glass, and you will hear not only their opinions of the performance and the cast list of every production they have seen of this particular play or opera, but where Tuppy is going this winter, that Dodo took them to dinner in Paris, and how they ran into Charles in Sloane Square.

No one will accuse you of eavesdropping, because they are supremely unconscious of your presence.

And you'd better enjoy it because with sandwiches at Covent Garden at four shillings sterling (A50c) each and gins and tonics at 3/9, not to mention the price of your seats, if you are lucky enough to get them, it's going to be an expensive evening.

Not that the English seemed concerned, judging by the popping of champagne corks which punctuated the two half-hour intervals on that Wagnerian evening.

The scene in the spacious Grush Bar was more like the first act of "Traviata."

Men in black ties and

women in floppy evening dresses were draped over the red-carpeted stairs as if they had been dropped from a short height and had remained in the position in which they had fallen, half lying, half sitting amid the debris of chicken salad and champagne glasses.

The conversational din was louder than I heard anywhere in Europe.

As we returned to our box I looked across the red plush expanse toward those on the other side of the horseshoe. In one box, four men in dinner suits were sprawled with elegant Edwardian insouciance, each holding a glass of champagne. It was a vignette uniquely English.

Lavish furs

The most expensive dressing I saw was in Rome.

It is true that Italian men look at women, and very nice, too! But it was nothing to the way those Roman women looked at one another that first night at the Opera House.

Mary Quant came in for a good deal of scrutiny that night in the shape of the little black dress I had bought from her Knights-

bridge boutique — a sleeveless scoop-necked moire sheath with three pert frills at the hem, worn with patterned black stockings.

In Rome I saw the most lavish furs and in greater abundance than anywhere else.

The scene at the guardaroba after the performance resembled a fur bargain sale, as men emerged from the milling throng (no orderly queuing for the Romans), holding aloft their companions' pelts.

Just near where I stood waiting for my husband to retrieve my woollen topcoat, a man was helping his wife into a full-length chinchilla model. As it swung about I could see that its lining was of palest blue silk, elaborately embroidered with a scroll pattern of tiny seed pearls.

The thought occurred to me without envy that it was probably the most expensive coat I had ever seen.

In the foyers of most European theatres and opera houses you can drink and eat in comfort, again unlike their Australian counterparts, with their tiny, overworked ice-cream, soft drink counters in crowded foyers.

The rebuilt Munich Opera House and the modern Berlin Deutsche Oper have the sensible idea of separate refreshment areas with tables.

In Berlin, you can buy food and drink (it may as well be champagne—it's not much more expensive than beer) at the counters and take them to the tables.

At the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, there is a large room, with round tables, each bearing tiered stands of bread and salami, smoked salmon, luscious cakes, bottles of beer and soft drink, together with plates and glasses.

You sit, eating and drinking what you will, and, toward the end of the interval, the waitress threads her way between the tables, arriving at your bill by checking what is left on the stands.

Glancing through a newspaper on the evening we arrived in Paris, we discovered that "Carmen" was playing at the opera house and would be beginning, in fact, in barely 20 minutes.

The queue of late ticket-seekers was allowed to trickle slowly past a velvet rope.

Behind the grille, the little old lady handled her tickets possessively, as if grudging their sale to strangers.

Hurry, hurry, past bronze bare-breasted maidens thrusting candelabras toward painted ceilings, no time now to gaze at the plaster scrolls and plaques, the gilded ornaments of this opulent extravaganza.

The doors of the little boxes were locked. Where was the attendant? She emerged from a box some distance away. We indicated our locked door and she just as firmly indicated the garderobe.

"But, look," we said, showing our watches, "it's starting time, we'll be late."

To garderobe!

She gave a derisive, Carmen-like laugh and escorted us, in rapid French and in languid, carefree motion, to the garderobe counter.

Only when we had deposited our coats (and tipped, of course), did she consent to unlock the door of the box.

There was even, she indicated, a mirror at the back for madame's hair. Not that madame's pretty hair needed any attention!

It was just the right mixture of gaiety and flattery, so that we didn't mind at all when the little purse was whipped out from some secret place in her black apron and flourished toward us with a winning smile.

Paris or Rome, London or Leningrad, little black dress or lace and tiara, when the music begins and the voices soar, it's all the same world of enchantment.



● Marble-staired foyer of the Paris Opera House.

NEXT WEEK

● In COLOR.



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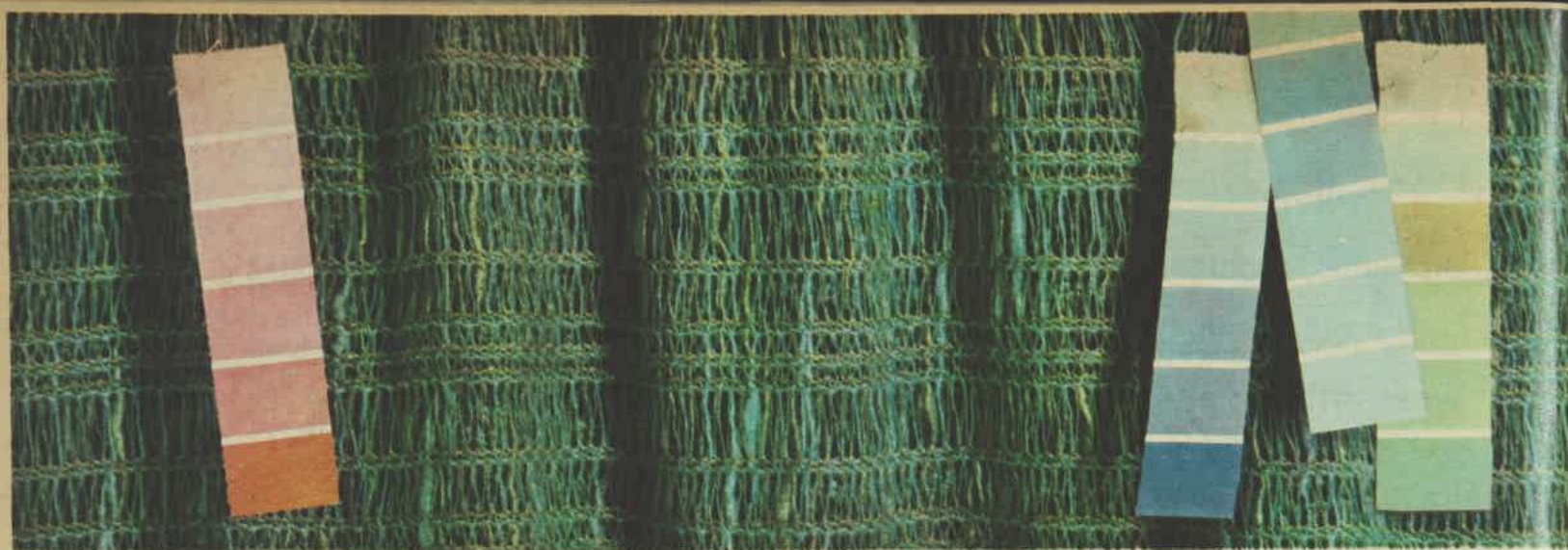
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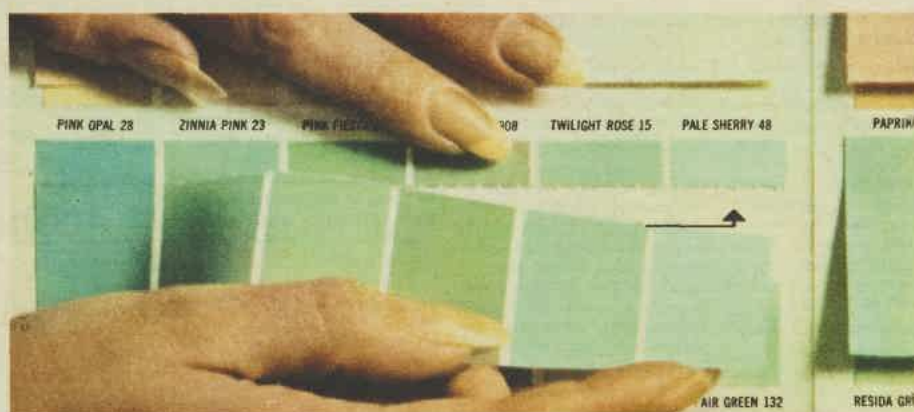
— the author is
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tear strips off it.



THE SAVAGE FAMILY. From left, Christopher, 4; Felicity, 5, with her koala; Peter, 7; Andrew, 8; Meredith, 10; Margaret, 12; Anthony, 13; Rosemary, 16; Russell, 18; Mrs. Savage, holding baby David, 18 months, with his panda; and Mr. Savage. Inquiries show Spanish schools are very good, Mr. Savage said.

AUSTRALIAN FAMILY (10 CHILDREN) WILL MIGRATE TO SPAIN

● Building castles in Spain is no idle phrase to Mr. and Mrs. Foster Savage and their family of ten at Red Hill South, Victoria. Next month they wave goodbye to the farmhouse where they have lived for 20 years to make themselves a new home in Spain.

TAKING just one suitcase each and a few special treasures, the Savage family will set sail for Europe on September 9, with Spain their final destination.

Said farmer Mr. Savage, 48, whose children range in age from 18 years to 18 months: "My wife and I have been planning this move for five years and decided that now is the time to go before any of the children think about getting married."

"We chose to settle in Spain because it seems to be one of the few countries left where life is at a slow, easy pace."

"Perhaps you might say we're too unconventional for the Australian way of life," said Mr. Savage.

"But we're not leaving with a chip on our shoulder. We all love Australia and it will be a sad moment when our ship sails from Sydney Harbor."

"However, living in a country so ancient and rich in culture and tradition as Spain can only benefit my family."

Eldest of the Savage children is 18-year-old Russell. Then come Rosemary, 16, Anthony, 13, Margaret, 12, Meredith, 10, Andrew, 8, Peter, 7, Felicity, 5, Christopher, 4, and David, 18 months.

"Of course, none of the children speaks Spanish," said Mr. Savage, "but we don't think this will be a problem. Children pick up a new language quickly."

Mr. Savage speaks German and has taught himself Spanish from books. "I write in Spanish to a friend in Barcelona and we seem to understand each other pretty well."

He also practises with a Spanish couple who live nearby.

Both Mr. Savage and his wife believe there is a definite link between the soil and good health and have brought their family up on a whole-food diet.

Without the aid of fertilisers or chemicals, Mr. Savage produces all the food his family eats on their 62-acre farm on the Mornington Peninsula.

"This involves a great deal of trouble and expense, but we feel that the mere \$10 we have spent on doctors' bills for illness in the past 20 years is proof of the benefits we reap," he said.

"In Spain, all food is grown organically, the way we do on the farm."

"If we lived anywhere else but on a farm in Australia we could not get whole food. We have to produce it for ourselves."

"Apart from its obvious health benefits, the difference in flavor between whole food and what we call 'city food' is extraordinary."

The Savage children have never tasted sweets.

"They eat dates and nuts and chew on coconuts," said Mr. Savage. "They all have beautiful teeth."

"We find that fruit, grown our way, keeps longer. And," he added with a smile, "by the same token the people will keep longer, too."

Forty-four-year-old Mrs. Savage, a marvellously relaxed mother of ten, bakes wholemeal bread twice a week—"we have the wheat flown to us from Queensland"—and makes her own butter and cream.

She uses honey to sweeten everything, including tea and coffee.

By BEVERLEY COOPER

We sat down to afternoon tea—with a bowl of white sugar "kept for visitors"—and I couldn't help noticing the delicious flavor of the wholemeal cake and bread.

Mrs. Savage told me that her family's favorite breakfast cereal is a porridge which she makes by lightly cooking unground sweet-corn seed and wheatmeal, with honey and cream as flavoring.

"We have only a few health rules," she said. "One is that we believe in eating only when we are hungry—especially important in middle age. If my husband or I are not hungry at breakfast, we don't eat until lunch."

Mrs. Savage is completely unfussed about the prospect of travelling halfway across the world with ten children.

"We always help each other, and the older children look after the younger ones."

The whole family was grouped around a blazing open fire in the farmhouse living-room, now practically bare of furniture—"We've sold everything." Suitcases were stacked neatly along one wall.

"We are taking only one suitcase each," said Mrs. Savage. "The less luggage, the easier it will be."

"But, of course, the children will fit in some of their

favorite books and a few special 'treasures' which can't be left behind."

She laughed: "David is inseparable from his stuffed panda, so I'm sure it will see quite a bit of the world with him."

Mr. Savage said: "David, our number 10, is the healthiest of all the children, and we feel this is largely due to the fact that my wife drank a glass of Russian comfrey juice every day during her pregnancy."

"The drink is made from the leaves of the comfrey plant, mixed with water, honey, and lemon juice. It is delicious, and we have no trouble getting the children to drink it."

Mr. Savage pioneered the production of comfrey in Australia when he imported the plant from England some years ago.

Following its success here, comfrey was widely grown in Japan after an Australian importer living in Tokyo ordered an initial 200,000 roots from Mr. Savage.

In Spain, Mr. Savage intends to work in the tourist trade, but he will also buy a few acres of land to produce whole foods for the family.

"We want to be near the coast as we are here at Red Hill South," he said, "because seaweed is a marvellous addition to the soil. We use powdered seaweed when we make our bread."

Their first stop will be in England—to buy the biggest car or station wagon they can find.

"We will spend a few weeks in London, but as it will be getting close to winter there we'll head south to Spain as soon as we can," said Mr. Savage.

A friend has arranged for a rented house to be waiting for them in Barcelona, which they will make their temporary headquarters while they tour the country to decide on a "hometown."

In Malaga, in the sunny south of Spain, they will visit Mrs. Savage's cousin, 26-year-old pharmacist Margaret Irwin, who works there for a tourist agency.

"She has been in Spain for two years and adores the country," said Mrs. Savage. "She came home, but stayed only six months, and couldn't get back fast enough."

"We don't feel as if we are pulling up all our roots, though. Many of our friends have promised to come over and visit us when we get settled, so we will always be in touch with Australia."



● Members of the Puffing Billy Preservation Society form a shovel guard of honor for Mr. and Mrs. Peter Harcourt.

● Wedding party (below) in the specially curtained VIP carriage of the little train on their way to the reception for 100 guests.



● Welcome for Puffing Billy at the special little platform the society built for Mr. and Mrs. Don Marshall. Left: Kiss for the bride from Mr. Les Hainey, engine-driver for the Victorian Commissioner of Railways, who drove the little train for the wedding trip.

JAN HARTNEY, 19 the day before the wedding, and Peter Harcourt, 25, are active members of the Preservation Society that rescued Puffing Billy from the scrapheap.

They travelled to their wedding reception as VIP passengers aboard the diminutive train, the last of his kind in Australia.

An outstanding tourist attraction high in the Dandenong Ranges outside Melbourne and a favorite with young and old, Puffing Billy is lord of the 6½ miles of mountain grandeur that borders his track from Belgrave to Emerald.

This was the first time in his life he had carried a wedding party.

His voluntary supporters, who toil under the benevolent eye of the Victorian Railways to keep him alive, regard the little train as a personal friend.

The idea that he should become a vital member of Jan and Peter's wedding was first suggested as a joke, but, used to overcoming seemingly impossible obstacles, young members of the Society decided Puffing Billy was going to play his part.

With the help of Society Vice-President Mr. Norman Wadeson, they organised the operation until it was a minor miracle of split-second timing. They also made sure that Puffing Billy was looking his best.

Brass gleamed, white ribbons fluttered, and tall vases of white roses adorned locomotive No. 6 A as Puffing

Billy, on one of his normal weekend runs and packed with ordinary travellers, made an unscheduled stop at the now disused Selby station to pick up the bridal party and as many guests as possible.

As the bridal party travelled to Menzies Creek, householders all along the line turned out to cheer and cars lined the road crossings.

The destination was a special little platform (complete with white picket fence and its own personal sign) just outside the Menzies Creek station, built by the society as a wedding present for foundation member Don Marshall and his wife, Norma, two years ago.

At the foot of the Marshall garden the wedding party alighted and strolled up the lawns to the Marshalls' delightful gabled house, with its fabulous views, where the reception was held.

Even the weather decided to co-operate. After a week of winter winds and rain, the sun shone warmly from a brilliant blue sky. Magpies were liting in the tall gums around the charming little old stone church, the Carlotta Tye Memorial Church of England at Selby, where the ceremony took place.

As the bride stepped from her car on her arrival at the church, she was greeted by a triumphant "cock-a-doodle-doo" from Puffing Billy as he headed back to Belgrave on the line below on his return from the first trip of the day.

Jan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hartney, of Upwey, also in the Dandenongs, and

Peter, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rolf Harcourt, live in the Melbourne suburb of Camberwell, regard Puffing Billy as the fairy godfather of their romance.

Peter has been a keen worker for the little train ever since his school days. Three years ago Jan became a typist on the staff of the Melbourne insurance company in which he is chief clerk.

Their first date was a trip to Belgrave to meet Puffing Billy. Inevitably, Jan became one of Puffing Billy's "family," and since then has taken her turn at any necessary job, even shovelling ballast for the line, to keep him secure in his storybook world.

Like many Society members, Jan and Peter will have Puffing Billy as a neighbor. They are building a house at Selby, not far from the high, curved wooden trestle bridge which is a favorite scenic spot along the little train's line.

Society members helped clear their steep block and excavate for the foundations of their house.

With the exception of Kaye Hartney, Jan's sister, and little flowergirl Ruth Smith, the bridal party consisted of Society members—bridesmaid Carolyn Henderson and her fiancé, John Stevens, who was best man, and groomsman Tom Murray.

Many members were among the 100 guests at the wedding. As Jan's father, Mr. Gordon Hartney, summed up: "If they ever have a son, they'll just have to call him Billy, I guess."

—BERENICE CRAIG

● Puffing Billy, a storybook character if ever there was one, brought an atmosphere of fairytale romance to the recent wedding of Jan Hartney and Peter Harcourt — and also repaid a debt of gratitude.



● White-ribbon-decked Puffing Billy seems to beam approval as Mr. Peter Harcourt romantically carries his bride across the line after the little train had delivered them safely at their destination just outside Menzies Creek station.

—Pictures by Les Gorrie



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AT YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST



LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

So different

IN my opinion the most fascinating facet of parenthood is watching the development of individual character and personality in our children as they grow older. My eldest two daughters are remarkably alike physically, but there all similarity ends. Their reactions to the same situation could not be more diverse. It never ceases to amaze me that two children, brought up together, subject to the same influences, are growing up to be such different individuals.

\$2 to "A Mother" (name supplied), Cunnamulla, Qld.

Joining forces

THE argument as to who is boss of the home is an everyday one. As far as my wife and myself are concerned, it can go on record that by putting everything, from real estate to all liquid assets, into a joint account a feeling of mutual trust has been fostered. This arrangement has worked amicably for 52 years and, like a well-known brand of whisky, is still going strong.

\$2 to Mr. W. A. James, Oyster Bay, N.S.W.

"Celestial smile"

MANY women go about with the corners of their mouths turned down. Unfortunately, some have unresolved problems that make them feel past caring about their looks. Others, though, would be on guard against drooping lips if they knew how forbidding it made them look. I practise a simple Chinese beauty exercise called "Celestial Smile," pulling up the corners of the mouth seven times on waking. It's a helpful facial exercise for any woman at any age.

\$2 to "Tai-Chi" (name supplied), South Warrandyte, Vic.

Pleasing prospect

IF only it were so! A notice on the walls of a post office building in Perth reads—"Post No Bills—by order of the P.M.G. Department."

\$2 to "Joanna" (name supplied), Greenmount, W.A.

Well-remembered advice

MORE than 40 years ago our headmaster at Marsfield School, on the far north coast of N.S.W., a man always trying to impress on us the need to help and think of others, taught us these lines:

Do what you can—being what you are.
Shine like a glow-worm—if you can't like a star.
Work like a pulley—if you can't like a chain.
Grease the wheels thoroughly—if you can't drive a train.
\$2 to Mrs. M. Watton, Eastwood, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

ONE of the things I enjoy about going for a walk is the smell of dinners.

I was having a stroll with my son late on Sunday afternoon when we came to a good one.

"That's Irish stew," I said, sniffing.

"Lovely, too," he stopped and sniffed.

"It seems more like steak-and-kidney pie to me," he said.

While we were standing there, a woman came to the front window and glared.

I wanted to say: "Excuse me, madam. Would you mind telling me what you are having for dinner? It's to settle an argument."

But my nerve failed. She looked as if she would snap: "It's no business of yours."

We just walked on hastily. There are other amusements to be had, too, while out walking.

I keep my ears open for the sounds of domestic quarrels, study the clothes on lines, and note any unusual gnomes in gardens.

I look critically at the state of the paintwork on houses, making shrewd comments like: "This place has started to peel quickly."

SNIFFYBEAKS

After dark, as you go past, you can see what TV shows people are watching.

Often the sound tells you from up the street. A series of bangs and you think: "A Western—"



could be "Texas Rangers." Or a peculiar squeak may identify a porpoise program.

If the show is good, you are tempted to stop and watch it through the window. But this is risky.

A friend of mine was mistaken for a prowler, when he just wanted to see the end of "Perry Mason."

Also, never knock on the window

and ask them to change to another channel. It gives offence.

For pleasant stimulation it is hard to beat the smell of somebody else's dinner.

You have to be hungry, of course. There is no fun in sniffing roast beef when you have just had some yourself.

Admittedly tact is needed in talking about the aromas.

I came home one night full of enthusiasm for some Italian cooking I had smelled in the next street.

"There's something about that oil-and-garlic smell. Faraway dishes with strange-sounding names," I said.

My wife replied tartly: "I suppose this casserole I've made will be quite a letdown."

I had to assure her that east-west, her casseroles were best, etc.

Now and then the dinners in other streets are below standard. I passed some boiled mutton last week that did not appeal to me.

Then I was cheered up round the corner by a roasting duck.

I nearly went in to congratulate them. Perhaps I would have been invited to stay.

But it is safer just to sniff. Forbidden food smells nicest.

Simple pleasures

• Sydney people got great enjoyment from seeing a big building pulled down, a barrister appearing for a demolisher told a judge.



Oh, such fun
To be standing in the sun
When with clash and clatter—Wham!
And a thump and quiver (Scram!)
And a groaning sort of sigh
What had stood so proud and high
Comes a-tumbling
And a-crumbling
Down.

One enjoys
The confusion and the noise,
And amid the choking dust,
Which one tolerates (one must),
There's a primitive delight
In this common city sight.
Though it's not to be defended
Or commended
It's a fact.

— Dorothy Drain

Wanted: Copy-cat cure

MY neighbor copies every new possession I get—furnishings, clothes, garden furniture, etc. It's useless trying to keep out of sight, for she's always at the window. How has anyone else dealt with a similar situation?

\$2 to "Copied" (name supplied), Balgownie, N.S.W.

Child's costly demands

OUR eight-year-old son is also anxious to be given a watch and transistor, "Worried." I have suggested that he COULD own a watch if willing to put any money he receives toward its purchase. If he reaches his goal, he will have learned to value the watch because he had to save so long for it. If he doesn't, he will have a greater understanding of the struggle to purchase such things on a small income.

\$2 to Mrs. Enid F. Wooley, Huon, Tas.

IT is not a matter of keeping up with the Joneses but of not realising the age we live in. One can pick up watches and transistors at disposal stores or second-hand shops for a nominal price, and a very young child can be taught to value them and use them correctly. Our daughter had her own transistor when she was five, and it brings her hours of pleasure as well as being educational. She had her watch when seven and I no longer had to worry about her coming home at odd hours.

\$2 to Mrs. Helen McMahon, Rye, Vic.

THE seven-year-old daughter who gets a transistor because her friends have them grows up to become the wife who demands luxuries her husband is unable to provide. Unreasonable demands have always been met with the simple explanation that we could not afford it. If Jimmy Jones' many possessions were quoted, I drew our sons' attention to Billy Blank, who does not have these luxuries.

\$2 to "Country Mother" (name supplied), Condobolin, N.S.W.

MY husband and I have made birthday gifts a complete surprise for our three children, and, although they may not have received what they wished, the unexpected is always exciting. Life is full of disappointments (and surprises), and as much as we would like to protect our children we have to teach them to take it on the chin.

\$2 to Mrs. M. McDiarmid, Hughenden, Qld.

RATHER than such expensive gifts, what seven-year-olds most need from their parents is lots of love, companionship, and faith. A lot of parents who fail to give their children these things buy them expensive gifts instead. Your daughter will take greater pride in her watch or transistor at a later age. Stick to your firm belief that seven is too young.

\$2 to Mrs. G. Wearne, Moe, Vic.

YOU should never be ashamed to say, "We can't afford it," and never too soft to say, "No, you're not old enough." Your daughter will learn a valuable lesson in having to wait. In choosing her present, let her hobbies and pleasures be your guide.

\$2 to Mrs. G. Brinkhoff, Hadspen, Tas.

● BELT STOPS CROCODILE TEARS



● When Englishman Captain John Edwards and his friend Charlie take to the road in their car, safety is of the utmost importance. So, naturally, both of them wear safety-belts.

What makes this a bit out of the ordinary is that Charlie is an alligator—a five-year-old from Mississippi measuring 5ft. from nose to tail.

Captain Edwards, who is a Fellow of the Zoological Society, tours Britain and abroad lecturing on wildlife. Every year he travels thousands of miles by road—and he takes Charlie with him.

"In the event of an accident, it's not the people I am protecting—it's the alligator," says Captain Edwards. "I had a serious accident a number of years ago, and it struck me afterward that the alligator was much more vulnerable than I was."

The solution was to go to a firm of safety-belt manufacturers and present them with the problem. The result was a transverse belt, which keeps the alligator across the back seat.

The safety-belt has proved its worth. "Last year I was doing about 60 m.p.h. along a motorway when a cyclist came toward me on the wrong side of the road," Captain Edwards said. "I rammed on everything I had . . . but Charlie was still in the seat."

★ A Bangkok, Thailand, hotel employs two men to work "automatic" doors at the entrance!

COMPACT

Quad in a trampoline display

● Mark Sara, of the famous quads on our cover this week, has been a member of the Bankstown Police Boys' Club for 12 months.

Mark will be one of a team from various Police Boys' Clubs appearing in a trampoline display in Martin Place on Tuesday, August 30, from 10.40 a.m. to 11 a.m.

This is one of the events of Police Boys' Clubs week, being celebrated this year from Friday, August 26, to Thursday, September 1.

Wine-tasting broke health taboo

■ An invitation to a wine-tasting is hardly the thing you'd expect to receive from a diabetic organisation, but the Victorian Diabetic Association recently held one.

Secretary of the Association, Mr. Neill Decker, of Melbourne, said that, contrary to widespread belief, most diabetics could take certain dry wines, and because of the strides made during the past 30 years in the treatment (and diagnosis) of diabetes they could lead normal, active lives.

He added that prior to the discovery of insulin in the late 1920s most diabetics were virtually condemned to death within two years of the diagnosis, because a star-

vation diet was the only known way to reduce the sugar content of the blood.

A member of the Association and a diabetic himself, Melbourne stockbroker Mr. John Ham said life as a diabetic did not worry him—so long as he did not over-indulge in foods high in carbohydrates.

In Australia—which, Mr. Decker maintains, is among the nations leading in the treatment of diabetes—one percent of the population is known to be diabetic.

Recent surveys substantiate medical reports that diabetes is most common in the 40-50 age group, he said.

Surveys have also shown that more women than men are diabetics.

The Association, which was formed in 1953 and has 2300 members in Victoria, also conducts holiday camps for diabetic children, to teach them independence. A special welfare fund has been established to finance such projects.

JOEY'S ORDEAL HAD A HAPPY FINNISH

■ Mrs. Alex Weir, of Surfers Paradise, has a pet kangaroo—and, in a way, this is as out of place as a Lapland reindeer in an Australian backyard.

For Mrs. Weir is a Finn, whose hometown was Helsinki until she married an Australian three years ago.

After their marriage in London they returned to Mr. Weir's hometown, Melbourne, but decided to move to Queensland.

On their way to Surfers Paradise seven months ago they found two dead kangaroos and a joey beside the road.

Mrs. Weir adopted the joey, fed it with milk, and managed to get it to Surfers Paradise alive.

Since then the kangaroo, which she calls "Baby," has never looked back.

It lies at her feet like a dog, and even goes with her to the nearby surf beach on a lead attached to a collar that it wears all the time. In warm weather it paddles at the water's edge.

Mrs. Weir said that "Baby" keeps the back lawn mowed and has a supplementary diet of milk and apple.



● Mrs. Weir and "Baby."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1966

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FUN PROGRAMS FOR SCHOOL HOLIDAYS

—with Penny Spence, in Melbourne

By MAUREEN HEYMAN

Television

● Mothers who are wondering how their children are going to be kept amused and out of mischief during the school holidays could have the problem solved with a series of programs planned by the Channel 9 network.

TCN9 Sydney and GTV9 Melbourne are getting together for two weeks from Monday, August 29, to present simultaneously a fun feast that could keep youngsters firmly rooted in front of the TV set for three hours a day.

These special programs—cartoons, movies, a serial, games, and contests, to name a few—will be telecast from Monday to Friday from 9 a.m. to noon.

Although the programs will come by coaxial cable from Melbourne, Sydney viewers will see a familiar face presenting them.

Channel 9's Penny Spence is going to Melbourne to be co-compere with rubber-faced comedian Joff Ellen.

I am sure that Penny Spence will win many new fans during her two-week stay in Melbourne.

When I went out to the TCN9 studios to meet her, her first words were, "Oh, I'm awful to interview—I'm so normal!"

"You mean you don't see

yourself as a sex symbol?" I asked jokingly.

Penny giggled at the very thought.

She is, in fact, a girl-next-door type. Her large, bright blue eyes crinkle when she laughs, her clear skin is almost devoid of make-up, and her mid-brown hair, cut in a Vidal Sassoon style, shines.

At 24 she looks years younger—even on the morning after a very hectic day in Melbourne, where she had gone to meet Joff Ellen.

Nearly five years ago, Penny, fresh from the National Institute of Dramatic Art in Sydney, went to TCN9 to audition for the children's program.

"Caper Cops" star

Soon after, she emerged on the screen as "Miss Penny" of "Comedy Caper," and later starred with Rod Hull in nearly 200 five-minute episodes of the popular series "Caper Cops."

Penny Spence is still slightly surprised at the course her career has taken.

"As long as I can remember I've wanted to be an actress, and I must admit it never occurred to me that I'd be connected with children's shows," she said.

"I just drifted into this type of work—and stayed on very happily.

"I like the security of it. I don't suppose I would have been successful as an actress, because I haven't the drive that's necessary.

"I could never see myself dashing around to producers' offices asking for parts."

Penny doesn't think any special qualifications are necessary to be successful with children.

"The main thing is to be perfectly natural, matter-of-fact, and never, never talk down to them."

It is a formula that has paid dividends. Penny gets lots of fanmail.

Another "dividend" she got as a result of her television career was a husband. In private life she is Mrs. Geoff Harvey, wife of TCN9's orchestra leader.

Geoff and Penny live in a house at Epping, with two labrador dogs and a goat. "He's really a white elephant," said Penny.

"If you know of anyone who wants a goat I'll willingly give mine away—he's driving me mad!"

The goat is a legacy from a TV program. It was to have been a prize in a contest, but the winner wanted



● The two faces of Penny Spence. As Inspector Agnes Potter of "Caper Cops" left, and, more glamorously, as TCN9's presentation announcer.

something less troublesome, and the Channel obliged.

"So it ended with me having to take the goat home. And now there isn't a flower in the garden, or a blade of grass on the lawn," said Penny.

Australian in British series

THE first few episodes of "The Trouble Shooters" (ABC-TV, Fridays, 7.30 p.m.) were exciting enough to mollify the fans of "Dr. Kildare," the program that moved out to make way for this British adventure series.

"The Trouble Shooters" promises a fascinating peep into the way that oil companies work.

The production and acting have that stamp of British understatement, which is always interesting. But some of the camera shots of Ray Barrett, in the role of operations manager Peier Thornton, are so unflattering that I can't help wondering if the cameraman had a personal grudge against him.

The 39-year-old Barrett is an Australian who has made good in England.

He has a speaking voice uncannily like that of another Australian expatriate, Ed Devereaux.

It's an accent that is neither wholly Australian nor wholly English, but a pleasant combination of both.

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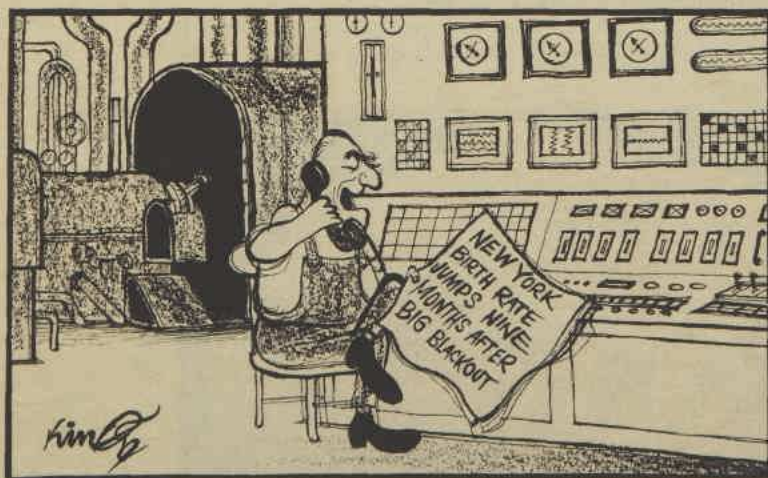
Long wearing "Larks" by Cherub priced at only \$5.99.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Momma once said, after she had read about a popular singer who was injured when someone slammed the door on his hair, "I don't care for long hair for boys, especially when they wear it down to their shoulders. Oh, I know it's not new, that men used to wear their hair in that style many years ago. But somehow it doesn't seem to fit in with the world we live in today. And what about when they get married and have children?"

MOMMA'S MORAL: "Would you like to come home and have your child ask, 'Are you Mum, or Dad?'"



"No need for alarm, lady. Everything is running OK here at Bunnerong."

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1966

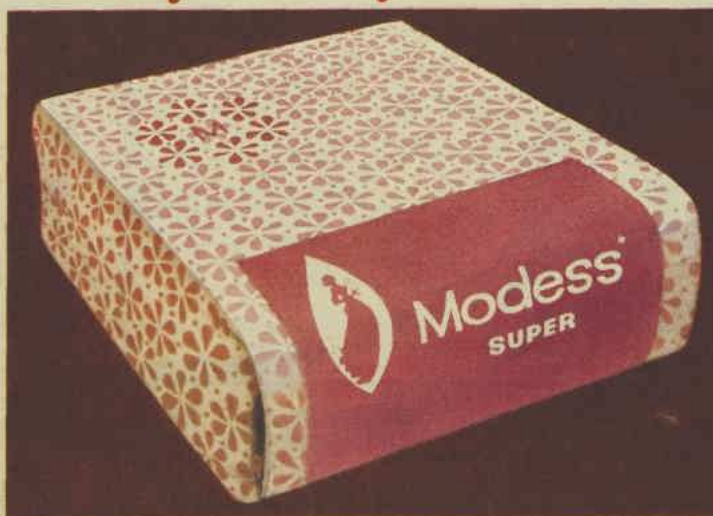


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Regd. Trade Mark

So you're going to have a baby

(Then get ready to listen to old wives' tales!)

● Positively the worst thing about being pregnant is having to listen to "childbirth gossip" of friends and acquaintances who have "been through it all," says Sydney reader CAROLINE JOHNSON, and she takes them to task in the first of our Readers' Stories.

In the second article, another reader suggests that the best way to get through the long months of being an expectant mother is to keep on with your job.

"SO you're having a baby at last!" everyone said when I announced I was expecting.

I had been married for four years, and my husband and I were being looked upon doubtfully as potential parents by family and friends.

"Maybe she can't have one," people said. "Do you think there's something wrong with him?" "She'd better hurry up before it's too late." (I was 22.)

The fact that three of our married years had been spent buying land and building a house didn't seem to matter.

Finding the "right" time to have a baby is a tricky business. If one arrives a bare nine months after the wedding there is a great wagging of heads and a counting on fingers.

If the poor child arrives a month early, great doubt is cast over the whole affair. "Probably had to get married."

If the unfortunate couple

are living in a flat or squashed into Mum's back room, the comment is, "Wouldn't you think they could have waited until they got a house or something!"

That's just what we did. Waited until we had a house of our own, but that didn't please, either.

Now that the shock of the announcement has worn off, the gruesome tales of birth have begun.

I'd heard about not listening to old wives' tales and had prepared myself, I thought, to turn a deaf ear.

"Poor girl, she doesn't know what she's in for," they said. "How many are you going to have, dear?"

When I ventured that I'd like three, they threw back their heads, laughed, and said: "Oh, you haven't had the first one yet. Wait till you get that over with. You won't want to go through it again."

"Yes, dear, you're never closer to death than when you're giving life." Charming, I thought, and pretended not to listen.

But I couldn't help listening—especially as it was told so loudly and so often—to the revelation that Mrs. D.'s first "pregnancy" turned out, after nine months of preparation for the baby, to be a tumor weighing 6lb.

"But didn't the doctor know there was something wrong when he couldn't hear any heartbeats? What about the movements?" I asked.

But they didn't have time to answer. They were too busy telling me about Mrs. D., who spent four days in labor having each of her two, and was as "thin as a rake" at the end of each ordeal and had to be "pumped full of blood."

Twins, perhaps?

I heard, too, how other poor expectant mums had given birth on hospital steps, in lifts on their way up to the labor ward, in taxicabs, buses, trams, and trains.

Multiple births need a chapter to themselves. I've heard about all the people who thought they were going to have twins and didn't, and who didn't think they were going to have triplets and did, and about the heart attacks, collapses, and financial disasters that the unexpected arrival of twins has caused.

After each visit to my doctor, I'm asked if he still thinks I'm having only one baby, and if I'm sure I'm not having twins. I'm informed by phone daily by a well-meaning aunt that twins run in the Johnson family—as well as enormously large babies which will "tear you apart!"

When I point out that it's different these days, with careful attention being paid to diet and exercise so that the baby won't grow too big, I'm talked down by older people who know better, as

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Why give up work when you're pregnant?

By ERICA PARTRIDGE

SO you're going to have a baby, and you and your husband are delighted. You begin making tiny garments, and a lot of plans.

You decide to leave your job. But wait. Are you so financially secure you can afford to say goodbye to that welcome pay cheque just yet? Give some thought to working as long as you can. I did, and I'm glad.

Of course, you'll check with your doctor for his approval. Many women work right through their pregnancy these days and suffer no ill effect; nor do their babies.

As a matter of fact, if you were at home you'd probably be working harder, and doing hazardous things like cleaning windows or balancing precariously while organising the linen cupboards.

Most women who work during pregnancy admit they feel better, mentally and physically, so if you do decide to be a working mum-to-be, here are some tips.

Don't tell them at work until you cannot conceal your secret any longer; or you'll be an object of curiosity, with people watching your midriff more closely than necessary. (They don't mean to be impolite. It's just human nature—but embarrassing.)

Also, when your secret is finally out, you won't seem to have been pregnant so long, and people won't be asking accusingly, "When is your baby due?"

If you do have morning sickness, get your doctor to prescribe some anti-nausea tablets. (Don't medicate yourself. He'll prescribe something safe.)

By keeping a tin of dry biscuits at work I was able to control my nausea. You may have to be surreptitious about this. Say you're dieting. People are quick to notice a sudden change of habits. You'll have to make up a convincing story, too, if you suddenly take a dislike to tea or coffee.

Enlist your husband's support with the

housework, and get plenty of rest. Don't be a martyr and try to "lick the rafters" the way you used to before.

Buy yourself some smart maternity clothes. It does help the morale, and your workmates will appreciate it. I found I could ring-in frequent changes with two skirts and a variety of attractive tops. Pink is wonderfully cheerful.

Advice from a beauty consultant will pay dividends. I'm sure my new lipstick and glowing foundation creams influenced my mood for the better. Indulge yourself with light, pleasing perfume, and USE it.

Wear high heels to work if you must (and your doctor doesn't object), but keep a pair of smart, low-heeled shoes (or elegant flatties) there to slip into. If there are stairs you must climb, hold the banister and tread carefully.

Don't feel you have to hand-knit an entire layette. (My baby wore her woolies for such a short time.) I did some knitting, but I'm not ashamed to admit I bought most of my baby's things at church fetes. They were beautifully done, inexpensive, and I used the time saved for relaxation.

Have meals out whenever you can, because you won't be able to for a long time after baby arrives. And another thing. Make your husband feel he's special at this time. Fatherhood is just as big an emotional upheaval as motherhood, and fathers don't get any compensating limelight—just the bills.

Give yourself a clear month at home before the baby arrives. Make a little list of projects for yourself so time passes quickly. (I had just ticked off my last project as it was time to go to hospital.)

You'll be tired toward the end. In my eighth month I could just make it home, have tea, and flop into bed, but as long as you remain well and have constant medical supervision you'll be glad you made the effort.

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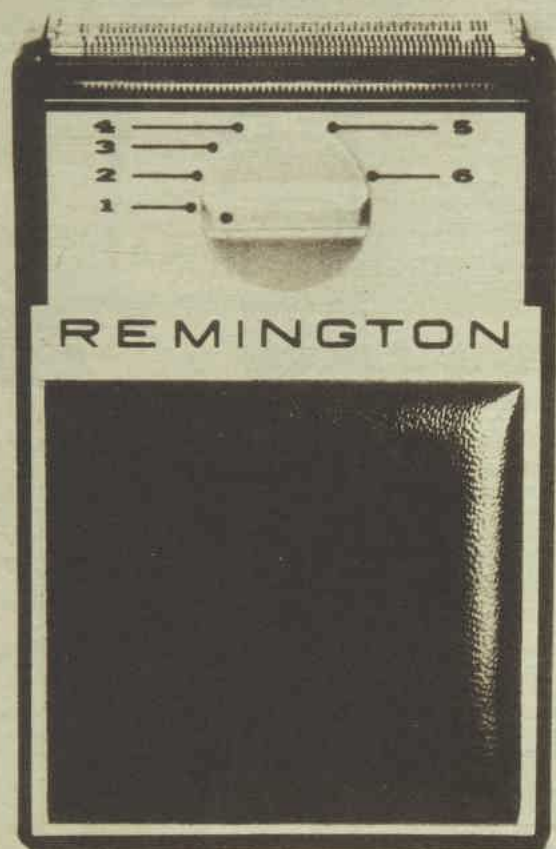
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Take the dial. It controls shaving, trimming, and cleaning. Setting 1 is for light beards. Turn to setting 2 and the shaving head elevates a fraction for heavier beards. Turn to 3 and get even more shaving action. Setting 4 is for really black beards and stubble.

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● After World War II, during which he served as personal assistant to the Chief of British Naval Intelligence, Ian Fleming returned to journalism and became foreign manager for the chain of newspapers headed by the London "Sunday Times." It was not until 1951, when he was 43, that he got the idea of writing a spy thriller . . .



IAN FLEMING

— the spy who came in with the gold

THE London "Daily Express" for February 8, 1952, announced: "Viscount Rothermere was granted a decree nisi in the divorce court yesterday. Lady Rothermere did not defend a charge of misconduct with Mr. Ian Lancaster Fleming, who was ordered to pay all costs."

Ian Fleming did what any gentleman would do in such a case; on March 25, 1952, "The Times" announced the marriage of Ian Fleming and the former Lady Rothermere.

Anne Fleming was not the only woman in his life. He had known a good many before his marriage and, like many habitual bachelors, was interested in the opposite sex but wary of lasting attachments.

Someone said, "Ian is like a handful of sea water; he slips away through your fingers—even while you're watching."

In a newspaper interview he admitted having had an affair with a bubble dancer. He defined a bubble dancer as "someone who leaps around the stage with very little on and a huge balloon while 'The Flight of the Bumblebee' is being played."

The affair didn't turn out too well, according to Fleming, although the lady "was a rather spiffing girl called Storm. But the whole affair was very unsatisfactory. When the public performance was over, it was always the same old thing: 'I'm sorry, darling, but I'm too tired. I've got to appear at the Embassy tomorrow night.' Unless you can further their careers, these actors and actresses really aren't interested."

He also complained of American women who "are sometimes too obsessed with cleanliness and bugs."

American girl once—before I was married—and right after I had finished kissing her she insisted on gargling in case she'd caught something."

He added: "Englishwomen are absolutely filthy. Any hairdresser will tell you that. They think that putting on more make-up is enough."

"Mark you, I'm comparing them to the Japanese and American women. They know that just to lie in a bath and stew is no way to get clean. The Japanese wash themselves first, and afterwards get into a large communal bath, where they sit happily and talk with their friends."

He told a Fleet Street colleague that his ideal woman was undemanding and helpful. He said, "I think I very much like the WREN type of woman . . . I like the fact that they seem to want to please, to make one happy."

But he also admitted, "In the end, one ends up marrying entirely the opposite of what one thinks, you know, which I have done."

Fleming married after what Robert Harlach, who knew both parties, describes as "a period of shattering personal complexities and tensions for himself and his wife, experiences which would have meant nervous breakdowns for lesser combatants."

Anne Fleming was definitely not the WREN type. Harlach describes her as "a slim, dark, handsome, highly strung, iconoclastic creature of middle height, with a fine pair of flashpoint eyes. She has something of the air of an imperious gipsy."

She was one of London's leading hostesses who gave frequent dinner parties enlivened by good food, good wine, and highly intellectual

men given to passionate exposition of opposed points of view.

She had a talent for stimulating brilliant men and revelled in the company of a long list of England's most brilliant minds, who naturally appreciated her ability to bring out the best in them.

Guests at her parties included Somerset Maugham, Evelyn Waugh, Sir Isaiah Berlin (philosopher), Sir Maurice Bowra (classical



Concluding
the biography
by HENRY A.
ZEIGER

scholar), Sir Frederick Ashton (choreographer), Cecil Beaton, Malcolm Muggeridge, Noel Coward, Randolph Churchill, and poet Peter Quennell.

Anne Fleming was interested in the sabre-like displays of male wit, and this interest plus the rough edge of her own tongue sometimes provoked somewhat reserved responses in members of her own sex. She did have a number of close female friends, however, including Lady Avon (the wife of Anthony Eden), Lady Diana Duff Cooper, and Loelia, Duchess of Westminster.

Fleming had no particular liking for his wife's dinner parties. He said:

"What happens if I attend a dinner party in my own

house is that all the interesting men are placed by Annie at her end of the table and I get stuck at the bottom of the table with the less interesting wives who are craning their necks to hear what Annie and the interesting men are saying instead of listening to my stammer."

He often spent the evenings on which they took place at the Portland Club, playing bridge for high stakes. Returning at midnight, he might find the guests still embroiled in assorted literary and political discussions; he merely waved a distant greeting and proceeded upstairs to his own room.

The marriage survived one of its rockier moments when Fleming came home one night to find the literary critic Cyril Connolly reading page proofs of the first Bond book aloud to the assembled multitude with heavily theatrical emphasis which the guests evidently found amusing.

Anne was no great admirer of her husband's literary endeavors. "These dreadful Bond books," she called them publicly. Still, she relished their later success and the preview of "Dr. No" gave her an opportunity to involve Somerset Maugham and other famous writers in a whirlwind of festivities.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE, who was not exactly a fan of the Bond books, was sometimes present at Anne Fleming's soirees. But he found it "more congenial to talk with him (Fleming) about Fleet Street gossip and newspaper circulations than to join in the, as I thought, rather

JAMAICAN IDYLL.
Fleming strolls on his private beach at "Goldeneye," swept by a servant. Here, he wrote many chapters on James Bond, British agent 007.

dismal conversational free-for-all which surged endlessly around Anne."

He, too, would climb out of the din and join Fleming in "a sort of private apartment at the top of the house where he kept his golf clubs, pipes, and other masculine bric-a-brac."

Soon after they were married, Fleming and Anne moved to a Regency, cream-stuccoed house in Victoria Square (London's smallest square), situated only about a hundred yards from the riding school of Buckingham Palace.

There was a bowed dining-room which could seat eight in comfort but frequently took on a dozen or more to accommodate Anne's talking dinner parties.

Built on a corner, with emphatically bowed windows, the house had a warm, welcoming air, the result of a carefully designed "casual" throwing together of comfortable chairs and sofas, Regency furniture, Fleming's black Wedgwood busts, numerous books, and a somewhat eccentric collection of paintings by Augustus John, Lucien Freud, and lesser Victorian daubers, rounded off by brass pictures of giddy goddesses and long-forgotten martial heroes.

The Fleming household came to include a son, Caspar, now 13. Caspar reached awareness of his father's popularity, and Fleming told an interviewer, "He doesn't read me, but he sells my autographs for seven shillings a time."

The comparison of the literary-social world in which Anne moved and her husband's somewhat quieter existence may give the wrong

To page 40

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SPY WHO CAME IN WITH

From page 39

impression of Fleming. He also enjoyed people and, in his own way, was as social as anybody; it was just that the people he was interested in were not always the same people his wife liked.

He made lasting friendships and was not one for mere casual acquaintance.

"He had a shrewd mind," one man recalled. "He knew what made things tick. He was at the same time both tough-minded and romantic, in the sense that he was really interested in things and never cynical. He wasn't an angle-player and he never lost the fun of things.

"He was fun to be with. He lived hard and played hard and threw himself passionately into everything he did. People liked him enormously. He was one of the kindest men I've ever known, and very generous."

Sometime back in 1951 Ian Fleming was having lunch with William Plomer and asked him how one got cigarette smoke out of a woman once one had got it in. He explained that he didn't like "exhaled" or "puffed it out." Novelist Plomer looked at him sharply and said, "You've written a book."

Fleming had, indeed, written a book. The thought of his then imminent marriage had alarmed him. He said,

"Horried by the prospect of marriage and to anaesthetise my nerves, I sat down, rolled a piece of paper into my battered portable, and began."

The book he wrote was "Casino Royale," and the promise he had made, probably half-jokingly, during the war was fulfilled.

Fleming wrote "Casino Royale," as he did all his later books, at his Jamaican retreat, "Goldeneye."

"When I got back to London," he wrote later, "I did nothing with the manuscript. I was too ashamed of it. No publisher would want it, and, if one did, I would not have the face to see it in print."

Then he had lunch with

Plomer, confessed his crime, and showed him the manuscript, feeling that Plomer would "tell the horrible truth about the book without condemning me or being scornful." Plomer read "Casino Royale," liked it, and persuaded Fleming to pass it on to a publisher.

The rest is an important part of the history of pop art in the twentieth century.

FLEMING, like many other writers who accomplish a fairly substantial body of work, was a great believer in routine. He wrote the first draft of all his novels in Jamaica and, in doing so, kept regular hours at a writing desk, far removed from the temptations and worries of his ordinary existence in London.

He professed to think of himself as lazy and said his heart sank when he looked at two or three hundred blank sheets of paper which had to be filled in order to complete one of the Bond books.

To get around this, he deliberately created a vacuum in his life which could only be filled by some form of creative work. So he went every year to the house he had built in Jamaica in 1946, just after the war.

He had spent some time during the war in the Caribbean devising means of coping with the U-boat sinkings in the area, and he "loved every minute of it." He'd never been in the tropics before and thought they were wonderful. He was determined at the time to come back and build a house, and when the war was over he did just that.

He borrowed a car from a former associate in Naval Intelligence and found a donkey's racecourse by the sea which was not being used, bought it, and built on it a house he designed himself in London while the V-1s and V-2s were falling.

"Goldeneye" was located near the little banana port of Oracabassa. The name came from an operation which involved Fleming during the war: Operation Goldeneye was a detailed plan for the defence of Gibraltar in case it was attacked by the Spanish. Fleming had been reading Carson McCuller's "Reflections in a Golden Eye" about the time he bought the property, and it reminded him of the name.

To write the Bond books, Fleming went to Jamaica every year during January and February, and sometimes stayed on until March.

He got up every morning at half past seven and went for a swim, naked, in the ocean. He and his wife swam a hundred yards or so and then came back to a breakfast of scrambled eggs made by his negro housekeeper, Violet. After breakfast he sat around in the garden accumulating ultra-violet rays until ten o'clock.

He then went to his bedroom and banged about 1500 words in two and a half to three hours. He always had

a rough idea of where he was going, but he never looked back at what he had done the day before. He never worried about mistakes and only tried to keep the narrative driving straight ahead.

He claimed that if he looked back in mid-course he would be lost, and said that if he had interrupted himself to have a look at what he had been doing he would have been disgusted with himself and lucky to do 500 words a day.

At this point he never even checked facts or spelling, leaving all this until the book was completed.

After his morning's work, he jumped back into the ocean with a snorkel and spear and poked around the reefs for a while, sometimes catching an odd lobster or two but mostly just contemplating the marine life. He genuinely enjoyed this sport, and some of his best descriptive writing in the novels deals with this strange world under the waves.

Then he went back to the house for lunch, which he described as "a couple of pink gins" and "ordinary Jamaican food," but which very much impressed a reporter from the "Daily Express" who came to visit him, consisting as it did of such delicacies as curried goat, salmagundi (a mixture of raw herring, onions, and spices), sailfish, "achee" (a local fruit, delicious when ripe but a violent poison if eaten too early), fresh limes, grapefruit, and papaw.

After lunch he napped from about half past two until four, then went for another swim and returned to work about six.

He worked for another hour, until it got dark, then numbered all the pages done that day and placed them neatly in a folder. For a reward he mixed himself a couple of strong drinks, then went to dinner.

After dinner he might go out for the evening to a neighbor's or stay at home playing scrabble with his wife. He never drank seriously while he was doing a book, because he greatly believed in sticking to the routine, and it worked.

After two months of this regular but far from unpleasant existence, he had a finished Bond book in the folder.

HE was not a particularly finicky writer. Aside from never correcting anything as he went along, he spent only a week or so going over the first draft, "correcting the most glaring errors," before he sent the manuscript off to a typist. After getting it back he worked on it a little bit, then sent it off to the publisher.

He appreciated having people point out either stylistic or factual mistakes to him and always had William Plomer read the finished manuscript.

Fleming found that he would sometimes go through periods when he used one word much too frequently, and if he didn't catch this



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THE GOLD

himself, he wanted someone to point it out before it was in print.

One time Plomer said half-teasingly that though characters in one of the books often made exclamatory remarks, Fleming had not used any exclamation points.

Fleming took this particular suggestion so much to heart that, in his own words, "I put in exclamation marks like pepper. And my publishers stupidly left them in. Then I get a fierce review from the 'New York Times' saying not only is Ian Fleming a very inferior writer but he has the girlish trick of putting in exclamation marks all over the place."

With all his care he still made factual mistakes, and he learned too late that Vent Vert is died by Balmain and not by Dior, that the Orient



Express has vacuum, and not hydraulic, brakes, and that you have mousseline sauce, not bearnaise, with asparagus.

He kept a notebook which he called his "book of golden words," and a "Daily Express" reporter who called on him in February, 1964, copied a few entries from it. There was a notation of the name "Mr. Szasz," which Fleming thought would be ideal for a villain.

He had somehow come across the Bulgar proverb, "My enemy's enemy is my friend," and if he had lived, it would probably have turned up on the lips of some inscrutable villain.

Also in the book was the sentence "You won't have a lover if you don't love," which was pure Fleming and might have issued as wisdom from some future heroine.

Of course, the most famous example of this trick was the name James Bond itself. At the time he was contemplating "Casino Royale," he was poking through a book called "Birds of the West Indies," by a certain James Bond, a well-known ornithologist.

Fleming, looking for a name for his hero, whom he conceived of as a blunt instrument, wanted something "suitably flat and colorless." He didn't want a hero along Bulldog Drummond lines but rather somebody anonymous whom the action of the book would carry along.

When he saw the name James Bond, he thought, "My God, that's the dumbest name I've ever heard," and promptly appropriated it.

The name later became so associated with adventure and excitement that the wife of the real James Bond wrote him a letter thanking him for using it.

After the Bond books had achieved their really big success, Fleming stopped working for the "Sunday Times," except for an occasional article, and worked what he called the "Fleming Two-Day Week." This meant that he spent four days and five nights in the country, in a

small but comfortable flat on Pegwell Bay, in Sandwich (Kent), and two nights in London.

In the country he got up "late" — half past eight or nine — and then had breakfast, consisting of a three-and-a-half-minute egg and coffee. He read the papers, fooled with the mail, and then headed for the golf course.

He played the Royal St. George, and after lunch there with friends he went out and played what he termed "a tough game of golf for fairly high stakes." He generally played Scotch foursomes, where each player hits the ball alternately.

Then he returned home to several bourbons and water, dinner, and bed.

In London he followed somewhat the same routine, except that the time allotted in the country to golf was spent in a small office in the Temple answering mail with the assistance of a secretary, going over proofs of his latest literary endeavors, and administering the interests of what had by this time become a very big business.

In town he ate lunch with male friends; he didn't like lunching with women. After lunch, he sometimes spent an hour or so at one of his clubs, Boodles or the Turf, reading "in that highly civilised privacy which is the great thing about some English clubs."

After an afternoon in the office, he returned home to three stiff drinks and then dinner with friends either at home or outside.

IAN FLEMING

was often called on to express himself on the subject of suspense fiction, a subject on which he had highly developed and fairly consistent views. Even before he was known as the author of the Bond books, he wrote a short summation of the New York literary scene circa 1950 for the "Sunday Times," whose title, "Bang-Bang, Kiss-Kiss," he often employed to characterise his own work.

He once said that he wanted to write what he termed "thrillers designed to be read as literature," and listed as other practitioners of this genre Edgar Allan Poe, Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, Eric Ambler, and Graham Greene. He told one interviewer that James Bond was a "believable" hero, like Chandler's and Hammett's.

On another occasion, when asked to mention writers who had influenced him, he replied, "Two splendid American writers, the great masters of the modern thriller, Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler."

"I suppose, if I were to examine the problem in depth, I'd go back to my childhood and find some roots of interest in E. Phillips Oppenheim and Sax Rohmer."

He also admired Simenon, whom he once told, "I read your first books in 1939 on

To page 42

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting August 24

ARIES
MAR. 21 - APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

TAURUS
APR. 21 - MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, navy, pink.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

GEMINI
MAY 21 - JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

CANCER
JUNE 22 - JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

LEO
JULY 23 - AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23 - SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ Marriage matters are fine and there's a quickening of the emotional tempo. Don't fall for false glamor 26th-27th—and it wouldn't be wise to trust a friend. Rely on your own judgment.

★ There's an improvement romancewise. Consolidate all you can—there could be shocks ahead. Marriage conditions are muddled and deceptive 25th-27th. Don't believe all you're told.

★ Matters matrimonial and marital have been under adverse influences—and will have to be watched. Beware lest woolly thinking leads to travel trouble 26th-27th.

★ The 27th-28th shows that some conniving admirer could land you in financial skulduggery—so don't believe all that Cupid is likely to whisper in your ear during this time. Be sceptical.

★ There are still happy influences helping you—and you could feel more impatient to get things done. Watch out for marriage misunderstandings on the 26th-27th. Watch out if you're travelling.

★ It's your blast-off cycle—so get cracking as soon as you can for best results. There's a spot of intrigue and deception, however, 26th-27th. Watch out if you're travelling.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24 - OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24 - NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23 - DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22 - JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, black, brown.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21 - FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

PISCES
FEB. 20 - MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

★ There could be financial loss. You could be taken down 26th-27th, so curb your Libran tendency for togetherness and zip up the purse and wallet for a while.

★ If you feel like promoting a new idea or starting something fresh don't get inveigled into doing it 26th-27th. Otherwise, get up and go-go. Put all your energy into tasks already begun.

★ You're usually quick on the uptake and can see further ahead than most. But you could find yourself missing 26th-27th, and it could lead to trouble at home. Sit back and don't take the lead.

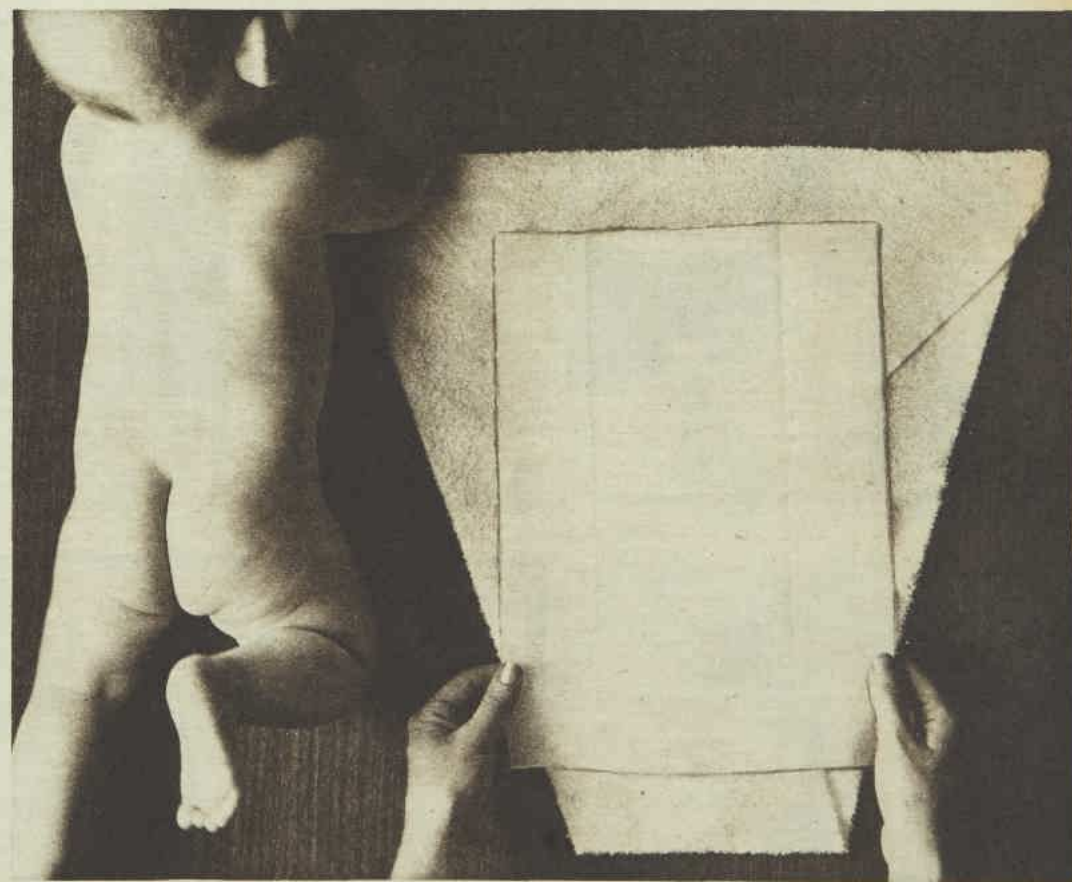
★ There's mostly fortunate focus on friends. You get help and consolation from them, but the treachery of one of them could give sorrow 26th-27th, so be on your guard.

★ There's a lot of luck about for you, especially if you were born before noon, and there's scope to enhance status, except on the 26th-27th, which is deceptive. Be wary on these dates.

★ Love and romance burgeon and it's a good time for law and signing legal documents, except 26th-27th, which are treacherous. A "friend" could slander you, but you should ignore it completely.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Johnson & Johnson

* Regd. Trade Mark
Page 41

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arthrex FOR ALL JOINT AND MUSCLE PAIN

The spy who came in with the gold

From page 41

my way to Moscow. I stopped in either Amsterdam or The Hague and there on the bookstall was a whole collection of those very good jackets . . . I bought three or four to take to Moscow, and I absolutely adored them."

In his statements on suspense fiction, Fleming insisted over and over again on one quality above all

others, and that was that the reader must be unable to stop reading.

Describing this quality in a review done for "The Spectator" in 1955, Fleming said that for him the masters of suspense "make the pulses of all of us beat faster," and that they do this because "their heroes are credible and their villains terrify with a real 'blackness.' Their situations are fraught with doom, and, above all, they have pace. When one chapter is

done, we reach out for the next. Each chapter is a wave to be jumped as we race with exhilaration behind the hero like a water-skier behind a fast motor boat."

Fleming, however, realised that his own work went into a good many details that were not strictly necessary for the action of the book. He wrote:

"I confess that I often sin grievously in this respect. I am excited by the poetry of things and places, and the

pace of my stories sometimes suffers while I take the reader by the throat and stuff him with great goblets of what I consider *should* interest him, at the same time shaking him furiously and shouting 'Like this, damn you!' about something that has caught my particular fancy."

At the same time, Fleming believed in grounding his fantasies on a hard rock of closely observed minutiae. He was an observant

person himself and remembered things very accurately.

He was interested in certain subjects, and these interests are often reflected in his books. He also believed that a good ingredient for his novels was "anything that will thrill the human senses — absolutely anything."

Fleming said that when he came to write his first book, he realised that the plot was fantastic and wondered "how I could anchor it to the ground so it wouldn't take off completely." The answer, he felt, was in piling up concrete details in the incidental parts of the structure, so that the reader would more easily go along with the central absurdity.

He believed in using exact names for objects, and the greater the precision of detail the better.

Therefore cigarette lighters in the Bond books have brand names, Bond's car is a 44-litre Bentley with an Amherst-Villiers supercharger, the girls use well-known perfumes, and the drinks are prepared to exacting formulas.

FURTHER than this, though, Fleming himself was excited by certain kinds of sensory stimuli and felt that it would help his books if he tried to convey this excitement to his readers.

He said that in his books the sun was always shining, the food was always good, and the background of the plot was set in interesting and exciting places; that "in general a strong hedonistic streak is always there to offset the grimmer side of James Bond's adventures."

He felt that he provided an entirely legitimate kind of escape from a reality that might be drab compared to the somewhat more vivid world which James Bond moved in.

This was not all technique and deception on Fleming's part. He wrote, "While all this sounds devilish crafty, in fact I write about what pleases and stimulates me, and if there is a strong streak of hedonism in my books it is there not by guile but because it comes out through the tip of my ball-point pen."

On another occasion he said, "It amuses me to use my powers of observation in my books and at the same time to tell people what my favorite objects are, and my favorite foods and liquors and scents, and so on."

"Exact details of individual private lives and private tastes are extremely interesting to me . . . The more we have of this kind of detailed stuff laid down around a character, the more interested we are in him."

Fleming believed in having his hero eat and drink well, though he insisted that he was not, himself, "a card-carrying gourmet." He believed that this was largely a matter of "writing interesting words rather than dull ones."

He proposed a hypothetical case in which the choice was between having the hero

MEET • **FAIRY WEBB**

WOOLWORTHS WONDERGIRL

hunts a ghost



Friday:
Revved the G,
and headed North . . .
musing over legends
of the old place.
The wedding ring
that was still hanging
from the chandelier . . .
Joady's stories
of the White Ghost.



Sat: Spooky, alright! Ruined a stocking when I slipped through a rotten floor-board. (Thank heavens for Woolies' SIX PACK.) Accidents mean nothing when you've masses of stocking legs to spare.



Sat. night:
Decided to wait in the old kitchen till 2 a.m., to see if the White Ghost would appear. The wind made eerie noises in the chimney I was glad Joady was close.



Midnight:
GULP!
Suddenly there was a wailing noise . . . like a woman crying . . . and a white cloud rose out of the corner. I screamed!



Joady rushed to the corner, and started pulling at the rotten old door. Help! It was Miranda the cat trapped in the foundations!



But there beside her was an enormous nugget of gold! "Must have been hidden in the bush-ranger days," said Joady as he hugged me. "Imagine, you and I finding a fortune like this!"



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How to win cookery prizes at shows



(Even if you don't compete you'll find good hints here and overleaf)

- What points do judges look for in their assessment of cookery exhibits at annual shows? You may have wondered about this if you've been disappointed when your entry didn't win. This three-page feature tells you the reasons.

The feature has been compiled by our Leila Howard Test Kitchen with the assistance of professionally trained home economists throughout Australia, who are continually being called on to judge cookery sections at shows.

It gives their comments and expert advice on what to do and what not to do; and their hints on how to judge at shows. There is also advice on schedules for show committees, and some tips from successful exhibitors.

DECORATED CAKES

THIS list of the important points in decorating cakes will be helpful to judges as well as competitors.

The Schedule: Read schedule carefully before commencing any decorating work. Be quite sure of the rules governing each entry, to ensure you use only permitted materials; otherwise, the entry will be disqualified.

For example, if schedule mentions "all handwork," this rules out the use of ribbon, tulle, lace, wire, or artificial-flower stamens.

The Cake: Schedule should state clearly if cake must be used as a base. Cakes should be well-proportioned. The general rule is—begin with a beautifully baked cake.

Covering: Fondant should be smooth, clean, even (especially on corners), without cracks, wrinkles, or bubbles. Cake should not show through any thin patches caused by

stretching fondant or excessive rubbing and polishing.

If a color is used, it should be pale (except for novelty cakes); if white, it should have a crisp, blue-white appearance and not be greyish in color. No amount of decoration will disguise a bad covering. Fondant should be as easy to cut as a piece of mild cheese (judges can test for this with point of sharp knife).

Color Harmony: Use soft shades for dainty presentation; colors seem to deepen when cake is assembled.

In novelty cakes, strong color can be used as focal point, but it is not advised for all-over coverage.

Pipework: Suited to theme of cake, and even, smooth, clear, and well defined. There should be no air bubbles, which cause tiny fractures in pipework.

Moulded Work: Dainty, finely

fingered. Even if large, flower petals should have fine edges and flowers look natural when completed. When assembled, joins should be neat and not obvious to the eye.

Design: Suitable for the occasion for which cake is to be used; simple, well balanced, the floral work artistically arranged.

Execution of design, workmanship, and technique used for the particular type of icing should all be judged.

Extra points should be awarded for number of different, harmonious techniques used.

For example, all other things being equal, a cake beautifully decorated with shell piping, lattice, flowers, extension work, etc., should earn more points than one decorated with only one or two of these.

Boards: Firm, well covered with paper or, for some cakes, icing.

SPONGE SANDWICH AND ROLL

THERE are generally two sections for the sponge sandwich; these are a true sponge (made without butter) and a sponge sandwich with butter. (Victoria Sandwich, made by the creaming method, has its own special section.)

SPONGE SANDWICH

Schedule should stipulate size of tins and should state clearly whether sandwich should be unfilled and iced. Some judges allow a fine sprinkling of icing sugar on top, although most prefer top of cake left plain so the top color of cake can be clearly seen.

Points for Competitors: Grease and flour tins carefully, shake off excess flour. Eggs and sugar must be beaten until sugar is completely dissolved; this determines the texture of a sponge. Use castor sugar for easier dissolving. Undissolved sugar grains will melt in oven heat and leave pinholes all over cake, also result in a crusty and sometimes spotted cake.

Sift flour at least 3 times, holding sifter high, so as much air as possible is incorporated.

Make sure liquid is well blended in the mixing, or top of cake will be streaky.

Do not scrape out bowl and put the scraping into centre of one layer; this could show when cut.

Divide mixture carefully over 2 tins. It is important that layers be of even height, so it is a good idea to weigh empty tins, then weigh them again when the mixture is in them to make sure amount of mixture in each is exactly the same.

When cooked, let cakes stand in tins a few minutes before turning out. Turn them out on to clean folded teatowel on wire rack, then carefully turn right side up. If left with top down on teatowel, cake would have moist surface. If turned out directly on to wire rack, wire would mark top of cake.

Points for Judges: The biggest sponge is not necessarily the best; volume is important, but will depend on mixture and size of tins used. Height should be in proportion to diameter. Points should be awarded for:

Appearance: Cake should be pale golden biscuit color, with no overhang (caused by too much mixture in tins). There should be no wire rack marks.

Baking: The cakes should be evenly risen, identical in thickness and baking—they should not be from separate mixings. Tops should

be smooth with no sugar spots; crust should be tender but not sticky—it should not be lifting off cake. There should not be too much shrinkage in baking. Cakes should feel light in the hand.

Texture: Should be fine, creamy, delicate, and spongy when lightly pressed with fingertips; not dry or coarse, tough or rubbery. Color should be light; cake should not be artificially colored. There should be no large holes or tunnels.

Flavor: Cake should have pleasant flavor and feel moist and tender in the mouth.

VICTORIA SANDWICH

Texture should be finer than for sponge sandwich. Otherwise, same general rules apply.

SPONGE ROLL (or Swiss Roll)

Points for Competitors: Use tin long enough to give a good roll; 13 x 9 in. is a good size. Use tin with straight sides; sloping sides tend to overcook on edges.

When rolling, take a small turn first and make a perfect roll. There should be approximately 3 rolls in all; some judges like these rolls to make the form of the figure 9. Edge of last roll should be on the plate, not visible when viewed.

Continued overleaf

Tips, recipes from winners

- Two very successful show competitors have given us the benefit of their experience.

AT this year's Royal Easter Show in Sydney, first prizes for sponge sandwich (in two sections—with and without shortening) were won by Mrs. J. Chamberlain, of Luddenham, N.S.W.

Mrs. Chamberlain has been cooking for shows for a number of years and enjoys it thoroughly. One of the most enthusiastic admirers of her cooking ability is her son. "Nobody can whip up a sponge like Mum can," he said.

And, judging by Mrs. Chamberlain's prizewinning record, he could be right.

First prize in the boiled pudding section was awarded to Mrs. A. I. Stokes, of Gouldsville, N.S.W.

Our Leila Howard Test Kitchen has received many letters from readers who saw Mrs. Stokes' prizewinning entry on exhibition. "It's a really beautiful pudding," they wrote.

Mrs. Chamberlain and Mrs. Stokes have been good enough to allow us to publish their prizewinning recipes, with their own hints for achieving first-class results.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Sponge Sandwich

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 4 eggs | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarb. soda |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar | 1 teaspoon butter |
| 5 oz. plain flour | 3 tablespoons hot water |
| 1 teaspoon cream of tartar | |

Beat eggs until light. Gradually beat in sugar, and continue beating until mixture is thick and sugar is completely dissolved.

Sift dry ingredients on to paper. (Mrs. Chamberlain sifts her dry ingredients six times.) Dissolve butter in hot water.

Fold dry ingredients into egg mixture; then, working quickly, fold in butter mixture.

Grease two deep 7 in. tins and flour them lightly; shake off excess flour.

Divide mixture evenly over the tins. Bake in moderate oven exactly 20 minutes.

Turn out on to clean, folded teatowel on wire rack, then carefully reverse; let stand until cool.

"When you make a sponge cake," said Mrs. Chamberlain, "you must work quickly. Speed is almost an essential ingredient of a good sponge; if left too long, the butter mixture will break down the airy lightness of the beaten eggs."

Mrs. Chamberlain uses the small bowl of her electric mixer for the complete mixing.

Mrs. Stokes' Boiled Pudding

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 lb. butter | 1 lb. breadcrumbs, rubbed fine |
| 1 lb. brown sugar | pinch salt |
| 9 eggs | 1 teaspoon mixed spice |
| 1 lb. sultanas | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarb. soda |
| 1 lb. raisins | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants | $\frac{1}{4}$ pint rum |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mixed peel | |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain flour | |

Cream butter and sugar; add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in prepared fruit and rum. Sift flour with salt, spice, soda, and nutmeg; add to mixture, together with breadcrumbs. Mix well. Put into pudding cloth, fasten securely.

Put into rapidly boiling water and boil steadily for 9 hours, replacing boiling water as necessary.

Remove from water as soon as cooking time is completed and turn out immediately on to plate.

MRS. STOKES' HINTS:

Preparing the fruit: Cut raisins, sultanas, and peel to the same size as currants.

The Cloth: Mrs. Stokes uses a plain, dry pudding cloth and does not prepare it in any way. She places the cloth in a colander (which helps give good shape to the pudding), spoons in mixture, then gathers the cloth round the pudding, avoiding doubling cloth, which would show marks on completed pudding.

The pudding is then tied tightly with string, lifted from colander, and plunged into rapidly boiling water. As directed above, pudding is removed from cloth immediately it is cooked.

Ricki Reed makes the dress



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HOW TO WIN COOKERY PRIZES AT SHOWS... continued

MORE TIPS

● Judges and competitors have made the suggestions below for consideration by show committees. Preparation of show schedules, new sections, and judges' work are discussed.

Committees

PERHAPS the most important work of the show committee is drawing up a comprehensive schedule well beforehand. All members of the committee should meet to take part in this.

Ideally, various judges for show sections should be selected well in advance. Judges could then help and advise in preparation of schedules to ensure that all relevant, helpful information is given to intending competitors.

Schedules should be clearly worded to avoid ambiguity.

All possible information should be given and requirements of each class stated clearly. Where relevant, the shape and size of cake to be exhibited, whether iced or un-iced, etc., should be specified; sizes for bottles of fruit preserves, jams, pickles, etc., should be stated, as well as the number of bottles or jars required in each section.

There should be clear information on schedules stating where and when exhibits are to be left, and when they can be collected. Time of closing for entries should be stated and enforced, especially at country shows, where the time for judging is often limited.

Schedules could perhaps give the name and address or telephone number of some member of the committee to whom intending exhibitors could refer if there were some points in the schedule which were not clear.

This committee member should have the authority to clarify and amend any ambiguity in the schedules. Preferably, such amendment should be given in writing to the exhibitor.

When preparing schedules, if possible include a wide variety of classes to test exhibitors' skill. Bear in mind the purpose of the show, the extent of other sections, and the facilities, conditions, and length of time the goods will be on display.

While it may be desirable to have some standard sections in all schedules, too much regimentation should be avoided. Scope could be left for cities and districts to provide for local specialties and traditional dishes.

But for a small show classes could be restricted to butter cakes, sponges, scones, patty cakes. This will ensure a greater number of entries in each section, rather than have the entries

spread sparsely over a great number of sections.

It has been suggested that some schedules could be brought more up to date; some present sections are rather outmoded. The following suggestions have been made:

Decorated Cakes: Some wedding cake sections permit the use of a manufactured vase which, in present-day decorating, is rather outdated. However, there is a much greater

Home Economists

AUSTRALIAN home economists from all States and visitors from the U.S.A., India, New Zealand, and the Philippines met last year to discuss common interests. At this, their first Australian conference, the Home Economics Association of Australia was formed.

High on the list of the association's objectives is co-operation at State, national, and international levels for the improvement of home, family, and community life.

The first annual meeting of the association took place in Melbourne this month.

Home economists are engaged in many fields, such as teaching, public utilities, industries, journalism, Government services, youth groups, and advertising; through these many fields they offer the housewife the benefit of their skill and knowledge, bringing her up-to-date information relating to the comfort and personal well-being of the family.

need for the use of stamens with hand-moulded flowers. Some competitors believe, if the use of these could be expressly incorporated in the schedule, it would save much uncertainty on the part of the exhibitor. Some judges accept these as part of present-day decorating, while others rule against their use.

Small Cakes: Queen cakes could be replaced by patty cakes.

Confectionery: Because of decreasing interest of exhibitors in this section, and correspondingly low number of entries, many judges believe this section could be omitted.

Bottled Fruits and Vegetables: Some judges believe there is little value in bottled fruits or vegetables, arranged in intricate patterns, which are prepared for show purposes only. They

suggest that bottled vegetables, other than tomatoes, be deleted from schedules.

NEW SECTIONS

In the extension of schedules, the following additions have been suggested:

Cake Mix: In the usual sections of cake cookery, mixes are not permitted. However, committees might consider a special section for cake mixes only. Judges would award points for baking, decoration, etc. A section of this could be confined to junior age-groups.

School Section: Some show schedules already contain a section for school-children, but if not it is one well worth considering. Recipes used could be selected from a book currently in use in the home science section of schools.

JUDGING

Many competitors have suggested that a panel of three judges should operate for large shows. Very often the personal preference of a judge will determine a prizewinning entry. A points score, determined by three judges, would eliminate this.

Facilities for Judges: A firm, solid table should be provided for the judge to use when cutting and judging entries. Appropriate knives and spoons should be available, although the judge usually prefers to provide her own.

Every endeavor should be made to allow ample time for judging. Depending on the standard of the entries, the experience of the judge, and the experience and efficiency of the stewaresses, probably up to 30 or 35 entries could be judged in one hour.

Stewaresses play an important part in the smooth running of judging; they can greatly assist the judge by presenting the items to her in a steady stream and removing them as speedily as possible after the judge has considered them. (As the stewaresses receive the entries, they should ensure they are correctly marked according to the schedule.)

Judges should have complete privacy for consideration of entries.

Stewaresses should be the only ones allowed to approach the judges, or enter the judging area or room, while judging is in progress.

and judges

IF you are called upon to judge a show exhibit for the first time, the following ideas will be of help:

Adopt a professional attitude. Become familiar with conditions and requirements for exhibitors and judges.

Schedules: Check schedules and ensure that foods have been prepared accordingly. For example, if schedule states a cake is to be un-iced, it should be disqualified if it has been iced. If schedule calls for four varieties of biscuits, there should be four separate mixtures, each different in appearance, flavor, and texture.

However, judges' attitude should be flexible and they should make allowances if schedules are ambiguous.

Cutting Cakes: Judges must be allowed to cut cakes (except decorated cakes) preferably in half, to compare texture and baking and to taste.

Cakes should be cut with the utmost care. A knife with a curved, scallop-like edge will help in smooth cutting.

Do not cut cakes with a firm, downward pressure. Use a gentle, sawing motion; allow this sawing action to do the cutting. Cut surfaces are then disturbed as little as possible and offer much better opportunity for appraisal of texture.

Decorated Cakes: Some exhibits, for icing purposes only, should not be cut. These can be marked "Not to be Cut." On others, a judge can test consistency of fondant with the point of a sharp knife (do this where mark won't show).

A judge can also pierce an exhibit, if necessary, to check whether a cake has been used as a base, as specified in the schedule. (This also should be as inconspicuous as possible.)

SPONGE ROLL... from previous page

Sometimes filling is specified; sometimes schedule gives choice of fillings. When choice is given, a small amount of dark, smooth-spreading jam, firm lemon filling, or mock cream provide best fillings. Do not use too much jam; this will discolor cake and make it damp. Warm jam slightly, draining off any excess liquid; this will allow it to spread more easily and prevent it sinking in to cake. Ends of roll should be left uncut.

The roll can have sprinkling of sugar or be rolled in sugar.

Points for Judges: Baking should be even, with no cracks. Shape

should be good—well rolled, not folded. Color should be golden brown, texture fine and moist, jam spread evenly and not soaked into cake.

ARROWROOT SPONGE

There is often a special section for a sponge made with arrowroot or cornflour. All cakes in this category should be made with eggs with light-colored yolks, in keeping with light, pale nature of the cake. Arrowroot sponges should feel lighter than a true sponge sandwich, should be paler in color, and have aroma of arrowroot.

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..for judges and competitors



DARK AND LIGHT FRUIT CAKES

USUALLY there are sections for two types of fruit cakes — light and dark; often the show schedule gives the specific recipe to be used, and this is a good idea. Size of cake (for example, 1lb. or 2lb. mixture) should also be specified.

RICH FRUIT CAKE

Points for Competitors: Fruit must be thoroughly washed and dried. After washing, spread on cloth on tray in sun or in cool oven with door open. Remove any stalks or seeds. It is a good idea to soak fruit in rum or brandy in screw-topped jar for a few days before mixing into cake; this greatly improves flavor.

Degree of fineness to which fruit is cut is often a matter of the individual judge's preference. However, fruit should be cut evenly—not too finely, because there is then a tendency for fruit to stick together in lumps. This would prevent even distribution of fruit through cake.

A well-seasoned tin is better than a new one. Line it carefully with 1 layer of brown and 2 layers of greaseproof paper, bringing paper up at least 1 1/2 in. higher than tin; cut paper to fit corners so cake will not be misshapen when baked.

When scraping bowl, never place the scrapings in centre of cake; when cut through middle for judging, a light streak could show.

Correct baking of fruit cakes is important. A rich fruit cake requires a slow oven. Cook it to time and temperature specified for your individual recipe. A 1lb. mixture in 10 in. tin should take 4 1/2 to 5 hours. A 2lb. mixture in 7 1/2 to 8 in. tin should take 3 to 3 1/2 hours. Test cake with fine skewer in thickest part. When it is cooked, if desired, immediately spoon over it 1 to 2 tablespoons rum or brandy.

While still hot, wrap the cake—still in its tin—in greaseproof paper, then brown paper, then cloth; or wrap it in several thicknesses of newspaper. This wrapping helps to keep cake moist and, if there are any cracks on top, will help draw them together.

Points for Judges: Shape, surface color, texture, flavor, and aroma are all important. Cake should be even, well proportioned, with smooth, even top, slightly rounded in centre, but not domed or peaked. A small crack on top is not an important defect if all other points are even.

Cake should not have any distortion caused by bad lining of tin; should be browned evenly on top, sides and bottom, with no signs of burning.

When cut, cake should show even texture—it should be firm, but moist. Fruit should be a good mixture, cut evenly and well distributed; each variety clearly identified.

There should be no dampness or sodden streaks, no holes or uneven color. Color should be dark, with spices well blended.

Flavor and aroma should be rich, mellow, pleasantly fruity. It should have a well-blended flavor, not overwhelmed by use of too many spices or too much essence.

Note: Inclusion of nuts is often optional in rich fruit cake. To help competitors who may be uncertain about this ingredient (some judges prefer nuts of any type to be omitted), this point should be clearly stated on schedule.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

Points for Competitors: Light fruit cake can contain sultanas, peel, cherries, and almonds; schedules should specify this. No spices are added to color mixture.

When adding glace cherries, it is better to fold them in last. They can easily discolor cake mixture (making it pink) if cut too finely or folded in too vigorously.

Points for Judges: General points as for rich fruit cake above. Texture should be buttery and moist, not doughy or heavy; no tunnels or large holes. Surface of cake should not be sticky, nor should it show light sugar spots. Cake should be golden brown in color, with no crusty cracks or peaks on top, should cut well without excessive crumbling.

CAKES OF OTHER TYPES

LAMINGTONS

Because opinions of judges can differ on correct size of lamingtons, the size preferred by judges should be stated in schedule. Most judges prefer lamingtons not more than 1 1/2 in. high; some allow to 2 in.

Foundation recipe for lamingtons should be a butter cake mixture; cake should be left until next day before cutting. Texture should be fine and moist.

Icing should be even, well flavored; coconut fresh looking and not spotted with chocolate. When cut, coating should not have soaked into or penetrated into cake.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Usually a block cake, not layers—in round, square, or loaf shape, depending on schedule.

Appearance should be attractive and well proportioned; texture fine and soft, not coarse and dry. Cake should have rich-tasting chocolate flavor. Cocoa, blended with little hot water, gives good flavor; cool before adding to creamed ingredients.

ORANGE CAKE

Cake should be good shape, outer surface even, golden brown. Texture is most important; it must be fine, even, and well flavored. Orange rind should be used to give true orange flavor. Generally topped with orange-flavored soft icing; schedule should specify this.

PATTY CAKES

Sometimes 2 mixtures—with 2 cakes made from each mixture—are required. But schedules vary greatly in this section, so read schedule carefully to see exactly what is required, and whether cakes are to be left plain or decorated. Schedule could also state if there is any preference for cakes to be baked in tins or in paper containers.

Cake texture should be fine and moist, with a rich butter flavor.

Attractiveness of presentation is an essential feature.

MERINGUES

Should be small and uniform in size and dry inside, but not over-brittle so they crumble to powder when bitten into; no dampness on outside surface.

They should be white in color, unless pastel-tinted before baking. However, no coloring should occur during baking. They should be undecorated. Commercial meringue mix should not be used.

Meringues are judged on daintiness, delicacy, crispness.

JAMS, PRESERVES, AND PICKLES

INDIVIDUAL sections in schedule should stipulate size and number of jars required. Jams should be of uniform size—clean, filled to within 1/2 in. of top. Labels should be neat, easily read; date of bottling should be shown.

JAMS AND JELLIES

Jams (excluding marmalade); for competition jam making, it is better to make small quantities at a time to get best results. Jams should be well set, bright in color, full of flavor, free from mould, fruit evenly distributed.

Judging points are awarded for color; consistency—firm, but not stiff; good flavor of fruit used; even distribution of fruit; freedom from fermentation, mould, or sugar crystals.

Marmalades: Judging points as for jam. Points also awarded for fineness of shred, clarity of gel, sharp fruity flavor.

Jellies: Should be quivering and translucent, retaining characteristic

flavor of fruit used; bright, clear, sparkling, no cloudiness.

Lemon Butter: Judging points are awarded for taste, color, consistency.

CHUTNEYS

These should be a smooth blend of flavors, with fruity mellowness. Consistency should be even—not watery, not too stiff. It should be possible to identify the ingredients. Color should be a good brown, but not too dark. Good quality vinegar must be used.

Some judges and competitors believe best flavor is obtained when chutney has been matured 6 to 8 weeks before submitting for judging.

PICKLES

These are generally divided into two sections—clear pickles and mustard pickles (this second section could also include sweet mustard pickles).

Clear: Vegetables crisp, but not hard. Good quality vinegar should give a mellow flavor.

Mustard: Good colored, vegetables soft; spices used fresh in flavor and well blended. There should be no taste of flour, no roughness of consistency on tongue, no harsh after-taste on palate.

SAUCES

Tomato sauce is usually a most popular entry in this category. Consistency should be even—semi-liquid, not watery, not too stiff. Judging points are awarded for good, bright color, without artificial coloring; consistency; flavor.

PRESERVED FRUITS

Whole fruit or pieces of fruit should be even-sized, unblemished. All fruit should be of same degree of ripeness.

Bottles must be full, the pack tight, and fruit not risen from bottom; syrup clear and free from deposits; no sediment on bottom of jar; no signs of fermentation; no discoloration of fruit under lid.

PLAIN AND SWEET SCONES

THIS is a popular section and attracts a large number of entries. Generally, a plate of 6 scones is required. If a definite number of scones is specified, submit this number—not more, not less.

Points for Competitors: If plain white scones are specified, do not add extra ingredients.

Knead scone dough very lightly to ensure fine texture and even outer surface, but do not overhandle. Average scone should be cut from dough 1/4 in. thick; scones should double their bulk during cooking.

Use medium-sized cutter: 1 1/2 to 2 in. is correct, although this could be stated on schedule. Some scone exhibits are spoilt by being too large.

Make sure cutter has open end; avoid using as cutter anything with a closed end, such as a tumbler.

Stamp out dough, do not screw cutter into dough. Do not lean on cutter; this is one of the causes of scones tilting to one side. (Uneven rolling and too-moist mixture are other causes.)

Grease or flour scone tray very lightly; bases of cooked scones should not be heavily floured.

Some judges prefer unglazed scones for exhibition purposes; some prefer light glazing of milk. (This should be stated on schedule.) Bake scones in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Be sure to brush off any surplus flour. For presentation, scones could be attractively arranged on lace doily.

Sweet or Fruit Scones: The points above also apply. In addition, any fruit used should be evenly distributed and not overcrowded.

Wholemeal or Brown Scones: Use finest wholemeal; it is usual to use half wholemeal and half white flour. These scones may take a little longer to bake—allow 12 to 15 minutes.

Points for Judges: Scones should pass the following tests:

● **Shape:** Must be uniform and attractive.

● **Appearance:** Color should be even and surface reasonably smooth. Browning of scone underneath should be much the same color as

top. There should be no dry flour anywhere.

● **Volume:** Scones should have risen well and be light to touch.

● **Texture:** Break scones horizontally with fingers; do not cut with knife to test texture. Scones should break open easily. Texture should be medium-fine, regular, even, and elastic to touch; crumb should be tender and moist, but not doughy. Grain should be flaky, peeling off in strips. Crust should be crisp and thin, not hard and tough. Color inside scone should be white to creamy white, with no yellow patches.

● **Flavor:** Check for salt; make sure there is no doughy or uncooked flour taste, or excess soda or baking powder.

Wholemeal or Brown Scones Similar points to the above; crumb should be less elastic. Color, of course, is darker.

Note: If glazing is not specifically mentioned in the schedule mark should not be awarded or subtracted for this.

Continued overleaf

FOODS MADE WITH PASTRY

MANY judges suggest omitting meat pastries from schedules because of the long time the pastries must be kept at large shows, with the possibility of food poisoning. The following points about pastries are for judges and competitors.

SHORTCRUST PASTRY

Should be even biscuit color; crumb should be short, not leathery or tough. For jam tarts, pastry should be rolled fairly thinly, jam spooned into tarts before baking; not too much jam should be used.

PUFF OR FLAKY PASTRY

Color should be good pale brown, bright looking. Layers should be very light and continuous. Pastry should melt in the mouth; should not be tough, leathery, harsh, and dry.

CHOUX PASTRY

Very often choux pastries presented for judging are not cooked sufficiently.

Schedule should state whether choux foods—puffs or eclairs—are to be filled or unfilled. Most judges prefer them unfilled, unless additional points are to be awarded for filling.

Choux pastries should be well dried out, well risen, light brown in color, dry and hollow, but not so brittle they will shatter when bitten into; crisp and light in the hand.

Judging points are awarded on weight in proportion to size, color, crispness, shape. If a filling is specified in schedule, points are awarded for good consistency and flavor.

Note: General comment of judges is that pastry foods are very often undercooked. Pies may look well browned and cooked on top, but, when cut into, bottom pastry layer is still soggy.

Make sure full baking time is allowed for pastry.



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Chicken dish wins prize

● Chicken patties, a substantial and easy luncheon or supper dish, wins our \$10 main prize for a recipe this week.

CHICKEN PATTIES

1 small egg	egg-glazing
1 tablespoon cream	breadcrumbs
1 firmly packed cup finely minced cooked chicken	1 cup white sauce
salt, pepper	1 cup chopped celery
	oil for frying

Lightly beat egg, mix with cream, minced chicken, and seasonings. Form into flat patties. Dip into egg-glaze, then breadcrumbs. Fry in hot oil until well browned. Stir celery into white sauce. Serve patties hot, with sauce poured over.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. E. Brown, 11 George St., Thirroul, N.S.W.

POTATO SOUP

2lb. potatoes	2½ pints chicken stock
2 large onions	salt, pepper
2 or 3 stalks celery	1 teaspoon ground nutmeg
3 bacon rinds	1 bayleaf
1½oz. butter or substitute	chopped parsley

Peel potatoes and onions, chop roughly. Wash and chop celery. Melt butter in large saucepan, add vegetables and stir over low heat until butter is absorbed. Add bacon rinds, stock, and seasonings. Bring soup to the boil, cover, and simmer until vegetables are tender (approximately 40 minutes). Remove bayleaf and bacon rinds. Sieve soup, or put into blender. Reheat soup; serve with sprinkling of chopped parsley.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. Polzin, 11 Federal St., Oakley, Qld.

Concluding . . .

HOW TO WIN COOKERY PRIZES AT SHOWS

PLAIN AND FANCY BISCUITS

IF a schedule specifies a certain number of distinct varieties of biscuits, there should be a different foundation mixture for each. It is not correct to use the same mixture, treated with different embellishments and flavorings.

Points for Competitors: Remember biscuits are judged on their dainty, attractive appearance, crispness, delicate gold color, and flavor. Fancy biscuits are also judged on their tasteful and dainty decoration.

A good biscuit is made with best-quality shortening, because flavor is largely determined by this. Castor sugar is preferred, because it will dissolve more easily, thus giving finer texture.

If rolling biscuits by hand and pressing with fork, roll all mixture into a roll, then cut into even slices; roll each slice by hand, then press. All biscuits will then be even in size. Make sure oven trays are spotlessly clean. Cook to correct time and temperature for individual biscuits.

Points for Judges: Biscuits should be of moderate thickness, according to type. When an icing filling is used, biscuits should be very thin. Ornamentation should be suitable both for size and mixture.

Biscuits should be dainty, of even, delicate, light golden color, with fresh "unhandled" look. They should be perfectly clean underneath.

Appearance, flavor, and presentation are important. Judge on best variety, crispness, uniformity of shape of each type, originality. Some cream types and some plain are preferred; these should be specified in the schedule.

PUDDINGS—boiled and steamed

SCHEDULE sometimes specifies weight of completed pudding; or a 1lb. mixture, or other size, may be specified. In boiled and steamed puddings, the shape, texture, color, type of mixture, flavor, and general appearance are all important judging factors.

Points for Competitors: Fruit should be clean, well prepared. Most judges prefer fruit to be cut to uniform size.

STEAMED (in basin)

Fill mixture into well-greased basin to within 2in. of top. Cover securely with 2 layers of paper, greased on both sides. Place in steamer or saucepan with sufficient boiling water to come halfway up basin. Water should boil gently but steadily and be replenished with more boiling water when necessary. Lid of steamer or saucepan should fit securely and should be removed as seldom as possible.

When cooking time is completed, let pudding stand in its basin a few minutes before turning out on to hot plate over wire rack.

The top of pudding counts a lot in this class; it is an invaluable indication whether any steam has been allowed to penetrate.

BOILED (in cloth)

Suet is often an ingredient; make sure it is very finely shredded.

There are various ways of preparing pudding cloth—all have been used successfully by individual prize-winning competitors, so it seems to be a matter of personal preference. Some prefer to sprinkle the scalded cloth with sugar, some with flour; some rub melted margarine or butter into cloth. Some prefer a dry cloth.

Many cooks prefer a pudding cloth which has already been used a number of times; they believe it gives better results than a brand-new cloth—it is softer, more pliable, and therefore less inclined to double over and show cloth marks on cooked pudding. (See Mrs. Stokes' hints on page 43.)

Points for Judges: Good shape of pudding, dryness of surface with few cloth marks, should win points. No coarse suet should be visible when pudding is cut; no sodden core of under-cooking, or seepage of water.

Color should be dark, without streaky patches; fruit evenly cut; flavor rich and mellow.

The spy who came in with the gold

From page 42

order the *plat du jour* or a meal of four fried eggs, toast, and black coffee because he did not like *plat du jour*.

He said there was no mobbism involved here, since the meals would cost about the same and the reason the fried eggs were the better choice was that most people preferred breakfast foods to those served at lunch or dinner, that the hero's ordering the eggs instead of the *plat* proved he was an independent and decisive character, and that the four fried eggs followed by the large black cup of coffee had a decidedly masculine ring to it and was stimulating to the taste buds.

Critics might carp, Fleming added, that this was all nonsense, and he admitted that it would be if reading and writing thrillers were strictly an intellectual occupation, but it wasn't.

Banalities, he claimed, was the enemy of the thriller writer, and anything that contributed to a "certain disciplined exoticism" was worth undertaking in order to banish any trace of dullness from the thriller.

Fleming, himself, had rather simple tastes in food and drink. He claimed that he would "eat or drink almost anything so long as it tastes good."

He wrote an article, "London's Best Dining," in which he said, "I think good English food is the best in the world."

"The food I like eating in London and which I regard as unsurpassed is: Colchester and Whitstable oysters; all English fish, particularly Dover soles; Scottish smoked salmon; potted shrimps; lamb cutlets; roast beef; York ham; nearly all the English vegetables, particularly asparagus and peas; English savories and most English fruits."

He liked American martinis, as did his hero, but admitted they were somewhat hard to find in London.

He liked Norwegian honey for breakfast, and one of his favorite restaurants was Scott's at Piccadilly Circus, where he often lunched, after a martini, on oysters followed by a Scotch woodcock (scrambled eggs topped with anchovies).

He thought that "stout, notably Guinness, is an excellent drink with oysters and fish. Even better is Black



Velvet, which is half-and-half stout and champagne in a tankard."

On a tough winter day he liked steak, kidney, and oyster pudding.

James Bond shared his interest in automobiles with his creator. Fleming gave him his supercharged Bentley because he liked Bond to use "dashing, interesting things," but also because he would

have liked to own one himself.

Fleming never drove a Bentley himself and said that he couldn't be bothered babying cars that were highly tuned or that wouldn't start in the morning after being left out in the street at night.

Nevertheless, he liked a sporty-looking vehicle and confessed that "the chorus of 'Smashing!' 'Cor!' and 'Rrauu!' which he received as he whizzed along in his Thunderbird was 'the perfume of Araby.'"

Before switching to American cars, he had owned a long string of British and Continental cars, including a Standard, a Morris Oxford, a sporty open Lagonda, a supercharged Graham Paige convertible, an Opel, a Renault, a Hillman Minx, a Riley, a Sapphire, and a Daimler.

So Fleming shared with Bond an abiding passion for automobiles. He concluded an article for "The Spectator" by writing:

"Cyril Connolly once said to me that, if men were honest, they would admit that their motor-cars came next after their women and children in their list of loves. I won't go all the way with him on that, but I do enjoy well-designed and attractively wrapped bits of machinery that really work."

FLEMING also became interested in the expertise of guns through an exchange of letters with the celebrated gun expert Geoffrey Boothroyd on the proper armament for Bond.

Although Fleming had been on the Sandhurst shooting team and had a somewhat more than casual acquaintance with the subject because of this and his experience in Naval Intelligence, he did not consider himself an expert.

Boothroyd originally wrote to him commenting on Bond's use of a .25 Beretta. This Boothroyd considered "a lady's gun, and not a really nice lady at that."

Fleming was intrigued and went into a number of other matters with him, such as the right kind of holster for a really fast draw — Boothroyd recommended a "Lightning" Berns-Martin Triple Draw Holster instead of the chamois-leather pouch which Bond favored at that time.

The chamois leather, Boothroyd said, would be "ideal for carrying a gun, but God help him if he has to get it out in a hurry. The soft leather will snag and foul on the projecting parts of the gun and he will still be struggling to get the gun out when the other fellow is counting the holes in Bond's tummy."

When Fleming asked for advice on silencers for Bond's weapons, Boothroyd replied, "With apologies, I think you will find that

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To page 48

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THE SPY WHO CAME IN

From page 47

silencers are more often found in fiction than in real life. An effective silencer on an auto pistol would be very ponderous and would spoil the balance of the gun, and to silence a revolver would be even more difficult due to the gas escape between the cylinder and the barrel.

"Personally I can't at this stage see how one would fit a silencer to a Beretta unless a special barrel were made for it, as the silencer has to be screwed on to the barrel, and as you know there is very little of the barrel projecting in front of the slide on the Beretta."

Fleming also asked Boothroyd for advice on what Bond's enemies in SMERSH might be carrying and received back quite a long list of possibilities, including various types of Lugers, Mausers, Walther's from Germany, a Polish Radom 35, the Russian Tokarev Model 30, and the Japanese Nambu, for, he said, the Russians "do not hesitate to use foreign weapons if they are better than those produced by themselves."

Fleming's correspondence with Boothroyd led to an amusing incident.

For the cover of the Jonathan Cape (his English publishers) edition of "From Russia, With Love," Fleming

wanted a painting of a gun crossed with a rose and borrowed Boothroyd's own S & W .38 Special M & P for the artist to use as a model.

No sooner was the gun in the artist's hands than a multiple murder took place in Glasgow of three people — wife, daughter, and sister-in-law — and the bullets proved to be .38 calibre. Police records showed that Boothroyd owned a .38 and they stepped around and asked him about it, whereupon he referred them to a certain Ian Fleming in London.

A few days later the CID were closeted with Fleming, who fortunately could produce an alibi for the night

of the murder as well as a firearms certificate from his Naval Intelligence days, but could not produce the weapon in question, which he had already passed on to the artist Richard Chopping.

Fleming pleaded with the CID not to go out on a man-hunt for Chopping, and after he had shown the sergeants his complete correspondence



with Boothroyd and the CID had made voluminous notes, they agreed to leave Chopping alone provided the .38 was quickly placed in their hands.

The incident came to a happy conclusion when Chopping showed up the next day with the cover painting and Fleming gave the revolver to the CID. The cover turned out to be a tremendous success, and Chopping designed all the remaining covers for the Bond books.

Fleming, the admirer of Chandler and Hammett, thought of James Bond as being in the tradition of their heroes, Philip Marlowe and Sam Spade. He said Bond was "a sort of amalgam of romantic tough guys, dressed up in 20th century clothes, using 20th century language," and he believed Bond was closer to the real agents he had known in Naval Intelligence than to "any of the rather cardboard heroes of the ancient thrillers."

Still, Fleming knew that Bond was "highly romanticised." He was often asked whether he was Bond, and he always said that aside from liking certain of the same kinds of liquor and cigarettes there was little similarity between them.

In the areas of sex and violence, this was certainly true. Fleming actually disliked violence of any kind and strongly objected when private detectives of Sir Anthony Eden killed a number of giant bush rats outside his Jamaican residence when Eden was using it to recuperate after an operation.

Still, friends observed that Fleming was "awfully like Bond really, appearance, clothes, Floris bath essence, and all."

FLEMING sometimes explained the real relationship between James Bond and his creator in another way. "It's very much the Walter Mitty syndrome," he said, "the author's feverish dreams of what he might have been—bang, bang, kiss, kiss... It's what you would expect of an adolescent mind, which I happen to possess."

Another close friend defined it in another way. "Ian," he said, "is very fundamentally a hero-worshipper. He loves physical achievement in the face of adversity. It began in his awe of his older brother, Peter, who had explored the Brazilian jungles, crossed the roof of

China, and written fine books about his experiences. Ian worships Sugar Ray Robinson and Jacques Cousteau, the skindiver."

Fleming himself once accounted for Bond's popularity in the need people all have for heroes. He said:

"I think the reason for his success is that people are lacking in heroes in real life today. Heroes are always getting knocked—Philip and Mountbatten are examples of this—and I think people absolutely long for heroes. The thing that's wrong with the new anti-colonialism is that no one has yet found a negro hero..."

"Well, I don't regard James Bond precisely as a hero, but at least he does get on and do his duty in an extremely corny way, and in the end, after giant despair, he wins the girl or the jackpot or whatever it may be."

Fleming never took an overly serious view of his own work although, as much of the above would indicate, he believed in doing whatever he did as well as he possibly could.

He said, "I write unashamedly for pleasure and money."

"I think it's an absolute miracle that an elderly person like me can go on turning out these books with such zest. It's really a terrible indictment of my own character—they're so adolescent. But they're fun. I think people like them because they're fun."

Yet he also told an interviewer that he thought he wrote somewhat below his "ultimate capacity," and that if he really sat down and tried hard enough he might be able to write the "War and Peace" of modern thrillers.

Still, he thought that someone like Graham Greene or Simenon would be more likely to bring it off because "I'm more interested in action than in cerebration," and also because "I enjoyed exaggeration and things larger than life. It amuses me to have a villain with a great bulbous head, whereas, as you know, they're generally little people with nothing at all extraordinary about them."

He also suspected that he worked too fast and didn't have the patience to write a book with sufficient depth for this classic thriller. But this didn't really bother him:

"I must say, I'm very happy writing as I do. And I greatly enjoy knowing that other people, quite intelligent people, find my books amusing and entertaining. But I'm not really surprised, because they entertain me, too."

Critics didn't worry Fleming greatly. In an interview he said, "Actually, I'm as interested in my bad reviews as I am in my good ones, because very often they deal with a legitimate complaint. I regard my work in a very humble fashion, so I really don't mind if somebody gives me a kick in the pants. I think I deserve it, anyway."

Some of the more blatantly high-minded of his

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WITH THE GOLD

detractors did get under his skin.

When asked about the charge that he was "obsessed" with violence, he replied that this was a violent age and like all popular heroes Bond reflected his own time.

Fleming also said that the tortures Bond underwent were derived from those practised on real secret agents, and that the real thing was often considerably worse than anything he described. He said he had never received this criticism from men who knew the subject as he did.

As for Bond's sexual habits, Fleming said, "Perhaps Bond's blatant heterosexuality is a subconscious protest against the current fashion for sexual confusion."

He thought his harsher critics had "so many chips on their shoulders they should go into the timber business." And his final comment on the subject was: "I am not an entrant in the Shakespeare stakes."

IN all the current hurrah for Fleming and Bond, it is sometimes difficult to recall from what relatively modest beginnings this giant oak has grown. The first Bond books were barely reviewed and, except in Fleming's own "Sunday Times," the reviews were scarcely raves.

In the United States, in particular, the fad took a long time growing and none of his early novels sold more than 10,000 copies in their hardcover editions. Anthony Boucher, of the "New York Times," who is the big critical gun in the suspense and mystery field, didn't like the Bond books and said so frequently.

Still, by 1958 something had started to happen. Despite two memorable blasts in the British highbrow Press (or perhaps because of them), Fleming had by this point accumulated an estimated 1,250,000 readers.

Although the English market was very strong for Bonds in the late 'fifties, the American lagged far behind.

Then Fleming had the benefit of some wonderful publicity which made his fortune for him.

He already knew that President Kennedy enjoyed his books. He told "The New Yorker": "A couple of years ago, when I was in Washington, and was driving to lunch with a friend of mine, Margaret Leiter, she spotted a young couple coming out of church and she stopped our cab. 'You

must meet them,' she said. 'They're great fans of yours.'

"And she introduced me to Jack and Jackie Kennedy. 'Not the Ian Fleming!' they said. What could be more gratifying than that? They asked me to dinner that night, with Joe Alsop and some other characters.

"I think the President likes my books because he enjoys the combination of physical violence, effort, and winning in the end—like his PT-boat experiences. I think James Bond may be good for him after the dry pack of the day."

The Press got hold of this information and the effect on Fleming's sales was staggering.

Next in the great success saga came the movies, the first of which, "Doctor No," appeared in 1962. Though not quite the same thing as the books, which they took with a considerable grain of salt, audiences liked them from the first.

Scriptwriter Richard Maibaum wrote, "The common denominator is deadpan spoofing. We know it, the audience know it, yet they are perfectly willing to alternately believe and disbelieve what is happening on the screen."

Fleming seemed to be of two minds about the films. Of course, he was ecstatic about the money they brought (he always insisted that he wrote primarily for money), but like all writers he did feel a bit troubled about any tampering with his material.



He protested about the deletion of the famous crabs in the original script of "Doctor No" and said of the finished product, "Those who've read the book are likely to be disappointed, but those who haven't will find it a wonderful movie. Audiences laugh in all the right places."

The films brought Fleming even greater popularity, and he was so constantly photographed and mentioned that he finally began to achieve the ultimate—instant recognition by the man in the street.

Phyllis Jackson, his New York agent, said, "He gets an enormous kick out of being recognised. We had movie stars in the office all the time and the secretaries never looked up from their typewriters. But when Flem-

ing walked in and they were told who he was they flocked around him. I think maybe it's because his hero is bigger than life."

Another New York acquaintance said that Fleming really didn't care for the adulation his new-won fame sometimes exposed him to, but that he genuinely enjoyed success and wanted it.

BY 1964 this success had reached large enough proportions for Fleming to take the highly unusual step of selling a majority interest in himself to a London-based sugar, rum, and insurance empire, Booker Brothers, McConnell and Company.

Fleming himself had already incorporated himself as Glidrose Productions Limited, a not unusual step for successful people whose main asset is their talents. This and the later sale were, of course, mainly tax-saving devices.

"I seem to make a lot of money," he said, "but in the end I have about as much as a judge or a Cabinet Minister to spend—five or six thousand pounds."

Great Britain's tax system taxed incomes heavily, but when Fleming sold 51 percent of himself there was no capital gains tax, and so the \$U.S.280,000 he realised on the deal was his to keep.

The Booker Brothers contract did not include movie, television, or other subsidiary rights, and Fleming felt that the 49 percent of himself that he held on to would provide enough of a carrot to keep him working. "I still have an incentive to work," he said, "since I still get that much of the total book income."

By the summer of 1964, Ian Fleming's books had sold an estimated 21,000,000 English-language copies.

This included 14,500,000 United States paperbacks and 25,000 American hardcover books, plus another 6,500,000 hard- and soft-cover books in England.

The "New York Times" estimated that his books alone had earned him \$2,800,000. When he died his estate was valued at £289,170 sterling (\$A.722,925), with a duty of £210,366 (\$A.525,915) already paid.

After his death, the Bond success went on at an even greater rate. The films already made continued to make tremendous grosses, and by the time all have had their run they will prob-

To page 50

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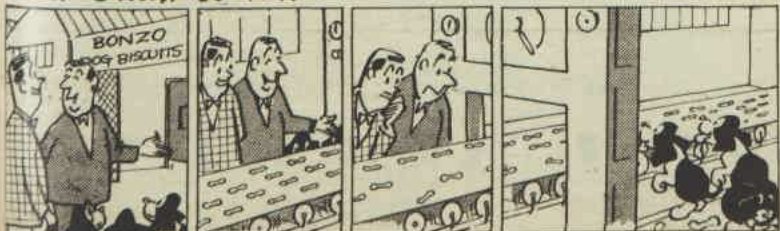


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THE SPY WHO CAME IN WITH THE GOLD

From page 49

ably have grossed over a hundred million dollars.

And the movies were not hurting the sale of the books — far from it. An American publisher brought out the paperback edition of "You Only Live Twice" in a first printing of 2,700,000 copies, said to be the largest first printing in history. The publisher announced at the same time that he had a total of 30,000,000 Bond books in print.

Meanwhile, other products, which Fleming had done his best to discourage when he was alive, proliferated. In France, 6000 stores sold three million dollars' worth of Bond merchandise in February and March of 1965, including a \$30 black-leather attache case, an \$80 trench coat with a silk lining garnished with 007s, and a \$5 set of 007 cufflinks.

Australia contributed a 007 snorkel, a Bond handkerchief, a Bond tuxedo, and ladies' underwear plugged by the slogan "Become fit for James Bond."

In the United States, the biggest toiletry company rushed out a line of 007 toilet goods, and there were 007 raincoats and a "James Bond Secret Agent 007 Game." The licensing agents did not think they were engaged in any quickie promotion. One of them, Jay Emmett, of the Licensing Corporation of America, said:

"In today's world there are lots of people who think James Bond really existed. They even feel he is still operating somewhere — I always used to believe in Sherlock Holmes. That's why this isn't just one of those movie promotions. It will go on for ever."

The complicated tax arrangements Ian Fleming made toward the end of his life were prompted by a feeling that he had to do



something to protect his own family. He had had one heart attack in 1961, and although the doctors told him, as they always do, to slow down, Fleming had a tough time obeying orders.

He cut his cigarettes from 60 a day to 30, but that was about the extent of his slowing down.

A friend in New York said, "He always drove himself. He lived hard and played hard and he was unwilling to live on any other terms."

By the end of his life, Fleming had most of the things he wanted — enough money to enjoy life, a family, and the kind of work he liked doing. He seemed a happy man. He told an interviewer:

"One can only be grateful

for the talent that came out of the air, and to one's capacity for hard, concentrated effort. I am perhaps the smallest and most profitable one-man factory in the world."

"If I chose to leave England and live somewhere like Switzerland I could be a millionaire."

"I don't want yachts, racehorses, or a Rolls-Royce. I want my family and my friends and good health and to have a small treadmill with a temperature of 80deg. in the shade and the sea to come to every year for two months."

"And to be able to work there and look at the flowers and birds and fish, and somehow to give pleasure to people in the millions. Well, you can't ask for more."

IN August, 1964, Fleming suffered his second heart attack at Sandwich. He told the hospital attendants who came to pick him up, "I'm sorry to have troubled you chaps." He died a few hours later.

Many of his friends feel that one simple epitaph which he wrote for James Bond in "You Only Live Twice" was also meant as his own.

It read: "I shall not waste my days in trying to prolong them. I shall use my time."

The immense success of the Bond novels leads to a persistent question: Why are they popular?

Fleming, himself, was somewhat impatient with riddles of this kind, saying that since they were fun to write they were presumably fun to read. This kind of question-begging is all very well for the author, but the questions persist.

Malcolm Muggeridge thought that the Bond books were a form of contemporary daydream. He said in the "Observer":

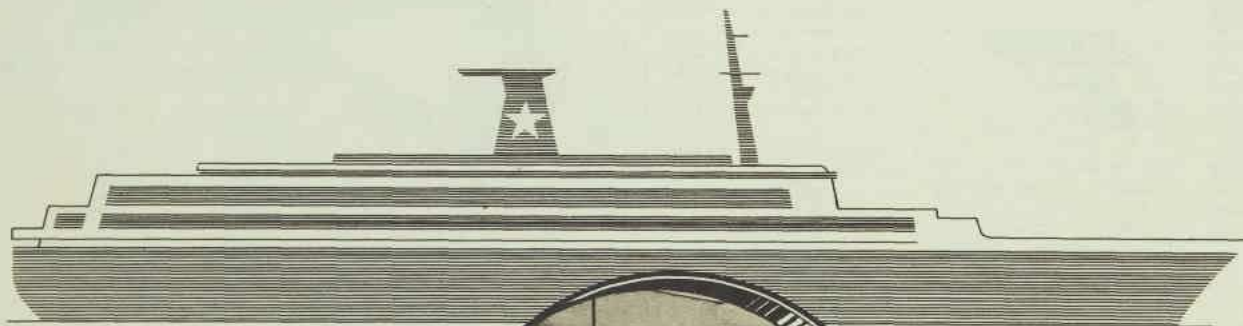
"As a hero of our time, Bond is deplorable enough. One wishes people had better dreams, but Fleming himself is scarcely to be blamed. He only gave them a form."

"I remember discussing his writing with him, when he was at work on 'Casino Royale,' his first book. He was insistent that he had no 'literary' aspiration at all, and that his only purpose was to make money and provide entertainment."

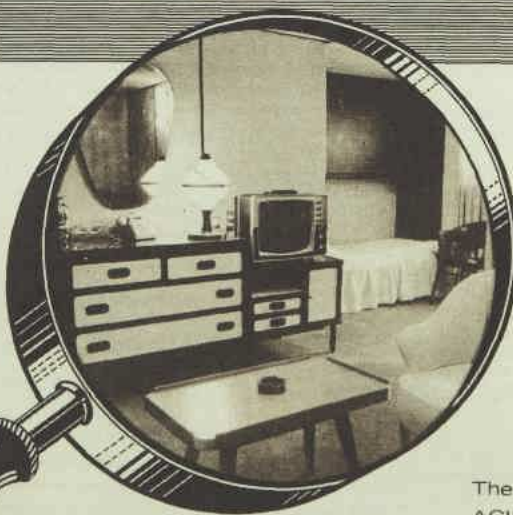
"Here I think he deceived himself. He was deeply serious about the Bond books, and Bond became increasingly a glamorised version of himself."

Richard Mayne, in the "New Statesmen," thought that the Bond novels were all the rage because they provided "excuses to wallow in the type of reading we dropped at adolescence."

● Condensed from "Ian Fleming, the Spy Who Came In with the Gold," to be published by Peter Daway Ltd., London. Copyright 1965 by Popular Library Inc.



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462

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So you're going to have a baby

From page 37

they've been through it all before.

But the stories that do keep you awake at night are those about the babies that are deformed "because their mothers had a fright during pregnancy" — usually followed by a chat about how terrible it is to come home to an empty bassinet with "nothing in your arms."

However, I'm cheered by a paragraph in the booklet "Healthy Motherhood," given to expectant mothers by the N.S.W. Department of Public Health.

It says: "Do not listen to 'old wives' tales' or the lady next door. There is absolutely no foundation for the ignorant superstition that a shock or a fright to the mother can mark or disfigure her unborn baby. There are no ways in which direct nerve influences can travel from your body to that of your baby."

I put off telling anyone my news for as long as I could, dreading the long months ahead which I was sure would be full of advice and warnings. I was right. Before long, the sex, shape, and size of my anticipated baby were completely diagnosed.

According to the "experts," if you "stick out in front" you're having a girl. If you carry the baby "all around," you'll have a boy for sure. If the child moves a lot, it's a boy. If it's lazy, it's a girl.

If it doesn't arrive on the expected date it's a boy, because "it doesn't want to leave its mother."

If the mother suffers with heartburn, the baby will have a mop of curly hair. If it is carried high it will be something, and if it is low it will be something else. I can't remember exactly what.

Then, of course, there's the cork test, supposedly infal-

libile. All you do is thread a needle with thread and stick the needle into the top of a cork. Lay your hand, palm up, on a table and have someone suspend the cork over your wrist. The impulses in your wrist will send the cork swinging in a circle if you're having a girl and up and down for a boy.

However, these predictions are forgotten as soon as the baby is born. Everybody is too excited to remember.

For the past three months I've been told daily to pack my bag, as I'm "sure to have the baby early." But now, with one week to go, I'm informed I haven't "dropped down" yet, and will most certainly be late.

Can only wait

Although I'm in a weakened state after my prenatal brainwashing, I cling to the fact that babies are, after all, being born every second of every day.

I look around at a packed cricket match and see the thousands of people who must surely have all come from the same place, taking into consideration that the production of babies in test-tubes is still experimental.

I'm quite relaxed about the birth, thanks to a series of special exercises and breathing classes I've attended on doctor's advice.

Despite being watched by family and friends like a bomb about to explode, it is now just a matter of waiting until I — as they so delightfully put it — "take bad."



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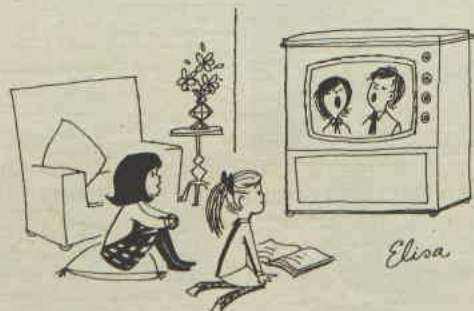
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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● In this family there's a traditional saying that I'm the local expert on economics. This is funny now, just a good excuse for pulling my leg when I can't balance a budget or untangle a newspaper headline about the national trade balance.

BUT it used to be very unfunny in the days when the children came home with a complicated question and Hugh said, "Ask your mother. She's the economics expert."

It didn't take them very long to discover that I wouldn't recognise a marginal cost if I fell over it, and that I can only work out a percentage if some kind bystander will tell

me which bit of the sum goes on top of the line and which underneath.

What started all this was Hugh's discovery that I had, back in the dim ages, done Economics in the Leaving examination. This impressed him. What impressed him even more was to learn that I had actually passed it.

But the sad fact of the matter is that of all this impressive amount of very elementary economics that I must have

once grasped in a rough sort of way, only two pieces are left to me now.

The first is Gresham's Law, which says that bad money drives out good—not a spectacularly useful bit of information now that coins are no longer made of precious metals and there's no profit to be made from chipping bits off their edges and selling the chippings to the local goldsmith.

The other thing that I obstinately go on remembering is that "The marginal utility of a commodity to anyone diminishes with every increase in the amount he has."

Now this may be, and probably is, true of shoes and ships and sealing wax, but it simply doesn't hold good for cupboard space. I feel inclined to boost my reputation as an economics expert by publicly announcing a hitherto undiscovered economic law, which says, "The number of possessions accumulated by men increases in direct ratio to the amount of storage space available at any given time." And this, dear readers, goes double for women!

When we first moved into this house a good time ago I was then in ignorance of this important new economic principle.

I remember standing in the kitchen and saying, "How heavenly to have so many cupboards that I can't use them all." Time passed, the doors bulged, and I complained bitterly about an idiotic architect who'd planned a kitchen with totally inadequate storage space.

So Hugh divided some of the cupboards up with small shelves exactly measured to take tins of soup and fruit and jam, and for a while everything seemed quite roomy again. Then we accumulated a few more pots and pans and mincers and things, and the doors began to bulge once again.

Next we got some clear plastic drawers, which we fitted under the top run of cupboards. These took the tea, the brown and white sugar, the cocoa, the cornflour, and the ready-cooked cereal our spoilt animals insist on for their breakfast.

For a time everything seemed to be under control, and you could actually find things in the cupboards without removing half the contents.

Last week Hugh arrived home with eight more of these sets of small plastic drawers, three of them singles, two of them each divided into two compartments, and three of them divided into four. This gave me 19 new containers altogether.

Hugh spent most of Sunday afternoon fixing them in place on the only run of cupboards left that they could be screwed to, and then stood back with a triumphant smile, obviously defying me to find anything to put in them.

It took me about half an hour. In went the coconut and the icing sugar, the peppercorns, all the spices, the gelatine, the castor sugar, the rice, and the split peas. I love it. It looks exactly like an apothecary's shop, and I've got everything right at hand without opening and closing packets. The cupboards now seem beautifully roomy again. I expect they'll go on seeming like that for at least three months.

The days of Mary Gilmore: crinolines on horseback

IVE been reading Mary Gilmore's "Old Days: Old Ways." It was first published in 1934, and reissued in 1963. This is a book that gives you a marvellously clear picture of what it was like growing up in the 70s and 80s of last century, in the days when the Outback really was outback, and when families were raised under conditions and in isolation which would seem nightmarish to us now.

She tells of so many customs that have quite gone now. They used to tie bunches of ribbons to the doorknobs when babies were born, blue for a boy, white or pink for a girl, and two bunches in the right colors for twins.

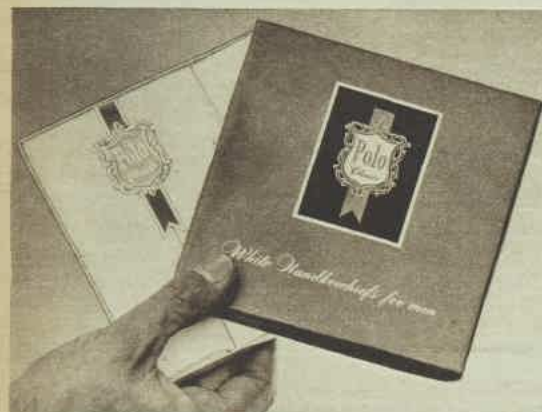
Before ribbons became the custom, they used to put a cushion on the front doorstep when a baby was born, decorating it with lace or ribbons to indicate the sex of the child.

Inside the house, cushions carried a message, too. A cushion laid down outside a door meant that someone wanted privacy and no one must enter.

The girls of Mary Gilmore's generation used to ride to dances, the steeds of their crinolines gathered up and tied close to the waist on their right sides so that the rest fell as a loop over the pommel leg (side-saddle, of course) and freely down to cover the stirrup-leg.

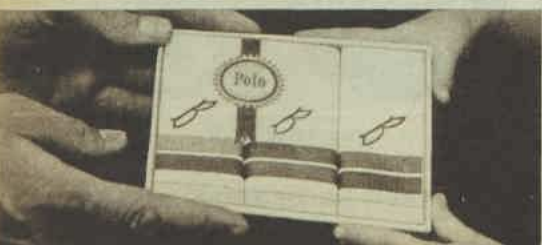
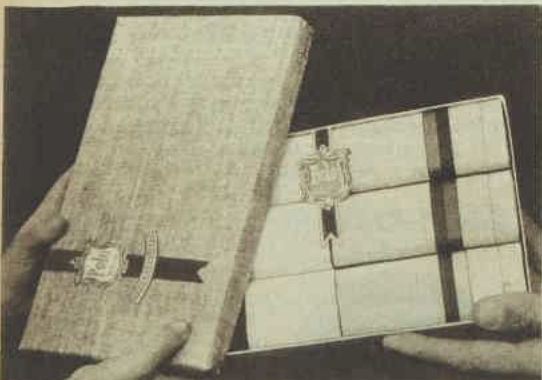
She has a wonderful story of the early days of the Wagga Wagga Race Ball, where the "silver tails" danced on waxed boards at one end of the hall, divided by a chalk line from the unpolished boards at the other end which were considered good enough for the "commonage."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1966



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Paris scarves make gay headcovers

● Here bright scarves are twisted into chic new shapes. The latest Paris designs are big — and worn to cover as much of the hair as possible.

— BETTY KEEP



● Balmain designed the printed scarf (above) to match a sleeveless shift printed in pinks, yellow, and orange. It conceals most of the hair; falls to shoulder-length.



● Gerard Pipart, designer for Ricci, has done a whole collection of twisted scarves. The one at right is a gay bandeau of silk with the ends tied in front.

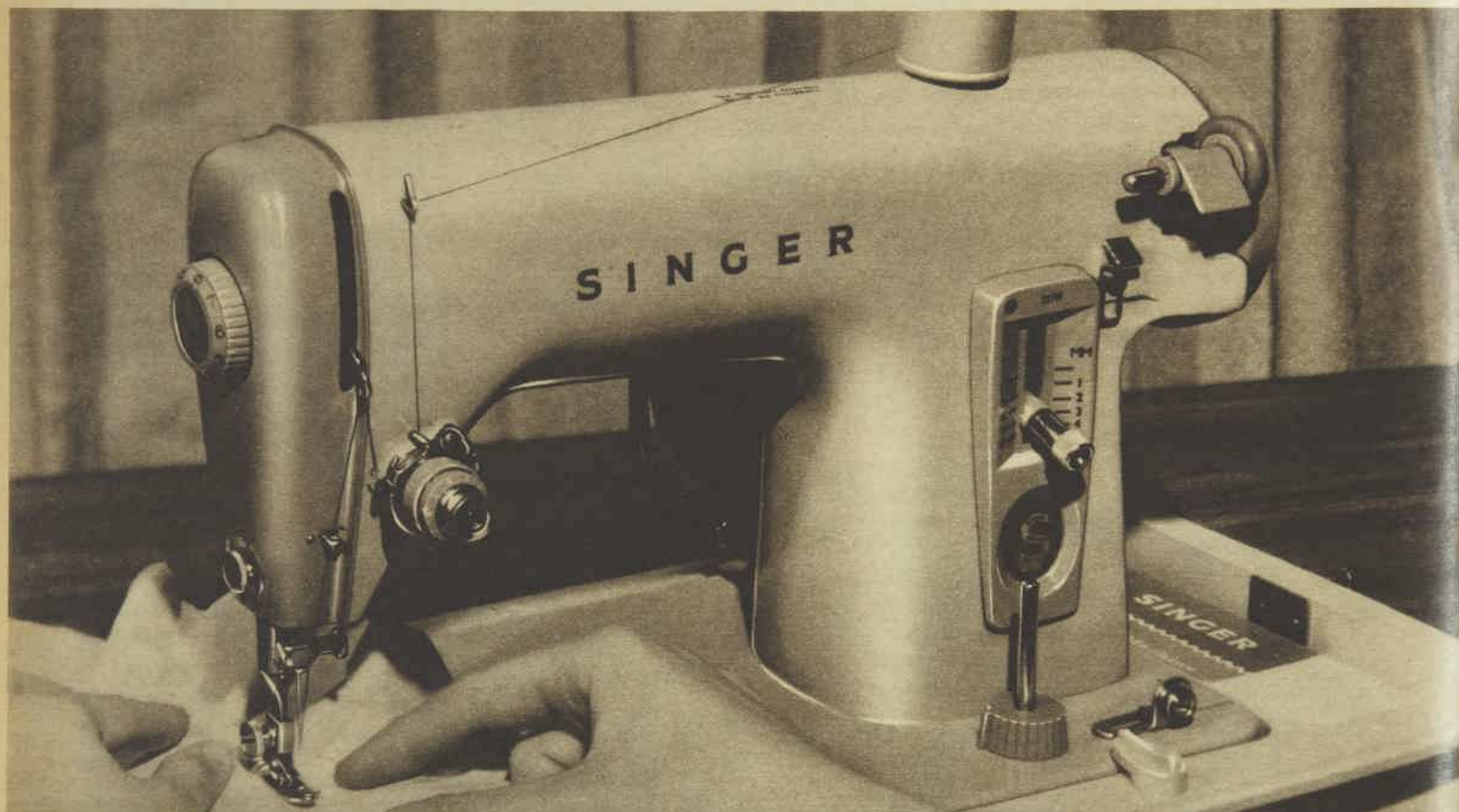


● Dior's exotic burnous scarf (above) is made in heavy silk and printed in black, white, and green. The scarf is worn to muffle the wearer to the chin — and covers the hair.

● Ricci's head-hugging, hair-concealing scarf (left) is made in gossamer-fine beige wool. The scarf is wound turban-style and has ends falling at back.

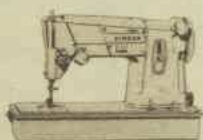


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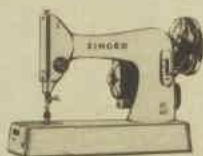


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● Out of school, Terry (left) and Sherry dress like Australian teenagers. In clothes they brought with them from Japan, they are shopping for gifts to send home.

● Dressed in dainty kimonos, Terry (right) and Sherry greet fifth-form prefects Janice Cioccarelli (left) and Marilyn Le Huray. The "guests" usually wear uniform.

SCHOOL'S JAPANESE GUESTS

● "Kon ichiwa," Japanese for "good afternoon," is a phrase often heard these days among senior students at Port Hacking High School, Miranda, a Sydney suburb.

TWO pupils, Teruyo Inoue and Shigeko Niwa, 16-year-old girls from Nagoya, Japan, are busy mastering English. "And we are trying to pick up a few words of Japanese," said 14-year-old student Robyn Wilson, of Miranda.

Teruyo and Shigeko have been in Australia only since June this year, and already they have been given English names of "Terry" and "Sherry" by their fourth-form fellow-students and the school's headmaster, Mr. S. C. Jenkins.

About a year ago Mr. Jenkins travelled to Japan to meet his wife and daughter, who were

returning from a European holiday.

A member of the Caringbah Rotary Club, Mr. Jenkins was a guest speaker at the Nagoya Rotary Club.

"I suggested during my talk that the way to foster stronger goodwill between nations was to let the children meet and know each other," said Mr. Jenkins.

"The Nagoya Rotarians were most enthusiastic about the idea and decided, almost on the spot, to send a couple of students to my school," he added.

Fifteen local Sutherland Shire residents applied to have a student live in with them—"Which shows you how enthusiastic we were at this end, too," said Mr. Jenkins.

● Continued on page 56



● Sherry and Marilyn Graydon. Sherry will stay with Marilyn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Graydon, until she returns home to Japan about April next year.

Teenagers WEEKLY



● Terry on the veranda of her "new home" with members of her Australian foster family — Mrs. Wilson, Robyn (right), and Ann Wilson. Pictures: Staff photographer Ron Berg.

● In a fifth-form mathematics class, Sherry (left, centre) and Terry listen attentively to the teacher. The girls had studied English for four years at their high school in Nagoya, Japan.



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If your hair is dry, dead, straggly — If tell-tale scales of scalp skin are showing — your hair is suffering from oil starvation.

Women's hair is continuously starved for natural oil due to excessive lacquering, perming, bleaching or colour treatments.

Both women and men suffer hair starvation through excess exposure to salt water and sun.

It's useless to slick ordinary dressings through your hair, hoping to clear up scalp scale and restore life-giving oil. Don't compromise. There's only one certain way to nourish dry hair — and surprisingly, it's fast and simple.

HERE'S WHAT TO DO
Once a week, shampoo your hair, rinse thoroughly, and towel-off excess water. Massage a generous quantity of Napro Hair Vitalizer vigorously into hair and scalp with fingertips. Leave on hair 5 to 15 minutes. Rinse off with warm (not hot) water.

Instantly, hair is supple again. Scale is whisked away. Scalp shines clear as a new-born babe's. All because Napro Vitalizer gets lacquer-locked scalp glands working again, re-nourishes lacquer-dry hair with life-giving oil.

The 65 cent Napro tube contains four generous treatments.

Don't compromise. Vitalize!

NV3

More 'brain' snobs

★ Are people fully aware of the rapid growth of intellectual snobbery in Australia? High-level, and university students are tending to become a separate group in the community. Adolescents, who (through no fault of their own) simply haven't the ability to go on to higher education, are left with a feeling of inferiority.

No wonder more and more are giving up trying to become worthwhile citizens, when too much stress is placed by the community on academic achievement. Many of Australia's social problems come from those who have given up trying.

Surely we can build a better future for the country by placing more importance on character in our schools, rather than by showing interest only in top-level students and in those who come to attention through their athletic prowess. — "Mad," Berriedale, Tas.

Ice-breaker . . .

A READER recently appealed for ideas to "break the ice" at a school senior prom. On arrival at our prom last year, each girl and boy was given a colored mask on which we had printed a number. For the first dance, the boys partnered the girls wearing masks of the same color and bearing the same number as

Letters

BEATNIK



their own. — M. Potter, Toowoomba, Qld.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.



dom girls enjoy today, were treated far better. — Wendy Fisher, Vineyard, N.S.W.



adult section. The solution is to lower the admittance age to the adult section or to establish a completely new one for students between 12 and 15. This would supply the reference books needed and also a better selection of fiction. — J. Stabback, Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

. . . and another

AT our prom we broke the ice during the first dance by stopping the music every now and then and calling couples off the floor with: "The girl with the shortest skirt," "The boy with the longest hair," etc. By the time there was only one couple left (they were given a small prize), everyone had

The real you

IN advising readers not to over-reach their academic level, I think a Letters correspondent gave wrong advice. It is far better to try to attain success and not succeed, than not to strive at all — and get nowhere. How can you possibly find the real you if you don't

GO, MAN, GO!

• How can a girl politely let the boy she is dancing with know that he is not wanted? I have had this problem twice at dances. The boys asked for a dance, and I could hardly do anything but accept. I soon found out that they were not my type, but the boys did not realise this, and, therefore, I was stuck with them for the rest of the night. I don't like being callous to anyone, but how does one escape from this situation? — "DANCER," Chadstone, Vic.

had a lot of fun. — J. Killmister, Nathalia, Vic.

Equality — bah!

OH, for the days when girls were treated like fragile china! Equality of the sexes has been carried too far. Rarely is a girl offered a seat on a bus or train. She is expected to talk intelligently on current affairs while standing in freezing cold winds at football matches — in fact, to do anything a boy can do. Our grandmothers, although they may not have had the free-

know how far you can go? I am not brilliant in any field, but my one ambition is to be able to do something better than anyone else. This attitude may seem absurd, but I find that trying to succeed is a challenge. — Helen Davis, Doncaster, Vic.

Study problem

IN many Sydney libraries the children's section does not cater for mid-secondary students who need reference books for their schoolwork, but are unable to go to the

SCHOOL'S "GUESTS" • Continued from page 55

Two families — both with daughters at the high school the Japanese "guests" would attend — were chosen as foster-parents. They are Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson, of Gymea, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Graydon, of Miranda.

In the time that Terry and Sherry have been here, they have made many friends and their English is improving.

Former students at the Nagoya Municipal Kita High School, the girls studied English for four years as part of their basic education.

"But it is more difficult to speak," said Terry.

Terry's parents run a flower shop on the outskirts of Nagoya. While they live in a Japanese-style timber house and sleep on straw mats, Terry, her mother, and three sisters wear Western dress.

"On very special occasions

my mother will wear a kimono," she added.

Her hobbies include reading, volleyball, and listening to classical music. "Schubert is my favorite composer," she said.

Mountain climbing is Sherry's favorite sport and a year ago she and a group of young people climbed Mt. Nishiodaka, a mountain of about 9000ft. in central Japan.

Sherry enjoys Japanese dancing and doing Ikebana floral arrangements and is keeping up her studies of the ancient Japanese Tea Ceremony, which involves years of study.

Recently, at their first school social, Sherry and Terry, dressed in colorful kimonos, charmed their fellow-students with a performance of Japanese songs and dances.

"There's no doubt about it, they are wonderful kids," said Mr. Jenkins. "They have

such an incredible sense of humor — and that bridges a lot of language gaps."

Both girls live happily with their Australian "mums" just a few hundred yards from school.

Mrs. Wilson, mother of Anne (16), Robyn (14), Richard (10), and Colin (8), has found that Terry has settled well into Australian home life.

"The other night she made sukiyaki and served it to us Japanese-style," said Mrs. Wilson. "She's teaching us as much as we are teaching her, and the children just adore her, especially Richard and Colin."

Not far away, Sherry lives with her Australian "sister," Marilyn Graydon, and Marilyn's parents in a bungalow set well back from the road behind tall gums.

"We are getting on very well together," said Marilyn. "We both seem to be interested in the same things."

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to dentures, then insert false teeth into mouth and bite down. Instantly CUSHION GRIP moulds to contours of mouth and gums — provides beautiful fit — holds dentures firmly in place with suction. Looseness, slipping and clicking disappear. Sore spots are quickly relieved. One application lasts for weeks despite nightly cleaning, yet CUSHION GRIP is easily removed when desired. What's more CUSHION GRIP actually refits, relines worn dentures, lets you save the entire cost of expensive relining work. Get new tasteless, odourless CUSHION GRIP today. At your local chemist, \$1.20.

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Survey hits nail (biting) on the head

● "I surveyed only children who were nail-biters — it was too difficult to interview adults. They wouldn't tell me enough — I think they were a bit ashamed," Christine Ball (right) explained after finishing a five-month survey on nail-biting habits.



CHRISTINE, who is 15, surveyed more than 200 schoolchildren between eight and 14 at several schools in the Ashfield-Burwood area of suburban Sydney.

"The girls over 14 wouldn't answer the questions fairly. I think they thought their names would appear in the project," Christine said.

The project on onychophagia (fingernail-biting) won Christine \$20 when the final judgments were announced of the 1966 School Science Research Competition. Two other projects from her school (Bethlehem College, Ashfield) were also selected for the finals.

"I asked just about everybody I met, but I know some of them said they didn't bite when they DID," Christine said.

She bit, too

Christine bit her nails until about December last year. "I didn't bite them a terrible lot, but all my girlfriends had nice long nails, so I stopped. I wear clear nail polish now at weekends. I couldn't wear it until April—or was it May? The nails weren't long enough, and at first they grew in a funny shape. It takes about seven months for a completely new nail to grow."

Her brother Jim, 13, and younger sister, Margaret, 9, both bite their nails but are not "serious cases." Their

By
Jude Ainsworth

mother, Mrs. Thomas Ball, says that the real inspiration for Christine's project was her other brother, Len, 11, a confirmed nail-biter.

"After his bath at night," Mrs. Ball said, "Len would sit up in bed and nibble his toenails, as well as his fingernails! Then we put socks on him in bed; now his toenails are long—worthy of cutting! He has only stopped these past three months. He's so proud of his toenails now!"

"I always wondered why people bit their nails," Christine said. "I think it starts when a child begins to suck his thumb as a baby. He then chews on his nails, then tears them. Of course, some children don't start biting their nails until they're ten or 11, or even later."

Girls of 13 were the worst offenders, and boys of ten bit their nails least—according to the survey. But Christine

couldn't pinpoint exact reasons for the habit or come up with a cure.

"I couldn't ask the tiny tots why they did it, because they didn't know or couldn't put it into words. The older ones mostly said they bit their nails because they were nervous—waiting for their turn to recite in class, before exams, or if they were frightened in the dark. There were quite a few 13-year-old boys who were frightened at night."

"Lots of children bite their nails while they are watching TV—I think that's because a certain program makes them very excited."

Prize for boat

Now that the project has been completed, Christine is more interested in sailboats than fingernails. The Ball family has two Sabots, 8ft. sailing dinghies, and they race regularly.

As for the prizemoney she won, Christine knew just what to do with it: "I'll keep it right in the bank until I have to get something done to my boat."



● Brother Len, whose nails inspired Christine.

A DOLLS' HOUSE OF LORDS

ROUND
ROBIN

● I see that males in the Caribbean Dominican Republic reckon politics there is "for the birds."

THE country has 26 provinces — and now each has a woman governor.

The President (a male) appointed the girlie-governors with a rueful explanation: "What have we men accomplished? The women can do no worse."

It could be interesting if the trend spread. Perhaps eventually in Britain there would be the House of Ladies.

In America there might be Congressmen and Scentors. In which case, would business go through Chaneles instead of channels?

Generally speaking, women seem well equipped for political careers.

Many a husband would agree that his wife would make a fine Treasurer. Lasses are very good at bringing down budgets.

Similarly, many men know how successful women are at governing them. And when a wife isn't in power, she's equally strong in Opposition.

I must confess, I would prefer to see girls p.m., not MP. I make one exception: Our cookery expert, Leila Howard.

She would make a perfect Minister for the Interior! Once elected, a female politician would have more political security than a male.

If she lost her seat, she could use her training as a public-transport traveller to get back.

All she'd have to do would be to stand around in Parliament until some courteous bloke stood up and offered her HIS seat!

Robin Adair



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GIRL,
GO!

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"Entering the beauty quest?"

"Silly. I couldn't stand the spotlight."

"You mean you haven't got honest skin?"

"Honest skin? Never heard of it!"

"They tell me there's one complexion lotion that can give it to you—Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six Lotion."

"You mean it will give me the sort of face that can strip down to its birthday suit and never be ashamed?"

"That's just it. Sue says it normalises her skin whether it's oily or dry—gets deep down to bring all the dirt to the surface. She uses it first thing in the morning, last thing at night. That's all the guarantee you'll need for honest skin."

"Honest skin? I could win after all."

Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six is sold by all chemists and leading stores. Standard 4 oz. size costs \$1.05; economy 8 oz. size, \$1.80. Bonne Bell, Cleveland 7, Ohio

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Plain old-fashioned

"I AM 16½ and still at school. As both my parents are dead, I live with my grandmother. She is very old-fashioned, and this creates a lot of problems. The main one is that I am not allowed to wear a bra — Grandmother says I am not mature enough, even though my measurement is thirty-six inches. I get very embarrassed at school, especially when we have sports, as everyone stares at me. Could you please help me, as my grandmother won't listen to reason?"

"Embarrassed," N.S.W.

Could you save up, then go out and buy yourself a bra? I don't usually encourage rebellion, but

quite obviously your schooldays are being overshadowed by this all-too-natural embarrassment, and if the only way to make your grandmother see reason is to take action — then action you must take! She'll probably realise what you've done and make a scene, but if she really is concerned about your happiness — and I'm sure she is — her annoyance will soon turn to understanding and, eventually, to approval.

Afraid of love

"I AM in love with a 20-year-old boy who makes me very unhappy at times. Sometimes he acts as though I mean a lot to him and other times he doesn't seem to care if I exist. What can I do to show

him how much he means to me? He seems afraid to express his love and I don't think he knows how much I care. What affection can I show to prove my love? Please don't ask me to wait — I've waited long enough!"

"Very Unhappy," S.A.

Here's a perfect example of a young man who doesn't know his own mind, and, though it may sound hard to one who loves as deeply as you so obviously do, only time and patience can bring what you want. Show him you're happy just to be with him — listen to him as if every word he says is the most important thing in your life. They say love can move mountains, and I'm quite confident that he'll wake up to the wonderful fact that he has something really worth having: YOU!

Photographed in Paris specially for Teal.



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Johnson & Johnson

Meeting him

"I AM 21 and like a boy whom I see every day in the cake shop where I buy my lunch. Every time I see him he looks at me and smiles and often says 'hello' with a nod of his head. Of course, I always reply with a polite 'hello' and a smile. I have spoken to my friends at work, but none of them seems to know him—so could you please tell me how I can get to meet him and start a conversation? I first saw him about four weeks ago and see him at least three days a week. I hope you can help me, as he is quite attractive and seems the type of boy any girl would like to meet."

"Anxious," N.S.W.

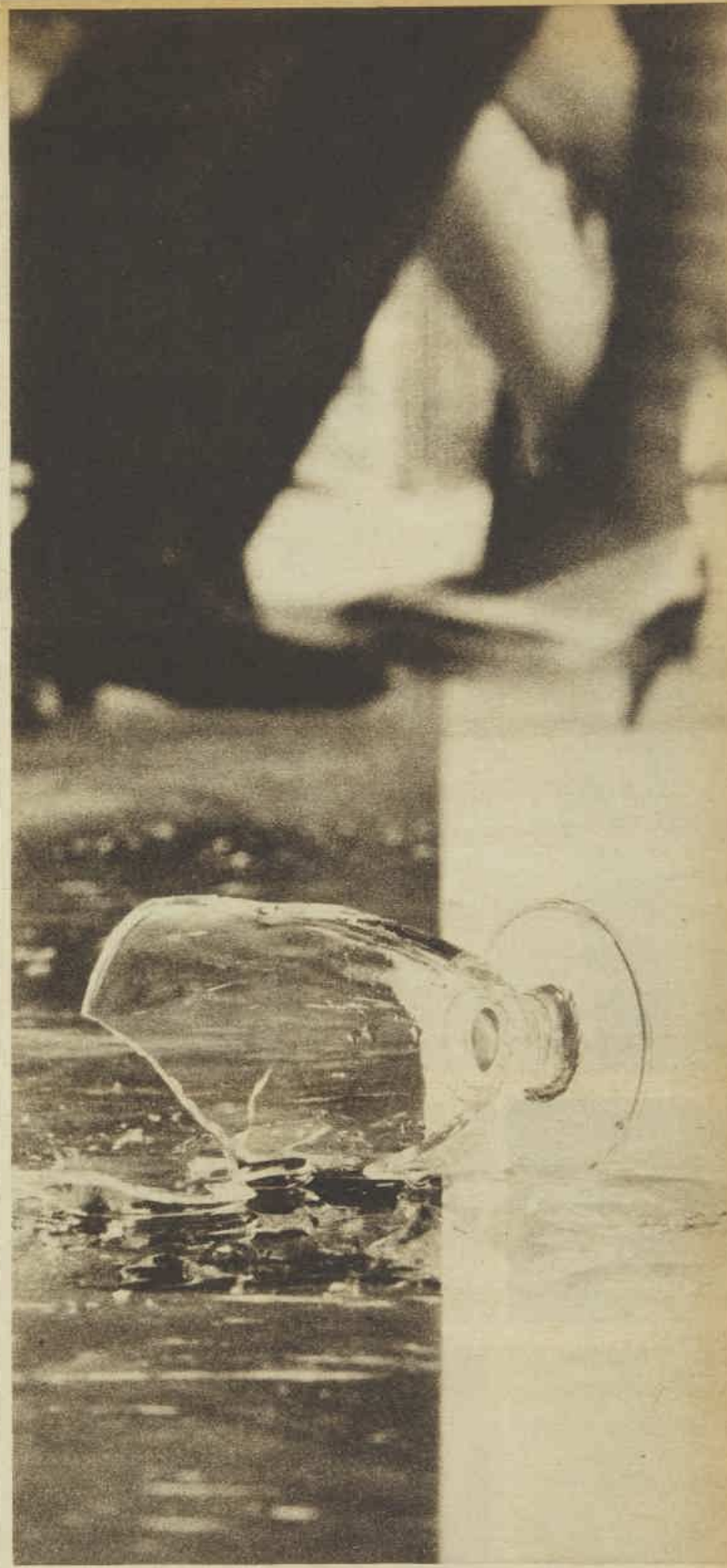
Yours is a problem many a girl comes up against sometime or other in her life, and I feel sure it can easily be solved. Obviously this boy is interested in you — his friendly smile and greeting more than indicate this! It's up to you to make the first important move by starting a conversation next time you see him in the cake shop: A light word or two about the weather—an old, old resort, I know, but the beginning of many a romance! — or a casual remark about what you're buying — in fact, anything that will show him you want to get to know him. If he really is the type of boy any girl would like to meet, he'll know what to do next. Good luck!

Question of modesty

"MY mother is a wonderful person, but she is too modest — she will never let me wear dresses any higher than one inch above my knees. Whenever she sees any of my friends wearing their dresses above their knees she gives them a long lecture on modesty and then forbids me to go out with them any more. I can feel myself retreating into a shell and I'm trying not to let this happen. My only friend now is my 18-year-old sister, but she agrees with my mother and does not understand my plight. How can I see eye to eye with my mother without hurting her feelings, as I love her dearly?"

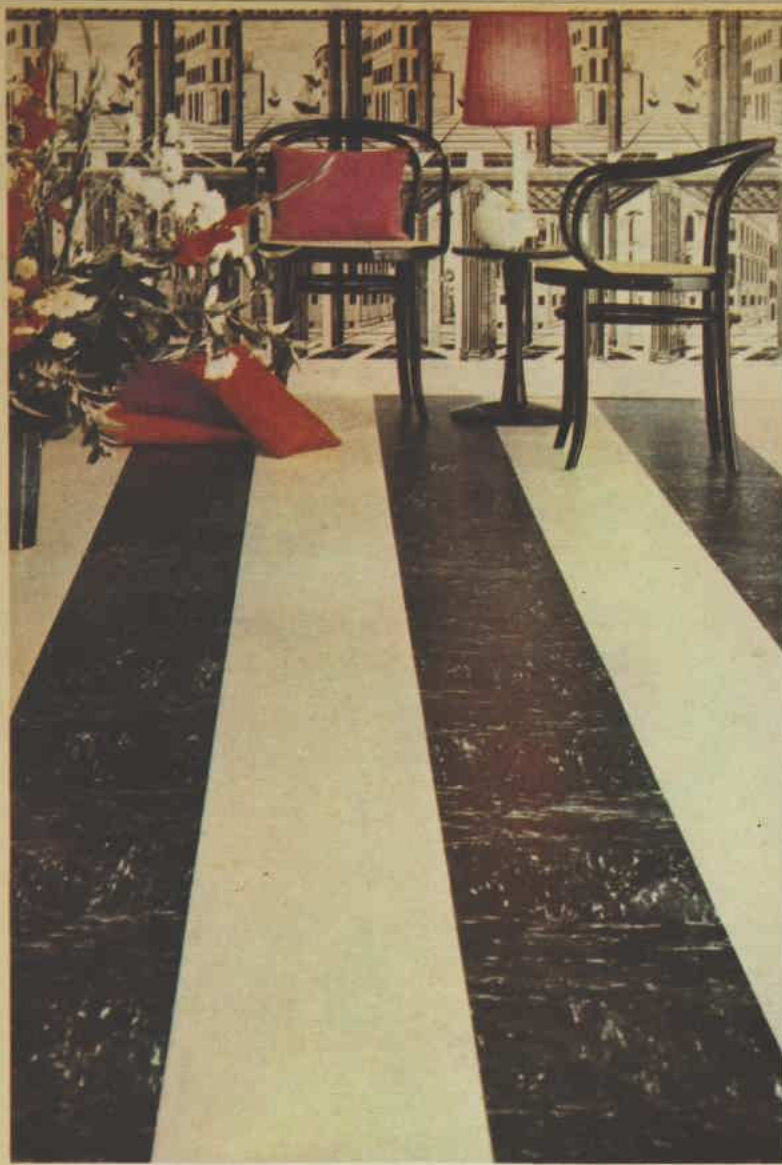
"14½-year-old," Qld.

So often a problem such as yours crops up in the life of a fashion-conscious teenager, and so often it has to be a matter of "grinning and bearing it." Does that sound horribly hard-hearted of me? I expect it does to a 14½-year-old who follows fashion as enthusiastically as you do — but take a closer look at girls who wear their dresses more than an inch above their knees. Do they REALLY carry off the short-skirt rage as elegantly as a model whose business is fashion? Or do they sadly miss the mark of success? Be honest — and I think you'll discover that Mother knows best!



If your kids
act like
they hate
your floor

& guests
dance on it
& spill stuff
all over it



DOMINO



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CHERRY



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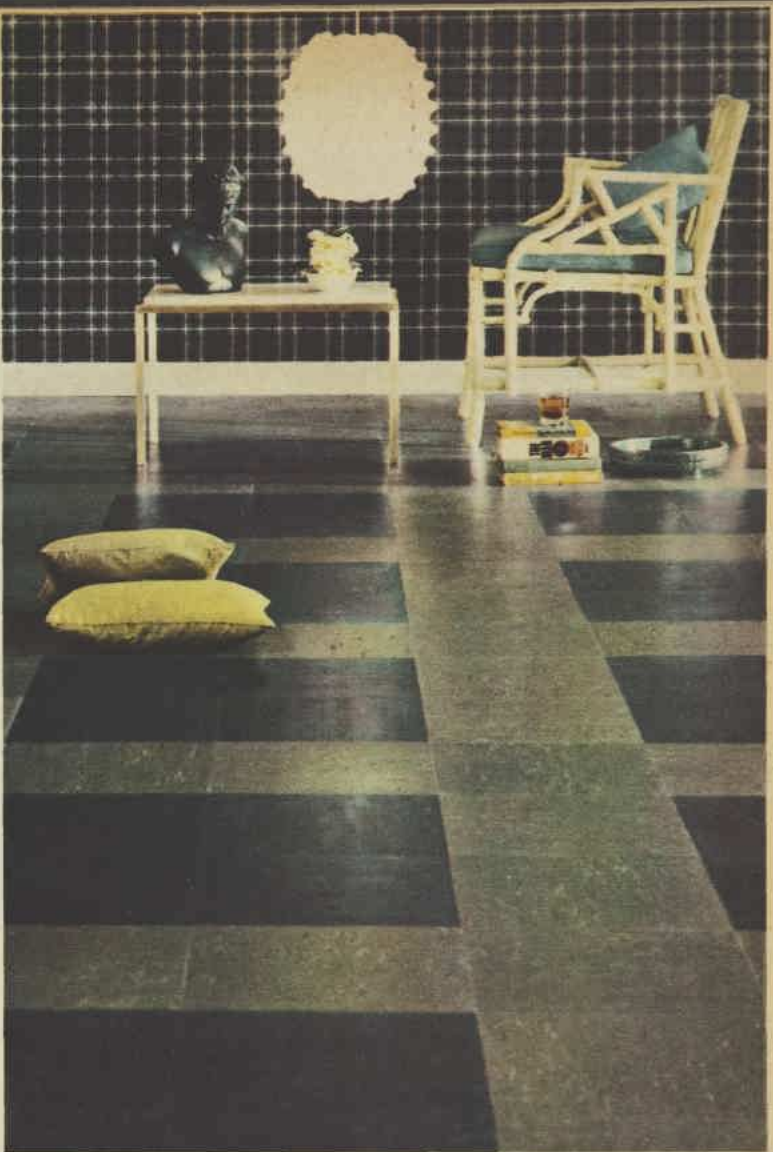
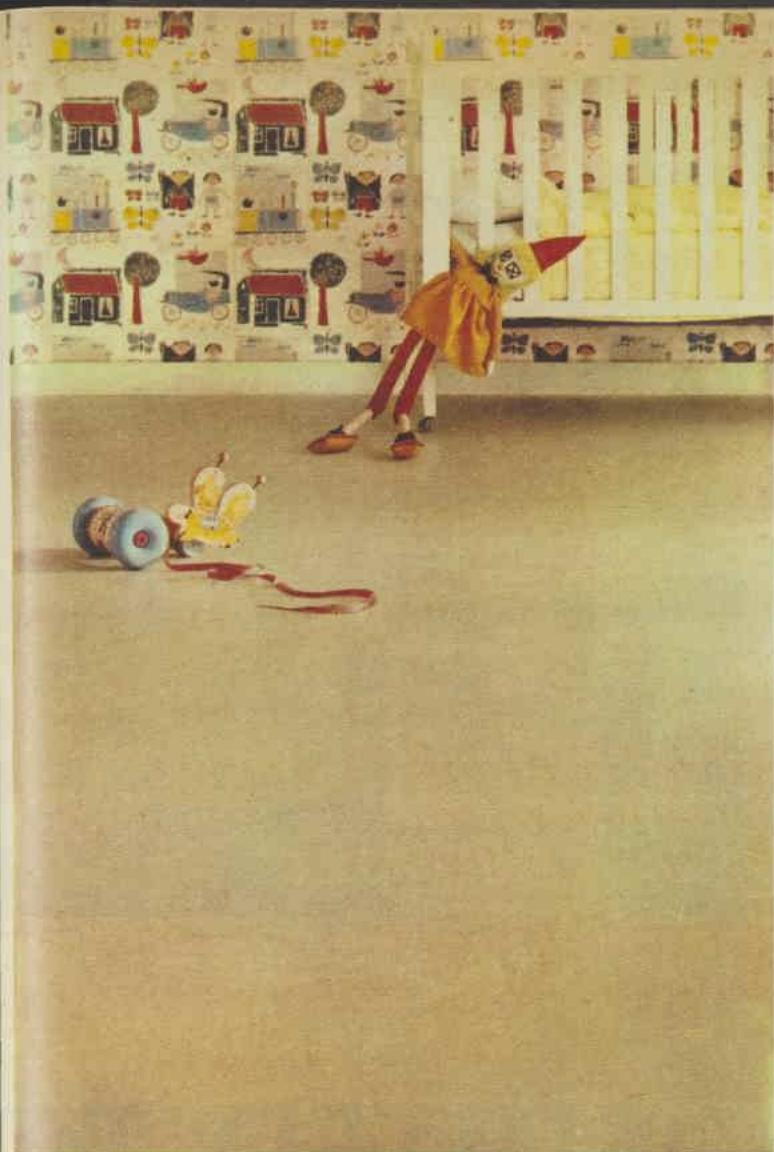
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want it to look
beautiful: imagine
how many

wonderful
floor designs
you can create
& keep with



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1966

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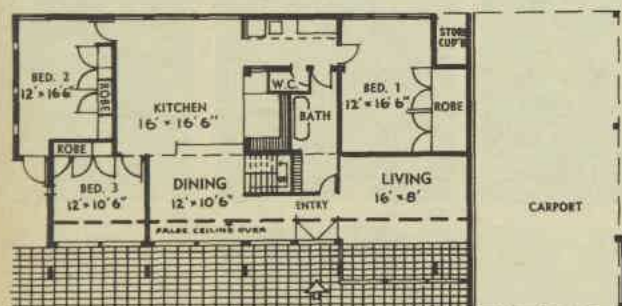
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Michael Nairn & Co.(Australia) Ltd.

A skylight in the roof provides the food preparation area in the kitchen with natural daylight. A single step leads down into the dining-room.

Looking down into the main bedroom, this picture is taken from the mezzanine gallery. Immediately above bedroom is Dr. Adams' study.



SUITED TO

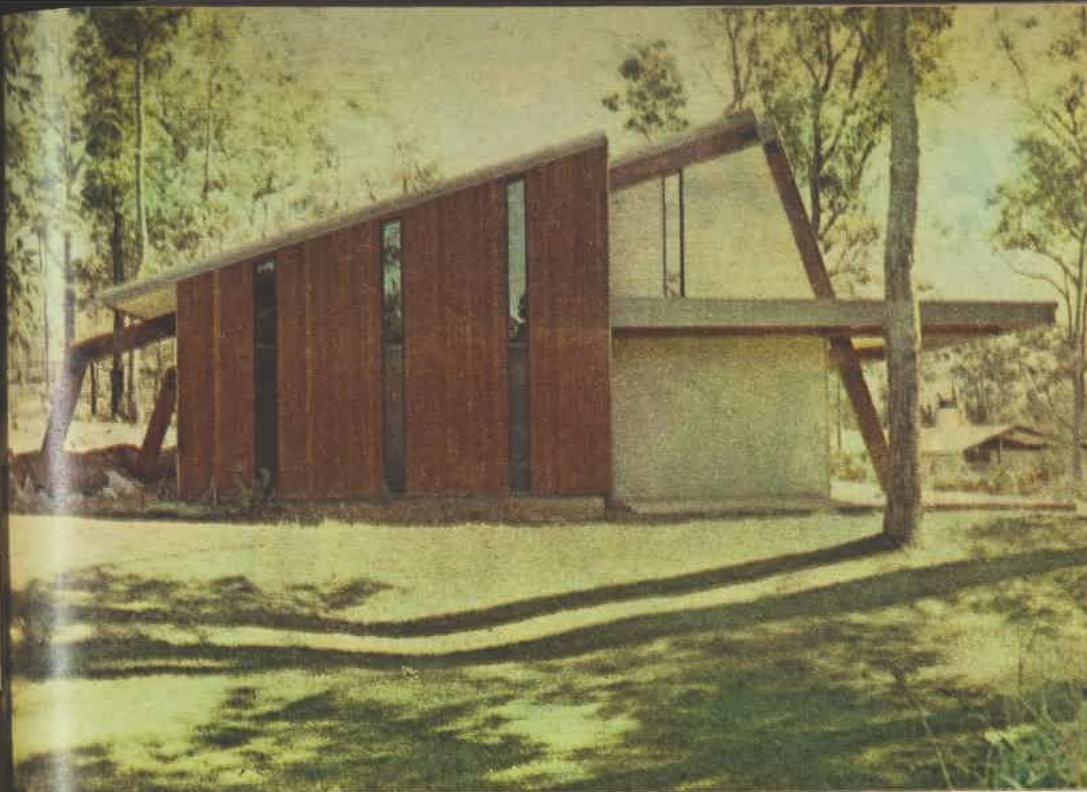
ARCHITECTS Donald Spencer and Spencer have designed for Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Adams, at Fig-tree Pocket, in Brisbane, a home ideally suited to both site and climate. Dr. Adams is a Senior Lecturer in Education at the University of Queensland, and he and his family came to Australia from New Zealand two and a half years ago. They moved into their new home just over nine months ago. The rugged, timbered, easement site is approximately 130ft. square and measures 57 perches. In an isolated position, it runs, with a slight

HOUSE of the WEEK

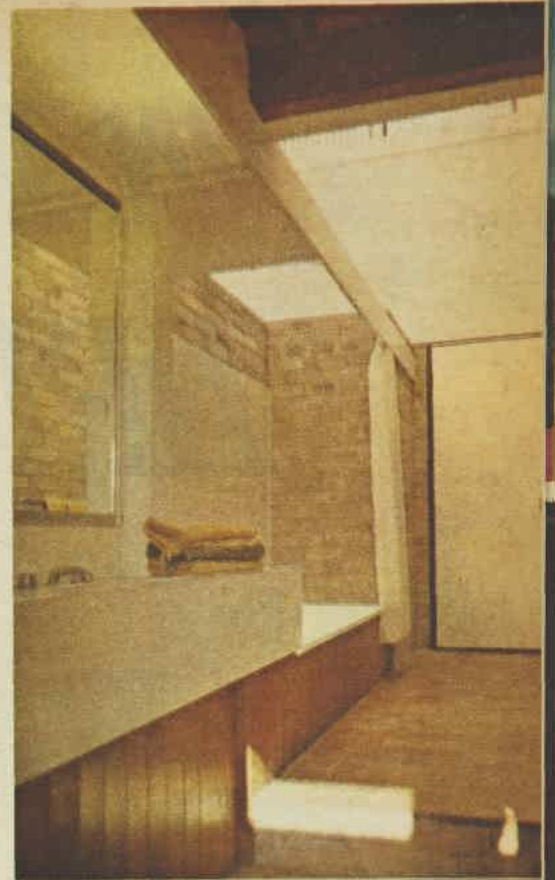
Story by Jean Bruce.
Pictures by Bob Millar.

Children's rooms have access to the patio as well as to the inside of the house. Metal louvres (over doorway) give greater air flow.

View of part of the mezzanine gallery, which runs the length of the front of the house. The windows have a bushland view and breezes filter in through the louvres.



A side view of Dr. and Mrs. Adams' home shows the chalet-type roof, long glass panels for additional light, and the large beams which support the mezzanine floor and extend at the back of the building. The site, which is in an isolated position, slopes gradually down toward a creek bed.



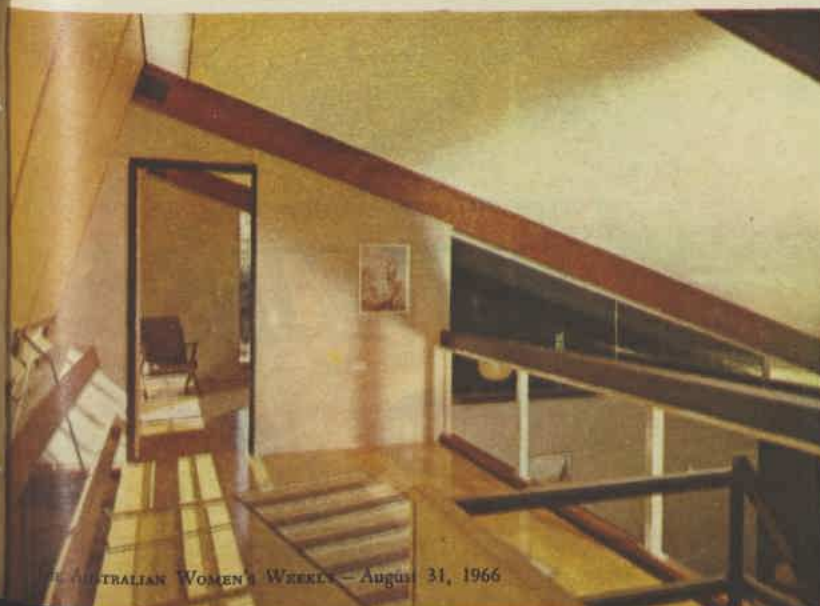
Bathroom is almost steamproof. It opens out into a high area of plastic, which extends to the roof and enables daylight to penetrate to the bathroom below.

SITE AND CLIMATE

slope, down toward a creek bed. The Adamses did their own landscaping, including the forming of the front steps and patio. The house has a chalet-type roof, which the architects decided would suit the environment of the Australian bushland setting, and the front of the house is of exposed oregon. All the windows and sliding glass doors are aluminium-framed, to reduce maintenance. Inside the house there is a great deal of natural timber, white ceilings, and muted grey and mustard shades, which blend well with the cork tile floors in the main utility area. The majority of the cabinet work in the

house has a black bean finish. Because of the tremendous ceiling heights and visual space in the rooms, an 8ft.-wide timber-floored mezzanine floor was included on the northern side of the house. A study, a music- or television-room, and a sewing-room are included on this mezzanine floor, from which can be seen several of the rooms below. A continuous skylight was let in along the apex of the roof, allowing light to filter down the front interior wall of silver birch plywood to the mezzanine floor, which is bounded by balustrading and approached by a staircase off the dining-room.

The living-room at front of house, looking across the entry through to the dining-room. Sliding glass doors open from living- and dining-rooms on to the patio.



ON THE GO!

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Gran wasn't a witch

By NORAH SMARIDGE

ANN and Joe were hurrying up the steps to the City Hall when Ann stopped suddenly, clutching at Joe's arm. "Wait!" she said, her voice a funny little squeak. "I just saw Gran—going in at the door! Oh, Joe, what'll we do?" She looked up at him, her blue eyes anxious. "Gran must have guessed we were getting a licence!"

Joe looked at her, his smile tender. Then he shook his head. "You're just nervous. . . . It probably wasn't your grandmother at all. Just someone who looks like her. Anyway, how could she possibly guess? We haven't given anyone the faintest hint. And your Gran isn't a witch!"

"She's intuitive," Ann said, flushing. She knew she sounded ridiculous. "I mean—well, Gran could always guess what I was up to, right from the time I was a kid. And it was Gran I saw, Joe. I—I'm absolutely certain."

Joe grinned down at her. "OK. Have it your own way, honey," he said. Gently, he put a hand on her arm and turned her round. "Candidly, I think you're so hot up you're seeing things. Let's go and have coffee. Maybe it'll calm you down! We've got time."

Ann let herself be led to a nearby coffee shop, but she still felt shaken. That was surely Gran. Why, she'd know Gran anywhere! Even if Gran had a double, that double wasn't likely to have a tiny limp, like Gran had. It was left over from the time when she had injured her foot rescuing an adventurous five-year-old Ann from a tree which a young neighbor had dared her to climb!

Anyway, Gran was unmistakable—so trim, so fussy about how she looked. She always was neat, dignified, never a thing out of place.

You had to hand it to her; Gran was a wonder at 67. And she hadn't had an easy life. After she had raised her family and nursed her husband through his last illness, she had started all over again raising Ann. Ever since Ann's mother had died in an epidemic of flu, when Ann was only two, Gran had looked after Dad and Ann.

Oh, I love Gran, Ann thought now, warming her hands round the coffee mug Joe pushed over to her. And I love Dad. That was why she felt so awful, sneaking off to get a marriage licence—and planning to be married just as secretly.

It wasn't that there was anything wrong about getting married. She wasn't under age or anything; she was nearly 20, though she looked younger (Dad still called her "my baby"!). And it wasn't as if Gran and Dad were tyrants. All they wanted was Ann's happiness.

That was just the trouble! They wouldn't think Joe Walton was Ann's "Mr. Right." They wouldn't think that Joe could give her the right sort of life. Oh, he had a job, and he was studying to better himself. But he had his mother and two young brothers to help; it would be years before he could give Ann a real home. She'd have to live with his family at first—and, of course, she'd have to keep her job, at least until she had a baby.

No. Gran and Dad wouldn't look favorably on such a marriage, Dad especially; Dad had turned thumbs down on every boyfriend she had ever had. He didn't think any of them worthy of his daughter! That was why she hadn't dared to let him know that, in Joe's case, it was serious. Deadly serious. Marriage to Joe would mean for ever!

So, last week, she and Joe had talked things over and decided it would be better if they got married first and told them after. "It'll save a lot of—oh, arguments and scenes," Ann had said. "Gran'll be furious, of course. She'll hate the secrecy; Gran likes everything to be dignified and aboveboard!"

Remembering, Ann pushed away the coffee mug and jumped up. "Joe, darling," she said, "why don't you have another coffee—and I'll just go and make certain whether it was Gran I saw. I won't be long!"

Joe considered, and smiled. "OK," he said. His eyes followed her, loving and a little worried as she hurried out of the coffee shop and headed for City Hall.

There seemed to be dozens of people milling around in the corridor and dozens more in the city clerk's office. Ann was pushing her way through a group of young men and women when she spotted Gran coming out of an inner office.

How tired and pale she looked! Ann's heart misgave her. Without stopping to think, she hurried forward and touched Gran's arm.

"Ann!" Gran stared at her, pleased—but startled. Her grey eyes narrowed. "How did you know I was here, young lady?"



"I think that's Gran," Ann said to Joe as she clutched his arm.

"I saw you come in, about ten minutes ago," Ann said. She slipped a hand through Gran's arm. Funny—she hadn't realised how thin Gran was and how frail she was beginning to look. Compunction welled up. "Gran, darling," Ann said. "Let's sit down and—well, talk a minute. Nothing's really happened. I mean, we haven't applied for the licence yet—"

"What licence?" Gran, seating herself on the bench, wheeled round to Ann, puzzled. "I've no idea what you're talking about!"

It was Ann's turn to be startled. For a moment she was silent, biting her lip. Then she managed a shaky laugh. "Gran, darling," she said. "We seem to have our wires crossed! Tell me—what are you doing at City Hall?"

Gran flushed, looking partly amused, partly annoyed. "If you must know," she said—"and mind you, I didn't want anyone to know I've been so careless—I've lost my birth certificate. I need it to apply for medical benefits, so—well, I came here to find out what to do next."

Her voice warmed. "They were so nice and helpful. They told me to bring my wedding certificate. So long as I got married in this city, it will furnish proof of my age."

"I see," Ann said. She managed not to smile. Imagine the neat and fussy Gran losing something so important as her birth certificate! No wonder she didn't want anyone to know!

"And might I ask what brought you to City Hall in what I presume is your lunch-hour?" Gran asked, a shade tartly. "Did I hear you say something about a licence?"

Ann nodded and their eyes met. Gran's, she noticed, were sharp—but twinkling. "Yes. A marriage licence," she said softly. "I—well, I guess I'd better tell you the whole thing."

When she had finished, there was silence for a moment. Then Gran smiled, and patted Ann's hand. "I always liked Joe Walton," she said. "And you're quite mistaken about your Gran, dear. I'd never object to your marrying a struggling young man—provided you honestly love him. And obviously you do. It doesn't hurt for a young couple to have to work hard for a while." Her voice softened.

"Your grandfather and I had a very hard time to start with. But we got there, in time." Then she laughed. "I expect your dad will raise the roof—but that's normal. All fathers think their pretty daughters should marry merchant princes!" She added, "He'll come round. Leave him to me."

"You're wonderful," Ann said. Relief flowed through her, warm and sweet. "Let's rescue poor Joe—he's waiting for me in the coffee shop. Then I'll put you on your bus and get back to work."

There was no time left to get the licence today. It was just as well, Ann thought. With Gran to back her up, she would tell Dad her plans tonight and have everything open and aboveboard—the way it should be!

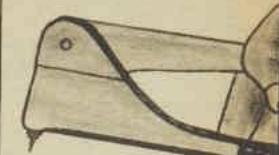
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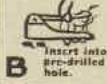
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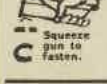
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Since the earliest days of medicine, warmth has played a major role in treatment of rheumatism, lumbago and fibrositis. Even before these afflictions got their names, people knew warmth was the most effective treatment for a stiff neck, an aching back, strains, sprains, or any other muscular ache or pain.

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HEAT rub goes right down through the pores, and spreads its glowing warmth beneath the skin, freeing those pain-locked muscles and restoring your blood circulation to normal. Just seconds after you replace the cap on your tube of DEEP HEAT rub, you feel it working, warming as the pain begins to melt away. Always keep a tube of non-greasy, non-staining DEEP HEAT rub on hand to treat those sudden attacks of shooting muscular pain. Standard tubes only 80 cents, new large size \$1.55 from Chemists everywhere.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Native trees



FRAGRANT *Hymenosporum flavum*, Native Frangipani.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 22

● The wattles, the eucalypts, the melaleucas — these are only some of the native trees which are bringing unique beauty to an increasing number of gardens.

By ALLAN SEALE

AUSTRALIA possesses a great variety of native trees. Many already are popular in home gardens, but others deserve greater recognition.

It is a mistaken idea that Australian trees are sombre in appearance. Many have growth as lush and green as the most sophisticated exotics. Others have the soft blue-grey of our distant, sun-drenched hillsides.

Most are adaptable to a wide range of climate and soils (any preference for conditions is mentioned in the following list), and there is no reason to segregate them. They blend with imported plants as well as with each other.

Some of the most adaptable are:

Acacia baileyana, the well-known Cootamundra Wattle, with silver-grey, fern-like foliage, heavily laden with golden bloom in late winter. Grows in any but excessively alkaline soils with reasonable drainage. 15ft.

A. decurrens, Black Wattle. A stout, round-headed tree, with dark trunk and limbs, its fine, dark foliage contrasting with the golden spring bloom. 20-25ft.

A. elata, Cedar Wattle. One of the quickest growing trees, with attractive, deep green, fern-like foliage. Unsuitable for very frosty areas. 30ft.

A. longifolia, Sydney Golden Wattle. Thick, fleshy foliage, heavily laden with lemon-yellow catkins of flowers. 10-15ft.

A. podalyriaefolia, Queensland Wattle. Silver, oval foliage, large round golden

flowers in winter. Rounded, bushy growth. 10-12ft.

A. spectabilis, Mudgee Wattle. A slender tree, to 15ft., with golden flowers and feathery green foliage.

Agonis flexuosa, Willow Myrtle. A graceful tree, with pendulous, willow-like growth and starry, white teatree-like flowers. 20ft.

Angophora lanceolata, Sydney Red Gum. Red to grey-mauve trunk, attractively twisted, spreading limbs. Cream flowers in summer. This tree will eventually attain 60ft. under good conditions. Exposed to constant wind, growth is more contorted, and height rarely exceeds 20ft.

Brachychiton acerifolius, Illawarra Flame. A handsome, cone-shaped tree with large, heavily-lobed, glossy green foliage, deciduous in late winter if it is to flower the following summer. Carries a mass of coral red bells, giving the tree a flame-like appearance. Best in coastal districts. 30ft.

Callistemon viminalis, Weeping Bottle-brush. Attractive, pendulous growth. Scarlet blooms are followed by downy pink new growth. Hardy, tolerant of poorly drained soils. 20ft.

C. salignus. Upright-growing bottle-brush with cream flowers, followed by showy, coppery-pink new growth. Succeeds well in wet soils.

Castanospermum australe, Moreton Bay Chestnut. A tree from semi-tropical Queensland, but adaptable to all but very cold districts. Handsome, shiny green foliage, attractive dark trunk and limbs. Orange-red flowers along the branches in late spring. 20-30ft.

Continued on next page

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 23

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Native trees -continued

Ceratopetalum gummiferum, N.S.W. Christmas Bush. Columnar-shaped tree, 12 to 15ft. The cream spring flower develops large calyxes which turn rosy red toward Christmastime. Difficult to establish away from the light acid loams of the East Australian coastal and lower mountain area.

EUCALYPTS

A wide range of eucalypts are adaptable to many parts of Australia. These mentioned are especially suitable for home gardens.

Eucalyptus andreana, Willow Pepper-mint. An upright, rapid-growing tree with white limbs and deep green, pendulous foliage. 40ft.

E. cinerea. A feature is its silver-blue, oval foliage, similar to the juvenile growth of the "blue gums," but in this case it is carried throughout the life of the tree. Spreading growth reaching about 20ft.

E. citriodora, Lemon-scented Gum. Attractive, slender growth with smooth white trunk. Foliage is comparatively sparse, and carried high on the tree, emphasising the character of the trunk. 30ft.

E. cladocalyx nana, Dwarf Sugar Gum. An attractive, bushy shade tree with glossy green foliage, to 20ft. Requires good drainage, otherwise tolerant of soil conditions.

E. ficifolia, West Australian Red-flowering Gum. Spectacular blossom is the feature of this tree. It does not tolerate heavy frosts or puggy clay soils. 15ft.

E. maculata, Spotted Gum. A beautiful tree similar to *E. citriodora*, but usually stouter, with a lower branching habit. 40ft.

E. Nicholii, Willow-leaved Pepper-mint. A graceful, quick-growing tree with pendulous, blue-grey foliage. Best

suited to light, stony soils. Rarely exceeds 15ft.

Eleocharis reticulatus, Blue Berry Ash. Attractive, conical tree growing to about 15ft., with feathery-white lily of the valley-like flowers on the underside of the twigs. These are followed by unusual blue berries. Best suited to coastal sandstone areas.

Eugenia smithii, Lilly-pilly. Tall, upright tree, 20-30ft., with berries that change from white to purple. Attractive foliage and growth, but susceptible to scale. Suited to moist coastal conditions with acid soil.

E. luehmianii. A beautiful small tree with dense, rounded growth. Foliage is small and attractive, often colored pink and yellow in the young stages. The small pear-shaped fruits are an unusual coral-red. May grow 25 to 30ft., but several specimens known to the writer have remained at 10 to 12ft. for over 25 years. This tree is frost-tender, suited only to mild coastal areas.

Grevillea robusta, Silky Oak. Upright, conical growth reaching 70ft. under good conditions. This plant is widely grown in Europe for its attractive, fern-like foliage. There it is kept as a pot-plant, used among annuals and herbaceous borders in spring and summer, and given glasshouse protection in winter. In Australia it is more at home in coastal areas, but has been successfully established in many inland towns.

Hakea laurina, Pincushion Hakea. Large, almost oval foliage. In most areas not as dense or vigorous as *H. saligna*, but grown mainly for its striking pincushion-like flowers, which are red, veiled with cream, pin-like stamens. Withstands dry conditions, but resents root disturbance. 12ft.

Hakea saligna. Hardy, quick-growing conical tree with deep, blue-green foliage. Suitable to all but very salty soils. May be cut as a dense hedge if desired. 20ft.

Hymenosporum flavum, Native Frangipani. Slender, quick-growing tree with glossy, rich green foliage. The fragrant, bell-like flowers open cream, and age to a buff yellow, giving the clusters a two-toned effect. Grows well in most soils in all but very frosty areas. 15-20ft.

Lagunaria patersonii, Norfolk Island Hibiscus (also a native of Queensland). Hardy, cone-shaped tree with leathery green foliage and small, pink, bell-shaped flowers. Especially hardy on the sea coast, and tolerant to salty soils and spray. Fine spines in seed pods can be uncomfortable for bare feet. 25ft.

Macadamia ternifolia, the Queensland Nut. Large, serrated, deep green foliage and dense, pyramid-shaped growth, attaining 25-30ft. Grows in most areas, but best suited to deep, coastal soils.

Melaleucas. Hardy, dense-foliaged trees. One of the great advantages of those mentioned here is that they will grow in sedge, badly drained soils where few other trees survive.

M. armillaris. A small, dense tree with fine, dark foliage and candle-like brushes of creamy-white flowers in spring. 15ft.

M. leucadendra, Broad-leaf Paperbark. Makes a dense tree with a rounded head, and prominent papery trunk. Creamy-white flowers in spring. 20-30ft.

M. linariifolia, Narrow-leaved Paperbark. An upright, small tree with papery white trunk and bright green foliage. Conspicuous white brushes of flower in spring. 15ft.

M. styphelioides, Prickly Paperbark. Makes a large tree in sheltered positions. Particularly suited to swampy coastal areas.

Melia azedarach, White Cedar. Spreading shade tree, with glossy, deep green foliage, deciduous in winter. Racemes of mauve flowers in spring, followed by green berries which ripen pale brown. 20ft. Hardy, coastal and inland areas.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 25

Myoporum insulare, Boobialla. Hardy tree, with bright green foliage, suitable for dry inland areas or the salty sea coast. 15-20ft.

Pittosporum undulatum, Native Daphne. Spreading, umbrella-shaped tree growing to 20ft., with dense, dark green foliage excellent for summer shade. Honey-scented cream flowers are followed by large, dull orange berries. Prefers moist, coastal, acid soils.

P. rhombifolium. Slender, upright tree with deep, glossy green foliage and clusters of brilliant orange berries which hold for many months from midsummer onward. 15-20ft. Best in mild to warm climates.

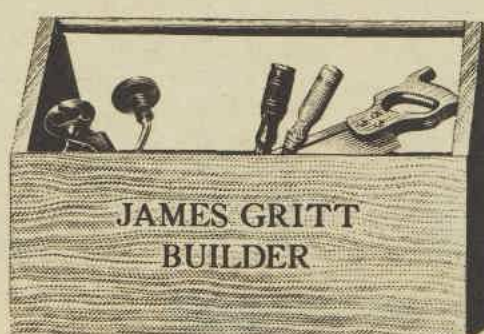
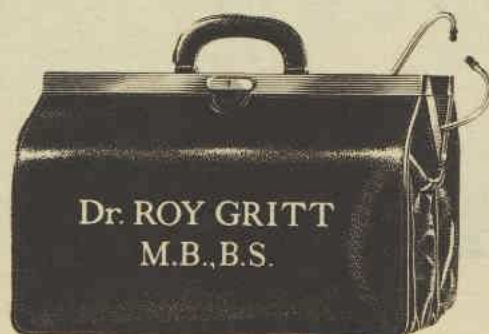
Podocarpus elatus, Illawarra Plum. Handsome foliage tree, with 2in.-long narrow, glossy, black-green foliage which provides a contrasting background for the pale, silky green new growth. So far this tree is more widely used in American gardens than it is in Australia. Slow to establish, it eventually makes a well-proportioned shade tree of 30ft., but may be cut to any size or shape. Foliage resembles the Irish yew, to which it is closely related. It appears to be disease- and borer-resistant.

Stenocarpus sinuatus, Queensland Fire Wheel. A beautiful, shapely tree with deep, glossy green, deeply cut foliage. The brilliant red wheel-shaped flower buds are unusual and spectacular. This makes a fine street tree, as growth is rather slender and the spread of the branches usually commences above head level. Slow growing, but worth waiting for.

Tristania conferta, Brush Box. One of our best, most attractive shade trees, with large, handsome foliage. New bark of the limbs is soft lime-green, gradually deepening to pinkish brown before it is shed. Often this is grown as a street tree, where it is subjected to constant pruning which destroys much of its noble character. 30-40ft.

T. Laurina, Water Gum. Smaller, often multi-stemmed tree with narrow foliage, small, orange-yellow flowers. 15ft.

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Twenty years ago responsible parents did their thinking for them. Dad realised that boys need sound education and a good start in life. A.M.P. insurance suited his aims and pocket. Today the boys are fulfilling their personal

wishes. One is a doctor; the other a master builder with the independence of his own small business. Both have what they want, thanks to Dad and A.M.P. Ask your A.M.P. man about A.M.P. "Blue Chip" insurance.

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DRESS SENSE

by
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6621. — Two-piece pyjama suit in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6621. Price 85c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

HERE are more queries from my recent fashion mail — and my replies:

"My hair is a deep auburn. As I am very keen to wear red, I wondered if you think it would be correct with my coloring."

If your hair is a deep auburn-red, you can wear coral, but not a bright shade of red.

"I am attending a formal ball in October. It is my first big ball and I was wondering if I should wear gloves. I am 16."

Gloves are not strictly necessary, but I advise you to wear them. White wrist gloves look young and crisp for your age group.

"I have a navy-blue coat in light wool and would like to know what type of frock could be worn with it for early spring. I am a young married woman and take an SSW fitting. I have dark eyes and hair and a good clear skin."

My choice would be a simple A-line dress made in orange shantung. An alternative choice would be to have the dress made in a red, white, and blue print.

"My figure is long-waisted and I wondered if you could suggest the correct styles to disguise this figure-fault."

Any garment with a dropped waistline, an over-b blouse suit, and a waistless shift are all current fashions that will help disguise your figure-fault.

"My problem is my shape. I am small and thickset, with short legs, and I loathe exercises. Could you give me any ideas on how to dress?"

The present fashion of a shift is ideal for your figure. In fact, any design that bypasses the waistline will be flattering. Keep your skirtline to mid-knee length. A short skirtline makes short legs look longer.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1966

● These pyjamas, with a sleeveless top and harem pants, for at-home wear are my design choice for a young married reader who lives in Brisbane.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, outlining her design request, and my reply:

"I am very anxious to make myself a pair of pyjamas to wear at home while watching TV. The type I want have harem trousers. Would it be possible to get a pattern for such a style?"

The pyjamas I have chosen in answer to your letter are illustrated at left. They consist of a separate sleeveless top and harem pants. The pattern also includes a jacket and floor-length evening skirt. If you wish to order, underneath the illustration are further details.



... hurry up the healing

BAND-AID Brand Strips are flesh-coloured to hide as they heal. Air vents all over let healing air through, keep skin from wrinkling. SUPER-STICK sticks at a touch — keeps the bandage put.

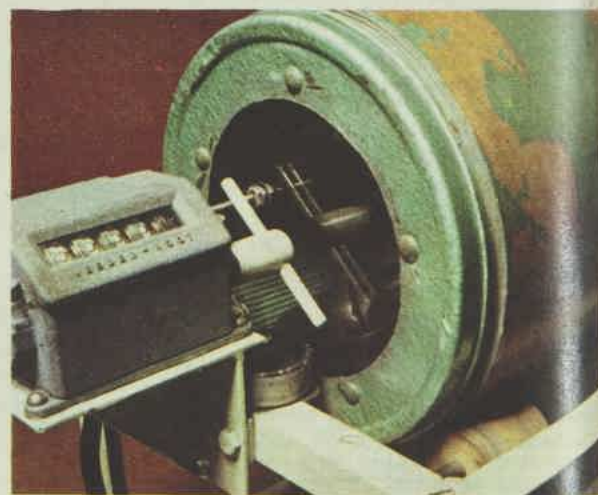
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Page 69

WHAT CARPET IS BETTER THAN WESTMINSTER LASTS TWICE AS LONG HAS A DEEPER PILE 9 NEW COLOURS? IT'S NEW WESTMINSTER

One important thing we haven't changed. That's the price. Your money still buys you a bigger area of Westminster than any other carpet of anything like the quality. But now, because the new Westminster lasts twice as long, you're getting even better value than before. Twice as good, in fact. How could we make Westminster so new? A revolutionary new fibre combination we've been quietly working on for years. It gives a deeper, more luxurious pile, takes colour just as dramatically, and lasts at least twice as long. When you ask for the new Westminster, look for the "Genuine Westminster" brand on the back. Then you can be really sure that the carpet you are buying will last twice as long. And be easier to clean. It's moth-proofed, too.



We had to prove it to ourselves first. Here is one of our wear test machines, proving that the new Westminster lasts at least twice as long.

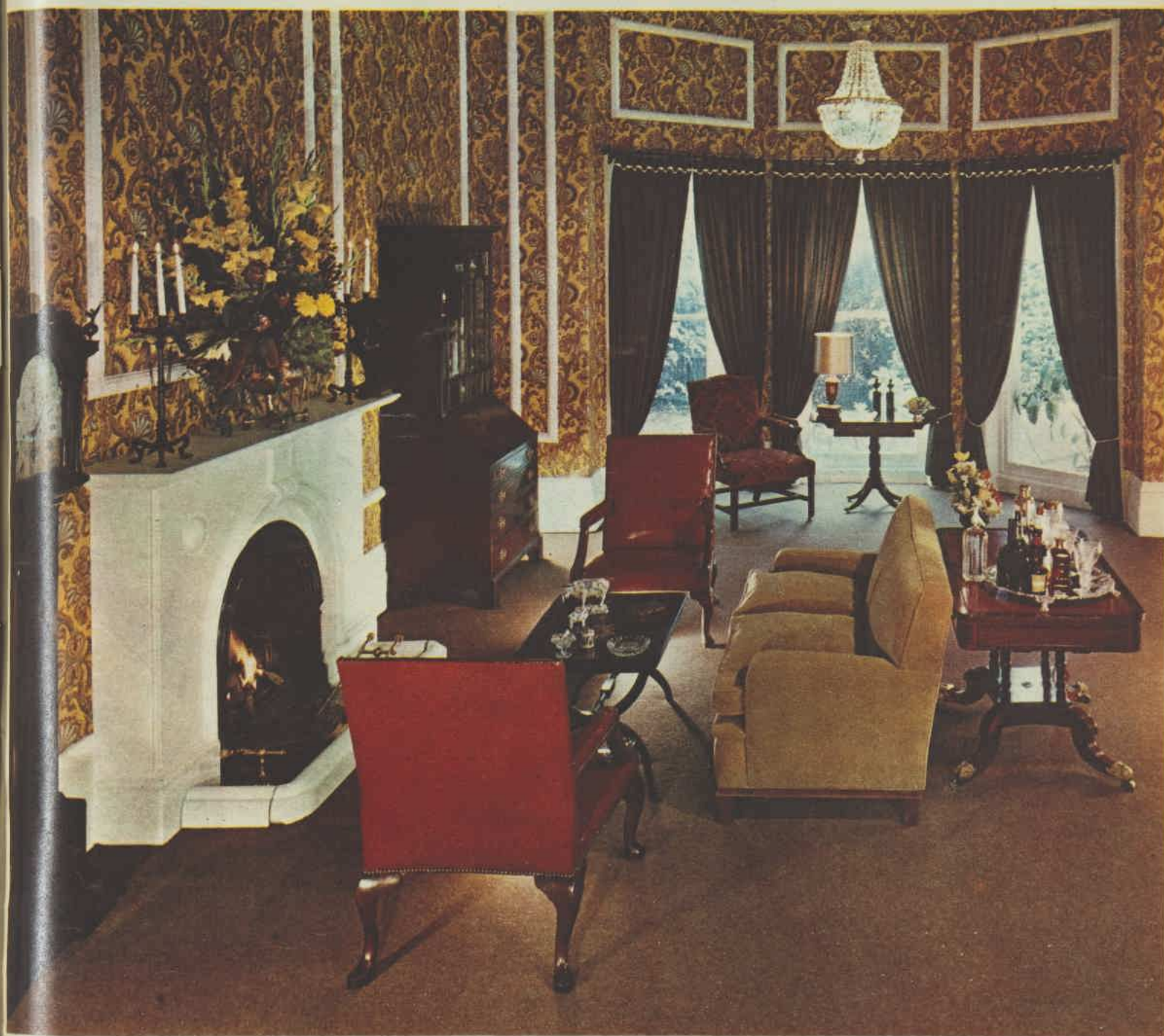


Your Westminster retailer will show you the 35 decorator colours in the new Westminster range (ask him about the 9 latest). He'll give you free samples of the ones you love most.



A dollar's worth of carpet shows the difference. Left: new Westminster. Right: ordinary carpet. Westminster always gave you more carpet for your dollars. And even though it now lasts twice as long, it costs no more than before.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1966



This elegant living room used to be just ordinary. Now with new wall-to-wall Westminster it becomes comfortable and spacious and colourful.

©331



New Westminster is made to be lived with. A damp cloth takes care of most 'accidents'.

The luxury of it! One broad expanse of Westminster colour from wall-to-wall. It's an interesting fact that this carpet makes a room look much more spacious and luxurious. And, of course, it's marvellous what good colours can do for the feeling of the room. The new Westminster comes in 35 decorator colours, 9 of them new. One of them will make your living room the most elegant in the street. Go see your Westminster retailer now and ask him to quote. You'll find that Westminster's 40" width saves you a stack of money in laying costs. You'll usually find that your Westminster retailer can offer you very generous terms on a small deposit. Ask him now.

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THE BOOK

They had the courage to face an unpredictable future



BY VALERIE WATKINSON

HER husband was a scientist. There was, of course, no aristocracy in their world, but if you had to be something it was good to be a scientist.

She mixed drinks carefully. They were non-alcoholic but the ingredients gave the imbiber the remembered lift from the alcoholic drinks of yesteryear. She had never known such drinks, but Grandpa, who had been an irascible old man, and whose identification number had fallen into disuse because he preferred the bourgeois appellation of "Grandpa," made sure they knew what it was all about.

"The lift is there," he would say, grimacing, "but it's not the real thing."

Sometimes they had hushed him, mostly they had ignored him. He was ancient, and age carried its own authority. Once she had sat down and methodically worked out his age, and in a peculiar sort of way, it had

frightened her. One could not help experiencing the feeling that he should have died long ago.

It was a tribute to medicine and its wonders that his heart and lungs and liver had survived so long. "I must be 120 at least," he had said shortly before his death, and had chuckled evilly at her expression, as if he knew she, too, felt that 120 was at least 30 years too many.

She carried her drink to the rounded window and stood looking out into the atrium, or central courtyard. There was a fountain, which splashed over smooth white stones, and sufficiently watered the spiny-leaved plants which provided the only greenery.

I hunger for the sight of a tree, she thought, and then looked over her shoulder as if she had been guilty of speaking her traitorous thoughts aloud.

To page 74

THE BOYFRIEND



"Fancy spoiling a lovely friendship by getting married!"

THE BOOK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

She had never seen a tree, but Grandpa had told her, under the guise of keeping his grandchild amused, about the trees which once grew tall and strong, dwarfing men and some of their buildings.

She heard 50231 enter the house. There was a pause and she knew he would be shedding his sandals in the alcove provided for the purpose. It was easy and pleasant to walk barefoot over the smooth, warm floors of this place which was electronically clean.

She settled her face into an expression of welcoming repose. She was forty-two years old and young. Her child-bearing years were not yet over, would not be over for

another fifteen years, perhaps longer. She had borne one child in the fifteen years of her marriage.

She was lucky. The Ten decided which of the intelligentsia should be allowed to give birth to a child. If the genes were considered good on both sides permission was granted for conceiving one child and, sometimes, two.

She held her secret still within her, knowing that 50231 would have to be told soon, but not yet.

He came in, greeting her formally, with the bow and the lowered head. He did not touch her. She handed him his drink, smiling.

"Did the day go well?" she asked. She loved him. He was fifty-two

years old and beautiful, his fair hair only prematurely silvered with grey. His skin was neither pale nor sun-tanned. While he worked in the laboratory the lamps gave him the required amount of ultra-violet rays each day, maintaining his complexion at the required health level.

"The day went well," he said gravely. "Where is the boy?"

"It is his study hour. I wish you would speak with him. He does not pay attention as he should. His teachers are displeased with him. He has alien thoughts, and he expresses them."

He smiled at her and she smiled back. They both loved their only child as parents sometimes do, without good reason, suspecting all the while that he was unworthy of such devotion.

"I will speak with him," 50231 promised. "Don't worry. He is young, and the young always question. Did the engineers repair the cleanomat?"

He was referring to the great steel vat in the basement, into which soiled clothing, which was not disposable, was hung daily and which, at a pre-set hour each night, did its job of laundering, so that the clothing, clean and uncreased, was removed the following morning.

She shook her head. "They cannot come until tomorrow."

"There might be dust particles in the ducts. I will look at it myself tonight. You remembered to use the ventilating system?"

"Of course."

Father's day: put a kiss on his brow



and a Parker in his pocket

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p.s. When you give Parker, don't forget the kiss.



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maker of the world's most wanted pens.

SHE was not annoyed. She was a meticulous housewife and she knew the question had not really been a question at all. 50231 knew her ability. She was not like some of the women in their section, who spent time gossiping instead of seeing to the welfare of their families. It seemed that even pushing a series of buttons had become too much labor for some women.

"I used the old washing machine," she said, wishing she could refrain from burdening him with domestic worries as soon as he entered the house. "I found it in the basement. We should really clean up the basement. There is so much rubbish down there. Some of it must be a hundred years old. I can't imagine why we keep it."

"I'll clean it out on my next rest period," he promised, not meaning it. "Did that old machine actually work?"

She nodded, laughing. "It makes a funny noise, but it works. You have to sort the clothing and then pick the correct washing cycle. It is very scientific." She looked at him, smiling slyly.

He smiled, too. "It seems I remember it from boyhood. It stood off the sustenance area where the ray cooker now stands."

His eyes turned in the direction of his thoughts. Their house was old, but his wife liked it and, as he nearly always indulged her, he had not insisted on moving to a residence befitting his position. The house had been occupied by their ancestors and lacked many modern amenities, such as gravity control, which eliminated stairs. Steps had to be negotiated to reach the basement, where there were many relics of which, 50231 suspected, The Ten might not approve.

"They want to send the boy for instruction," she said suddenly, because she could wait no longer. She had meant to keep this news for later, when he was rested and refreshed. However, the bad news she had to impart together with the secret she had held for the past three months were too much for her to bear.

"What?"

She began to cry, the tears sliding slowly down cheeks unused to tears. Their life was so easy in its perfection that there was rarely anything to cry about. The Ten kept them warm, and clothed and fed them. They were told when to conceive and when to rest and when to work.

Their labors were mostly of the brain, for in their lightly populated, technological world the artisan, as such, had long ago vanished. Rarely, however, did they use their brains for thinking private thoughts. Private thoughts were not encouraged, even in childhood.

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Crunch & crunch



What a mouth-watering way to stay slim!

Forget about starvation diets! Stay slim this delicious way, with crisp, fresh Ryvita crispbread. Crunch! Eat hearty—there's lots more where this came from. Low on calories, high on nourishment and satisfaction.

Crunch! Eat as much as you like, without waistline worries. Enjoy Ryvita crispbread with any of these stay-slim toppings, or maybe with just a dab of butter. It's so tasty! **RYVITA CRISP RYE BREAD**



50231 had recovered himself quickly.

"He may benefit from it. I, too, you must remember, received Instruction. It is nothing."

She turned her head away from this liar whom she loved.

"He is only a boy," she protested. "He has never been away from us before. Why must he be so wilful and argue with his teachers?"

"A man must do what he has to do," 50231 said heavily.

Once, long ago, 50231 had been as his son. He had not always been a scientist. Once he had entertained radical thoughts and ambitions. He had talked of philosophy and religion, history and arts, seeking concepts of what had once been

referred to as "The Humanities." He had actually set down many of his thoughts on paper and circulated them among the population.

Because he was a brilliant student and, someday, if his radicalism did not become too strong, would doubtless have much to contribute to their world, he had been spared. Instead of exile Above, he had been sent for Instruction.

He had received Instruction in the building devoted to it, where each cubicle held only bed, desk, chair, instructor, and pupil.

After a little while the hours and days had flowed one into another. The instructor and the piped voices which came from an outlet in the wall of the cubicle even while he

slept had washed his brain free of radical ideas. The Ten had reached the ultimate. They had conquered the ills of the body and now the last citadel was falling. The minds of men could be captured also.

"And there is something else," she said, suddenly hating this man whom she loved. He was so tall and fair and removed from the vagaries of female logic. She needed badly to hurt him, as if by hurting him she could ease some of her own pain. "I am pregnant."

In the silence she could hear the water splashing on the round white stones and it seemed to her that the spiny green plants actually bent toward the moisture, which could not be, because there was no breeze in this artificially atmosphered world.

"You are mistaken," 50231 said, and then, as the terrible possibility occurred to him that perhaps she

was not mistaken: "Surely you could not have forgotten your medication?"

"I did not forget." Her voice was defiant. "I purposely did not take it."

She had never seen him so shaken. Hers was treason of the highest order, punishable by exile Above. Their civilisation was so delicately balanced that even one unplanned addition to the population could upset the long-range sustenance and education programs. A population explosion was the spectre which could shatter the fine new world so painstakingly constructed.

"Why?" 50231 asked. How like him, she thought. He was a scientist and he must ask why before he asked anything else. For him why was the beginning of knowledge.

She smiled, the small, smug smile of pregnancy.

"Because it is something only we can do. They have tried and failed. They built a man. You know they did. They took so many grams of this and so many grams of that, and they built a perfect man, but there was one thing they could not do. They could not make him live."

It was true. The news had not been officially released, but it had found its way free. The Ten had built a physically perfect man, using academically perfect talents, but they had been unable to duplicate the vital, unknown quality which could make their man human.

"I must think," 50231 said, and there was real pain on his face, because he had almost forgotten how to think individually. "If we could only convince them that, for once, the medication has failed."

"I do not want to convince them," she said. "I want to go home."

He was seriously concerned for her. There were recorded cases of pregnant women indulging in all sorts of mental aberrations. His best friend, a doctor, had told him of a patient who had demanded meat, not the artificially manufactured meat of their community, but fresh meat, such as had not been tasted by her generation.

The doctor had referred to it as "meat on the hoof," and they had

FROM THE BIBLE

"I have been thoroughly initiated into the human lot with all its ups and downs — fullness and hunger, plenty and want. I have strength for anything, through Him who gives me power."

—Phil. 4: 12, 13.
(New English Bible)

laughed about it together, 50231 and his doctor friend. Now 50231 did not laugh.

"Where is home?" he asked.

"Home is Above," she said. There was such a thing as voluntary exile. In the first few years after the iconoclasm, when the survivors had sought and found refuge beneath the earth, some had returned.

THEY were the dissenters, the discontented, the homesick, the ever-hopeful. None knew what they had found. 50231 had not been born then, but he was convinced the exiles, finding a sick earth, had themselves sickened and died.

"What do you hope to find there?" he asked. "What is it you require that you do not already possess?"

Existing in a state of perfection, how then could she require more? She came to the conclusion that it was the perfection itself which was at fault, but how could she convey this to the man who had helped make such perfection possible?

"We have nothing to strive for," she said at last.

"That it should have come to this," he said. "Our forebears survived and burrowed under the earth and built a world such as this for you to find it wanting."

She bowed her head, abashed, but not beaten.

It was a primeval urge she experienced, this hunger for things unknown, unseen, and never felt. She was like a highly bred cat who, all its life housebound, will, when released, revert to the feral state, giving chase to its first bird and stalking its first fieldmouse, utilising skills mysteriously inherited.

She hungered for trees and sunlight, and blue skies, and falling rain, and the odorless fragrance of fresh air.

"You would go Above simply because you believe you might find something different?" 50231 asked. He was afraid. His period of Instruction had been very successful.

"Others have done it," she reminded him.

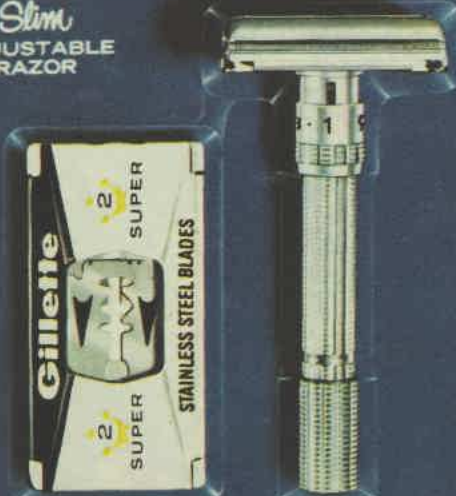
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COLLECTORS' CORNER

I HAVE what I believe to be a "Meissen" 1770-80 loving cup. The mark on the saucer and cup is blue underglaze with a combination of the letters "A. and R." I would be grateful for an opinion. I enclose a photograph.—M. Retell, Rockingham, W.A.

Your cup is a chocolate cup and saucer, not a loving cup. The cup and saucer with cover and stand bears the interlocked "A.R." mark, which was originally used on Meissen porcelain between 1725 and 1730, "A.R." standing for Augustus

Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

Rex. The mark has been frequently forged, especially on tea ware, as the genuine article in tea ware was not so marked. I suspect your specimen, painted with decorative panels on a claret ground and gilded, was made during the 19th century. But I must point out that unless I had the oppor-

tunity of handling and examining the texture of your piece it would be impossible to distinguish the approximate age. Original examples are extremely rare and intrinsically valuable.

★ ★ ★
COULD you tell me something about my brooch? The only information I have is that it was sent from Egypt during the 1914-18 War.—B. Mitchell, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Your brooch is a 19th-century Egyptian brooch in the form of a scarab.



Scarab brooch.

THE BOOK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

"What others?" he demanded, "except the exiles, and they, as you know, never returned."

"There were men," she said, "who lived many hundreds of years ago, even before the space explorers. They sailed away from their homeland, and everybody said they would fall over the edge of the world. They did not know the earth was round."

"I suppose they were afraid, but they had to try. There were those who climbed mountains (oh, I wonder how high is a mountain), simply because the mountains were there."

"It is all nonsense," 50231 said. "Where did you hear such rubbish?"

"Grandpa told me."

"He made it up."

"He was an educated man. You know he did not make it up. Why have they forbidden history? Is it because they are afraid?"

AFTER the iconoclasm the survivors had elected a governing conclave of ten members, who had decided there must be no looking back. Memories were mutually forbidden, for in memories lay the danger of homesickness and non-survival. Proudly, they boasted that, henceforth, they would form their own history and, at the time, this had seemed a very fine thing. Initially, they were men of good will but, over the years, new men had replaced the original ten and the good will had hardened into an ideology of acceptance without deviation. There were no margins for errors of belief or opinion in their world of perfection.

"I am a man of some influence," 50231 said, not boasting. "Everything will be all right. I will make it so. They will probably send you for instruction, too, and when you and the boy return everything will be as usual."

"My son and I are going home," she said gently, and beneath the gentleness he sensed the sometimes implacable determination of her sex.

"He is coming," 50231 warned. "We will discuss this later."

Their son came into the room. He was tall for his age, but finely built. There was to his head a certain look of elongation, of fine drawnness, which had not, as yet, been completely bred out. It was a relic of the post-iconoclastic age, when certain mutations had appeared in those conceived before the exodus underground.

It was more apparent in 50231 and his wife, and had been most apparent in their parents. They comforted themselves with the belief that in their grandchildren and their children it would probably not exist.

The boy inclined his head to his parents. He carried a book in his hand and on his face was an expression of eagerness.

"I found it in the basement yesterday," he said, holding forth the book. "It was in one of those containers behind the washing machine. I have been reading it and there is much in it I do not understand."

50231 stretched forth his hand, smiling tolerantly. Who knew what

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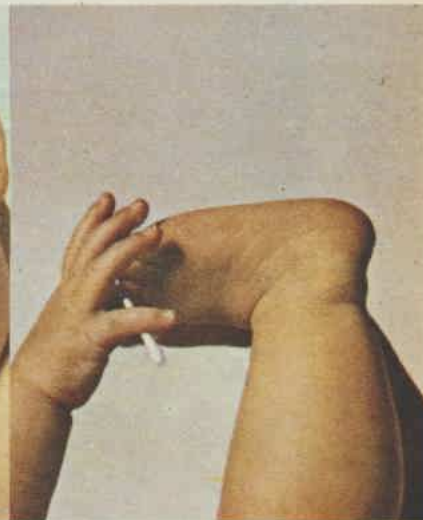
They can clean up lipstick.



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They were invented for babies.



But grown-ups like them, too. (Like most of Johnson's baby things.)

* 25c for 50. 45c for 100 Johnson's Johnson

RIVETS



THE BOOK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

his ancestors had deemed precious enough to save in the awful moment of truth preceding calamity?

The book was ancient, its binding crusty and crumbling. As 50231 took it, his hands were overcome with a superstitious trembling.

"It is written in a form of archaic English, I think," the boy said. "It is nothing like our language, and yet I think it is how our language might once have been."

50231 opened the book, which was, miraculously, still intact. His gaze fell on the open pages and he knew what it was. He closed the book almost immediately, but not before his eyes, eager with treacherous relish, had devoured the awesome simplicity of the opening para-

graph. He had not read the book. It was forbidden. It was unscientific, based on superstitious fables, and had been banned by those who adhered to beliefs far more narrow than any expounded in its pages.

"Place it in the incineration chute," he said unemotionally to his son. "Forget it was ever here. Mention this to no one. It is forbidden."

"I could not burn a book," his son said, equally unemotional.

"It is the law," 50231 said.

"Laws can be changed," 50231's son said, and this time there was a sulkiness in his tone.

50231 looked at his son, feeling a great anger toward the boy, but

worse than the anger was the terrible envy. He remembers how to think, 50231 thought. It is easy for him, because he has not yet been taught how to forget.

There was a stirring and questioning inside him, such as he had not felt for decades. He did not wish his wife, with whom he was emotionally more deeply involved than was approved of, to be instructed. He did not wish his son to be instructed.

Once he had believed that there came to every man, some time in his life, a moment of decision. He knew then that his moment had arrived.

"I will give notice of voluntary exile," he said at last.

His wife and son came to him and put their arms around him. He embraced them, guilty because he believed he was leading them to certain death.

The members of the conclave regarded him soberly.

"You have thought well on this?" Number One asked.

"I have," 50231 replied.

"You have contributed much to our world, and still have much to contribute," Number One said. "I supervised your instruction. . . . He ignored 50231's quick look of surprise. . . . because I believed you worthy of such supervision. I still consider your intelligence too great to be wasted in death Above."

"How can we be sure if there is still death Above?" 50231 asked. "Exploring parties should have been sent out long before this."

"When the time is right exploring parties will be sent out," Number One said.

He does not believe it, and he knows I do not believe it, 50231 thought. He does not want exploring parties sent out, because if the reports are favorable his world is finished.

His power is as the power of Number One in the book. Only the identification is different, and Number One in the book could be accepted or rejected. To be free to accept or reject is freedom indeed.

"The reason we have guards on the entry to the shaft," Number One said, not unkindly, "is to preserve people from their own folly."

"It seems to me a wonderful thing to be free to be foolish," 50231 said.

THE members of the conclave looked at each other and then at 50231. They had not spoken among themselves, but it was apparent they had pondered on the subversion of this dangerous man and his family, and their decision was unanimous.

It was said they had perfected the powers of the mind to such an extent that each was capable of simultaneous and silent communication with the other. Once 50231 had envied such perfection and hoped someday to attain it. Now he had fallen so far from grace that his envy had turned to revulsion.

"Permission for voluntary exile granted," Number One said.

There were no farewells as had been usual in bygone ages when men set forth for unknown worlds. 50231 and his family made their preparations in secret.

They took with them only those things which they could carry and which 50231 thought might be useful should they survive. It seemed little enough and 50231 trembled for the smallness and vulnerability of their company: a man in his prime (whose life span would be considerably shortened by the natural elements Above), a pregnant woman, and a youth.

At the appointed time they reached the shaft. The guards stood back, their faces impassive.

50231 and his little company entered the elevator and the gates clanged shut, closing them off for ever from the only world they knew.

"I have heard that once men had names instead of identification numbers," 50231's son said, and was close to tears, because there was a childlike anticipation on his father's face, before which 50231's son felt worldly and sophisticated.

"Could we have names?" asked 50231's wife.

"We will have names," 50231 promised.

"There are many names in this book," 50231's son said, handing the book to his father. "I think you should be called Adam, because he was the first."

They were quiet then, each occupied with their own thoughts, which was a luxury in itself.

The elevator moved slowly. It would take some time to reach the mouth of the shaft, for their forebears had burrowed deep in their retreat from contamination.

At last it seemed to 50231 that the shaft was becoming lighter. He was not sure, but he rose to his feet expectantly, and his son and his wife rose with him.

Holding the forbidden book, and weary of perfection, yet willing to seek a new conception of it, 50231, henceforth called Adam, prepared to meet the world.

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So many people now use our mustards instead of tomato and worcestershire sauce—we just had to try to pack all four in one familiar bottle. We may never succeed. But thousands of Australians are making our mustards succeed despite it. The whole thing started when people discovered all mustards aren't hot. Some preferred American, others our German, still more our French. Which do you? Try one this week, but be careful of the Extra Hot English Mustard—ours is really hot—and stays hot in the jar.



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oriental risotto

Look what a delicious meal you can whip up in minutes with Golden Circle Pineapple and Rice-a-Riso . . . Oriental Risotto . . . a succulent sweet - and - sour dish, exotic yet economical. Try serving it tonight.



RECIPE: Empty a packet of Chinese flavour Rice-a-Riso into pan. Add 1 cup sliced pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced celery, 1 chopped onion. Fry in butter or oil till lightly browned. Add 1-1/8 pints boiling water, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas. Cook 15 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ a 15 oz. can Golden Circle Pineapple pieces, and 1 tablespoon vinegar, cook further 10 minutes. Fork through 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 cup green peas. Wait for the compliments.

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE

REGRET

By GLORIA GOLDREICH

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

The magic of faraway places and the pleasure of friendships formed lingered long in her memory

IF she had not been in a hurry she would not have taken the subway at all and so would have missed seeing him, standing straight and uncaring, immobile, and statue-like, looking down with amusement on the crowd hurrying and pushing itself through the airless station. When she saw him she paused in her dash for the train and considered hurrying away, clutching her bag and holding her head carefully so that the lacquer the beauty parlor had sprayed over the carefully moulded bouffant swirl would not melt with movement. But he sneezed just as she quickened her steps, and as always the vagary of his body

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REGRET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

surprised him, so that his hands came up helplessly, not thinking to dive into his pockets for a handkerchief, and his eyes watered sadly. Now she could not bear to leave him alone, enmeshed in the mystery of his sneeze, so she hurried up and held a tissue out to him. "Blow hard and it will stop tickling. That is if it's not a cold sneeze but your usual nervous kind," she said in her mother's voice, the voice that had sent her friends in Europe obediently home to gargle with aspirin and shudder under quilts. He obediently blew and then turned to stare at her and gather her to him with a great jerk of joy that crushed the bag and set the bouffant hair trembling despite its

lacquer prison. Two women, walking closely together and talking at each other, collided with them and snorted angrily. "The subway is getting shameful," one said, staring back at them accusingly. Val laughed and released Bea. "What the hell are you doing in Toronto? The last time I saw you you were on your way to Majorca to run a coffee shop or something." "Isn't this Majorca?" Bea asked, looking around. "I must have got off at the wrong stop." Val laughed and this time Bea caught the odor of his breath; he still drank scotch and he still began drinking early in the afternoon,

which probably meant that he still ate dinner in the early morning. "Nut," he said. "You are a nut. But a gorgeous one. Is that hair real? What happened to the ponytail? What keeps all that wonderful hair clustered together? Oh, the mysteries of North America." "The ponytail is floating out in the Atlantic somewhere—unless it's disintegrated by now. I cut it off on the way home. These locks are held together by eight gallons of lacquer and I have to hurry home and spray some more on before the whole thing falls apart." "Not before you have a drink with me," he said, and she knew that there was no resisting the determined gaiety of his voice. He guided her up the stairs, out of the rushing, clanging subway and into the peace of a small bar. "Val, I haven't much time. In fact I haven't any time. I've got to be home in about ten minutes." But as she protested, Bea let the quiet of the room wash gently over her and she was glad of the softness of the leather seat and the brief escape from the hurrying world below. "Where do you live?" he asked. "St. Clair and Avenue Road." "My helicopter is parked on the roof. Eight minutes for a drink—you are the fastest-drinking woman I ever saw—and two minutes for the trip home. Waiter, one scotch, one vodka. You still drink that horrible thing, don't you?"

BEA nodded, pleased that he remembered. There must have been so many girls in so many cities, drinking so many different drinks. She remembered the girl from Winnipeg they had picked up in Florence who wanted to know how to say Grasshopper in Italian so that she could order it in the Piazza Signoria, and how Val had assured her that if she did order it an obliging Italian waiter would present her with the insect itself on ice. She smiled and wondered what had happened to that girl. "And don't gulp it down," Val ordered, as the waiter put the glass in front of her. "Because you're not going home. You're coming with me."

"No I'm not," she said firmly. "But to where am I not coming?" "A crazy gang is getting together over at the Vesuvius. A group of kids I met in Rome after you left. Real wild crowd. Exciting. One of the guys is on one of the papers and knows about everything that's happening in this town. I want you to meet them. You'll love them and I know they'll be crazy about you."

Bea stared into her drink. She could imagine the group at the Vesuvius, hear their laughter, almost harness herself to the wings of their excitement. Their waiter would bring the bill with each round of drinks because he knew that any moment they might take off, but on the heels of a party in the Village, ready to listen to some new flamenco records, taxiing over to someone's apartment for coffee or to an after-hours spot for jazz.

"Val, I really can't," she said. "I've got a date."

"It must be pretty special." "Yes." "Great group of kids, these," he continued, taking the calm of her answer in his stride. "One of the girls just had a story published in a U.S. experimental magazine. And there's a really exciting guy I want you to meet. Does cinema design?"

She looked hard at Val, trying to trace his journeys since the year she had hugged him goodbye at the Rome airport while a bronze Italian girl waited impatiently for him on a scooter. His blond hair was still shining and combed long, but a streak of grey danced across it and one eyebrow was drifting from gold to grey. The blue eyes still bright, were faintly red-rimmed and his leanness bordered on skinniness.

His clothes were still good. Val had an English friend who sent tweed jackets and broadcloth shirts to him, the ponderously wrapped packages turning up in improbable post offices throughout the world. There was, however, a blotch of grease on his striped tie and it made her suddenly very unhappy.

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REGRET

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"I've really got to go, Val," she said, standing up.

"Very special date," he said, and this time it was a statement, not a question.

"Yes. Thanks for the drink. Call me. I'm in the phone book."

"Sure," he said, and she bent and he kissed her cheek and she knew that he would not call and that the next time she saw him on the subway she would hurry on. Misery gripped her. She glanced at her watch and left to hail a taxi.

The phone was ringing as she entered the apartment and she hurried to answer it, but received only the muttered rhythms of the dial tone. She knew that whoever it was would call back if it was important, but she teased herself with guesses.

It could not have been Larry unless there was a change in plans for the evening and Larry, who regulated his life with the help of a small, black notebook with every notation in ink, seldom changed plans. Would she have to get a notebook, too, she wondered, and, smiling, turned on her bath and sorted out her purchases.

THE phone rang again just as she was ready to step into the bath and she dashed to capture the call, amused at her own eagerness, when she heard her sister's voice shouting over the Saturday mounds of her niece and nephew.

"Did you call before, Elaine? No, nothing important, it's just that the phone was ringing when I came in and you know how irritating that can be. No, Larry wouldn't call unless he had something specific to say — I wasn't criticising. Look, let's not start that . . . I don't know — probably my new black dress — I've got to rush. Kiss the kids for me. Everything will be all right . . . Don't worry — bye."

She hung up, wondering why she was reassuring her sister when it was her own life which trembled over the evening's decision.

She took the phone off the hook and sank into the bathtub, letting the hot water soothe away her annoyance with Elaine, her misery over Val's treacherously greying hair, and her nagging worry over who had been on the other end of the phone.

Her sister's urgent questions left her tense with the knowledge of her family's concern over her future, a tension that had imprisoned her as she pried it out of the lines in letter after letter from her mother, each one cheerful and packed with news, but wondering if Bea was eating enough, was her apartment warm — did she need any cold-water soap?

She had read those letters in American Express offices and at Poste Restante stations, clutching the envelopes and searching through the spidery paragraphs for reassurance that everything was all right at home, that she was free to pack her suitcases and dash to another city, or unpack and settle into a new job, a new apartment, a new group.

She was the kind of girl who had little trouble finding the interesting job, the great new apartment, the exciting new clique who talked fast and long and knew what was happening where. Her hair always shone and her clothes were brisk and bright, casually in place.

She always found apartments with central heating or with vivid views, and wherever she lived there was a marvellous cleaning girl who supervised the rituals of daily living. The job was always a good one and when she left they were always disconsolate at losing her and wept and gave her an expensive gift.

She still received Christmas cards from colleagues she could identify only after a careful scrutiny of the postmark.

She co-ordinated an encyclopedia being edited in Rome, balancing the demands of the job with the excitement of her life, finding free-lance assignments for her friends and leaving at last with her desk in order and her boss regretfully but laughingly shaking his head. She sprang easily to the public relations staff of an exposition in Paris and then briefly did research for a news bureau.

Contacts made in one city eased the way in the next and her address book was cluttered with clues and hints, peppered with the addresses

of acquaintances and the post-office box numbers of friends (for the next few months at least) with whom she had exchanged love and grief, laughter and gentleness.

At home in Willowdale her mother read her letters, murmured her worries to Elaine and when she wrote to Bea wondered, hesitantly, in spider-like script, if she could send her some more cold-water soap.

The next city was always the last stop and the next month was always the time to sit down and take stock and think things carefully through. But Paris in the spring hummed with news of an art festival in Athens and in Athens everyone was looking forward to the excitement of Rome in the fall. It had been that way since her European vacation had turned into a pattern

To page 84

Mrs. H. WIFE



"With the excitement of a new dress, I might forget to tell the Johnsons this."



*When wheeeeeeee
changes to
whaaaaaaa*



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REGRET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

of life, when there seemed no reason to hurry home while there were trains and boats to catch and new worlds waited in the next American Express office.

The letters from home buzzed with news of her friends' marriages and divorces, of neighbors who had swung her high in the air having sudden strokes, of aunts and uncles, and quarrels, and cousins having babies and nervous breakdowns and wistfully remarking to her mother that Bea's French must be getting really polished by now.

On her twenty-ninth birthday she picked up her mail in London, looked carefully at the substantial cheque her mother had sent her as a birthday gift and even more care-

fully at her reflection in the mirror above the soft-drink machines in the American Express office. A single grey streak trickled down her ponytail and a line had creased its way across her forehead.

She was due back at her office, yet she could see no reason for going back. She was going to the theatre that night and she realised she did not want to see the play. The man who was escorting her was leaving for the Middle East the next day and she knew that in a month's time she would have difficulty remembering his name.

Her mother's birthday message was tactfully phrased and she enclosed two crayon drawings from Elaine's children. There was no men-

tion of soap and Bea felt suddenly deserted and tearful. She went to the travel desk, determinedly read steamship schedules and booked her passage home.

Home, for a few weeks, was the house in Willowdale where she had grown up, and she slept late mornings, awakening in the room spattered with sunlight where she had fought through childhood. She listened to her mother talking on the phone to Elaine.

It was difficult to remember those mornings, the years in Europe and the endless cups of espresso and names like Poggibonsi or Ardennes. "Did Gladys come?" her mother asked Elaine anxiously each morning, and it was only after she had been home for a full two weeks that Bea discovered that Gladys was Elaine's maid.

She visited her friends and ad-

mired their babies, their spit-level houses, the sculpture they had discovered on the trip to the Caribbean. She listened to one or two weep and saw glimpses of envy behind their veiled gazes of content.

"What will you do now?" they asked, when questions and answers rested uneasily and the ashtrays were piled high with cigarette butts and the carafe of coffee was drained. Pity danced out to join their envy. At the back of the house an infant cried. The phone rang and a husband said he would be home late or early or not at all. Bea toyed with her bag and wondered when to go, where to go.

Her mother played bridge, belonged to organisations, watched endless television, belonged to the Great Books Club and watched Bea anxiously through the thicket of her activity.

Three weeks after her ship had docked she moved down into Toronto, finding the good apartment with ease and picking a good job with a lecture bureau, coordinating speakers' engagements, sending out publicity, setting up travel schedules.

"Bea, how fabulous," her friends said and hurried off to change a nappy or take over a car pool. Her mother and sister murmured relieved approval.

The young men and the not-so-young men began calling. There was the accountant who worked with her friend Barbara's husband who smiled at her wetly, groped for her hand in the movies and solemnly patted her on the head at the door.

There was the lawyer who was the nephew of a woman with whom her mother played bridge, who took her to smart restaurants, had good seats for a good show, came in afterward for a drink, held her close and told her his divorce would be final as soon as his wife agreed to his property terms; women were all basically greedy.

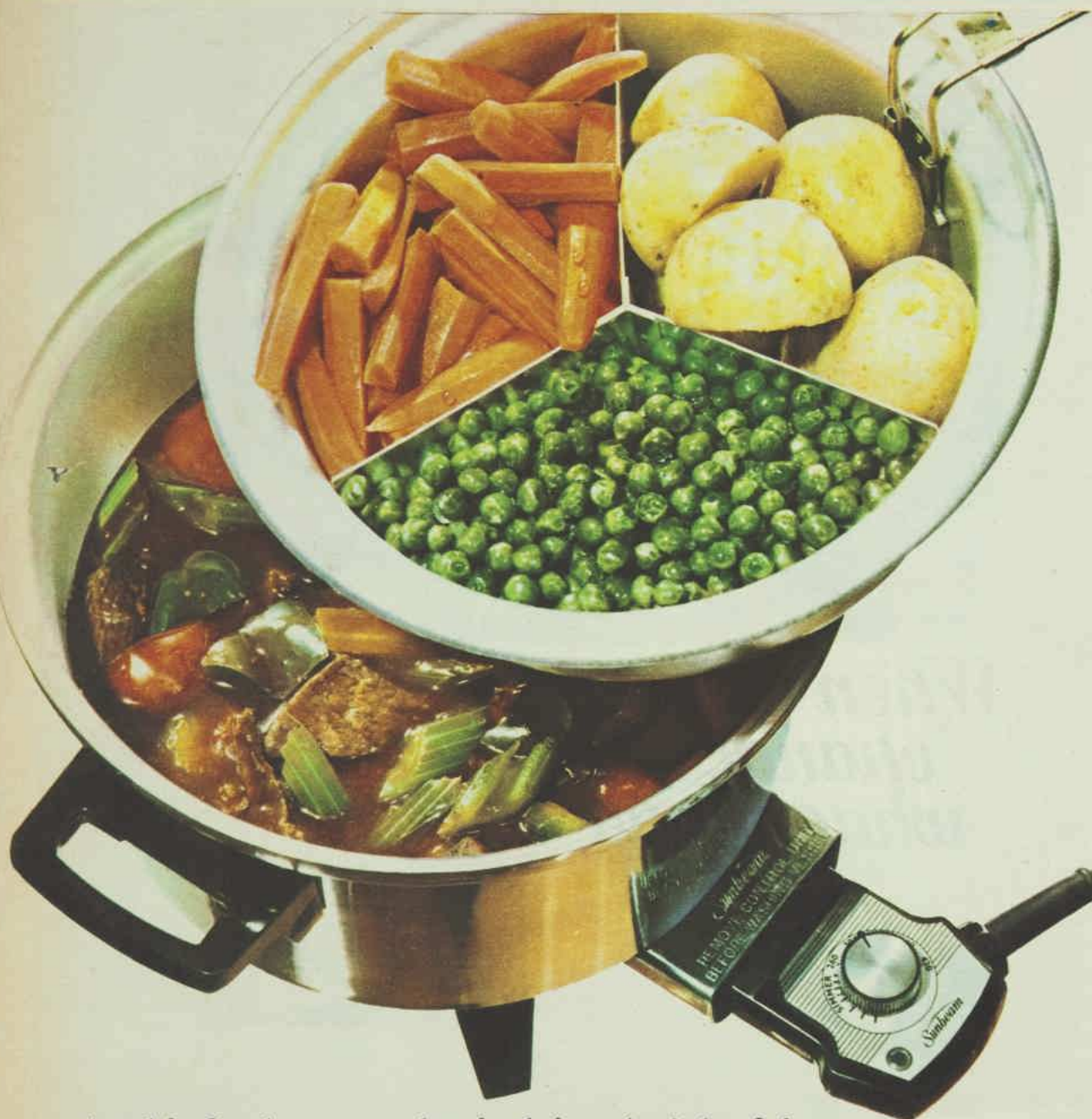
A former roommate sent an architect who talked all night about his analysis. He was almost ready for love. At the door he pressed her hand and asked if she was strong enough to wait for a true and beautiful mature relationship to develop.

SHE went in and took a shower and sobbed as the water swept around her. When the crying had stopped she played a record of French folk songs and slowly turned the pages of a big picture book on Rome. She wondered what time it was in Italy and remembered the days she and her friends had sat in cafes in Rome, Athens, Paris, trying to figure out what time it was in New York, Los Angeles, Johannesburg. They had sipped wine and coffee and wondered impatiently what they were missing at home, whether they were being missed.

The next day he phoned. His name was Larry and he worked with her brother-in-law. His voice was slow and steady, heavy with shyness, and she arranged to meet him for dinner. She wore the little basic dress which she stoically labelled as her uniform for these blind dates and because she had walked the last of the way home from work that

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUDD



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Sunbeam
DEEP-FRY COOKER

REGRET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

afternoon, letting the wind rush across her face and lift and lower her hair, her eyes were bright and she felt full of freshness.

He was tall and wore steel-rimmed glasses and a tweed suit with a vest. His hair was light brown and patches of scalp peered through where it was thinning. They had dinner at a small restaurant and he asked her about her job and her journeys. She found herself talking and not simply telling. Dinner lasted through the evening. They drank cup after cup of coffee, and when they left the ashtray was full of cigarettes half burned-out because while she was smoking she had become so involved in telling him something that the cigarettes had burned unnoticed.

They went out again the following week, this time to a small musical review, and she was pleased to listen with his hand resting lightly across hers. He did not phone the following week and she called her sister at last when her brother-in-law was at home and was relieved to hear they had been swamped with work at the office, that he and Larry had been staying past midnight working on a complicated brief, and that Larry had complained the work left him without the freedom to call Bea.

"So you are interested," her sister said accusingly and approvingly when she came to the phone, and Bea hung up realising that she was interested.

She saw him twice the next week and they drove out to visit his married brother who lived in a huge house with hardly any furniture in Oakville.

"I don't like to dust," his sister-in-law, a tiny girl with a shining dark pixie haircut, explained. "Besides I don't want to get paint all over the furniture." She was painting a mural in the living-room. The two men laughed at her.

"We'll be up here to see the mural in a couple of months. Bea and I," Larry promised before they left.

IN the car she leaned close to him as the road to the city unwound in front of them. "They're nice," he said.

"They liked you, too," he answered, briefly releasing an arm from the steering wheel to stroke her hair. "Not that it would have mattered either way, but it makes a nicer."

"Yes," she said and fell asleep until they rolled up to her house.

The following week she developed a bad head cold and he came to her apartment during the week carrying grapefruit and orange and hot soup from the delicatessen.

"You're nice," she said, sitting up in bed and wiping a trickle of grapefruit from her chin.

"I know," he said. "Saturday, I'm going to tell you just how nice I am and why. Get rid of that cold. Saturday we have to talk."

And so she had got rid of the cold and hurried through Saturday, spending the morning in the beauty parlor, rushing downtown to shop, buying a cheese he liked and being gripped suddenly with a fear that this was not the cheese he liked. He drank rye and she wondered if she had any left and bought a bottle, seized again with fear that she had bought the wrong brand, and amused at her own anxiety.

She drifted through the stores and bought a sweater in a blue he thought became her and a new strand of pearls, because she could not remember if the catch on her own worked. She had hurried herself into lateness and the lateness had pushed her into the meeting with Val.

As she dressed she thought about Val again and wondered whether he and his group were still drinking at the Vesuvius or if they had drifted off now to another place where the lights were lower, the conversation louder, and the liquor cheaper. She slipped into her heels and thought suddenly of the long months where she had gone stockingless and in sandals. The new black dress suited her, accentuated

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Readers' household hints

• A prize of \$2 is awarded for each hint used.

BRUSH the inside of a tart case with beaten egg-white and leave to dry for 15 minutes before adding filling and pastry will not become soggy. — Miss Pam Morgan-Jones, Wyellan Park, Moree, N.S.W.

If you sew up knitted garments on the sewing machine use the zipper foot attachment to reduce catching and to enable the

seam to be made very close to the edge.—Mrs. A. Payne, 74 Risdon Rd., New Town, Tas.

Remove oil patches from your concrete drive by covering them with dry cement. The cement absorbs the oil and can be swept off two or three days later.—Mrs. K. Gladman, 5 Quigley St., Morwell, Vic.

Unsweetened apple sauce makes a good moistener for meat loaf—use it in place

of milk and eggs.—J. L. Wilkinson, 2 Icton St., Burwood, N.S.W.

To make a warm sleeping-bag for baby, sew a hem round the top of a flannelette pillow-case and insert strong ribbon or tape for a drawstring.—Mrs. R. Jordon, 33 William St., Ulverstone, Tas.

Don't throw empty lipstick containers away. Carefully cleansed, they make excellent handbag-sized sewing kits. Cut a small square of flannel, pin a few pins, safety pins, and two needles, one threaded with white cotton, one with black, to it, and fit into the container. Make one for each handbag.—V. Roberts, 167 Tooley St., Maryborough, Qld.

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the long, slender curves of her body, and the darkness of her eyes and hair.

"I look like an ad," she said when she looked at herself in the mirror.

She shrugged at her image and put a folk-music record on the phonograph, then replaced it quickly with a quartet. By the time he arrived she had smoked two cigarettes, smoothed her hair again, and retraced her lipstick.

"You look wonderful," he said and kissed her. It was the first time he had kissed her at the beginning of the evening and she felt strangely tender toward him for it.

"Do you mind if we go to a new place?" he asked, and she agreed easily. She was always ready for

new places, prepared to change plans and quicken her pace at the mention of newness.

"How quickly can you get dressed?" Val would shout into the phone early on a Sunday morning. "There's a marvellous new beach at Rapallo."

"How quickly can I meet you?" a bright-eyed English boy asked her in Athens. "There's a wonderful tiny island where they've opened a new cafe."

It was the word "new" that sent her, hurrying with laughter, to get dressed although she was still befogged with sleep, or to write a hurried note to her office. She did not want to miss anything new — anything that might make her stir

with anticipation, fill her with the edged excitement that preceded a new experience.

Larry's new place was an Italian restaurant. A bright blue light filled the dark stairway.

"It doesn't look like much, but these people I know say the food is great," Larry said, and she murmured reassurance.

The bar was crowded. The women all wore dresses cut too low; their makeup and lipstick very bright under the orange bar lights.

The men smoked cigars, clutched their tumblers of whisky, blew smoke in their women's faces, and talked too loudly to each other over their women's heads.

Larry searched for the head-waiter and he bobbed toward them at last, smiling and strutting before them to the back room where tiny round tables were cloaked in snow-white cloths. The lights were low

and they sat at a table which faced a huge, too-bright mural of the bay of Venice.

Although the bar had been crowded the restaurant was calm and quiet. Two tables away, toward the door where the kitchen hummed with clattering metal and china, a young couple sat, the boy's hand covering the girl's and her eyes staring past him toward the mural.

"They're not here," Bea heard the girl say dejectedly. And then she turned her attention to Larry and the urgency of their evening.

They ordered and the food was good, the service smooth, and their own thoughts and words glided easily together. They ordered a bottle of wine and as it grew emptier their evening soared and soon they were both talking at once, their words leaping over each other.

Their silence flirted with the quiet at the neighboring table and

Bea heard the girl speaking again, this time in a quiet whine.

"We missed them," she said, and her voice trembled with hopelessness. "We always miss everything. All the fun. I'm always on the wrong bus."

"What are you talking about?" the young man said, and Bea noticed that the girl was a very pretty redhead and the brightness of her hair was scooped up into a ponytail with a velvet ribbon.

"What bus? We didn't even take a bus," the boy said, but the girl was crying silently.

"You don't understand," she said. "I'm always in the wrong place."

Bea looked hard at the mural of Venice and a mute misery crept over her. She had been in Venice when she first arrived in Europe and she had carried with her for years afterward a gem-like memory of the city that glittered occasionally before her when she drifted off to sleep or hovered suddenly over the edge of a dream.

It had been sunny every day on that first trip and she had eaten olives and cheese and sipped bitter coffee in the Piazza San Marco. She had walked around the piazza slowly, watching the light on the stones, staring at the shifting shadows moved around the church and shrouded the palace. She remembered the colored lights on the cafe spilling out into the waters of the bay.

T

THROUGH the four years in Europe she carried those days in Venice, unfolding them slowly so that they would not lose their brightness. She sailed from Greece three years later on a small freighter that docked in Venice. Autumn was ending then and the hints of winter sent mists of grey-ness across the Mediterranean. Small showers burst out, angry, sullen rains that left the air unclean and grey.

Val was on that boat with a group of friends hurrying toward new action in Italy. When they docked in Venice the knowledge of heavy rain hung heavily in the sky and the city was veiled with a dense mist. There was a train leaving that night for Milan; most of their crowd were taking it, but Bea wanted more time in Venice.

The dock was strung with naked electric bulbs and the porters were angry as they unloaded, working with feverish anger against the rain which now trembled close to them.

Bea got her suitcase at last and checked it. She told Val that she would see him in Milan or Rome, grabbed her raincoat, and hurried out to see the piazza. She hailed a vaporetto and it was full of Venetian businessmen. She huddled into her raincoat and scanned the bay, but the wonder of the piazza did not loom before her.

She stared at the mural, unhappy at its too-bright color, and felt like crying because it had rained that day in Venice and because the red-haired girl was eaten with regret.

She understood regret suddenly and wanted to weep now for all the friends she had said goodbye to, for faded addresses in her notebook where no one lived, for books she had forgotten in apartments she no longer remembered, for parties she had not gone to and for evenings spent searching for action.

She felt tears for a phone call missed by moments, for unwritten letters and unanswered questions.

She trembled at the thought of Venice in the sun and Venice in the greyness of rain and Venice in the false colors of the mural.

Larry's voice came toward her with the hesitant words she had been hurrying toward all day.

"... a good life," he was saying softly, his hand covering her. "Not as exciting as what you've been used to, but ... you and I ... so wonderful to be with. Bea, don't cry. Why are you crying?"

And her voice, with a new timbre that she did not recognise, with a tired tenderness that coupled the sweetness of acceptance and the inevitability of regret saying, "It's nothing — it's because I'm so happy." She watched the young couple leave, the girl's eyes anxiously searching the faces in the bar, and sighed with relief and recognition.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1966

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

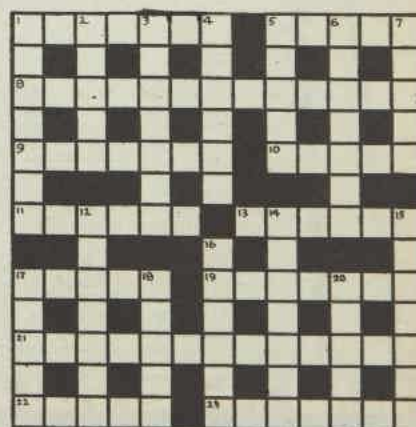
POLICE have arrested the thieves in the meat freezer. Jed and Narda have arrived at Inter-Intel's office. Meanwhile, a tough gangster is on their trail. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Rival a late emu (7).
5. Two-sided way to catch fish (5).
8. Moral support (13).
9. Clover (7).
10. Rat in a tail (5).
11. Negligent (6).
13. Guides (6).
17. Close fitting, but could be drunk (5).
19. This policeman wears a red coat (7).
21. They may start in a flash (13).
22. Fails to keep nothing in less (5).
23. A little child (7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN



Solution of last week's crossword.

1. Essential for a good democratic government (7).
2. Relative of homespun clergyman (5).
3. Having no tail (7).
4. Empower (6).
5. A short gentleman is a person who exerts power (5).
6. A small bomb is somewhat more than danger (7).
7. Consumed (5).
8. Mum nags for two-quart bottles (7).
14. Ted is full of corrosion, but on the whole is treated as reliable (7).
15. Poet who received from Queen Elizabeth I Kilcolman Castle (7).
16. A love sonnet at Rome (6).
17. The whole contains a lot and the end of it (5).
18. These are caused by the ebb and flow of the sea (5).
20. Mountainous region in the Alps, which falls within Austria and Italy (5).

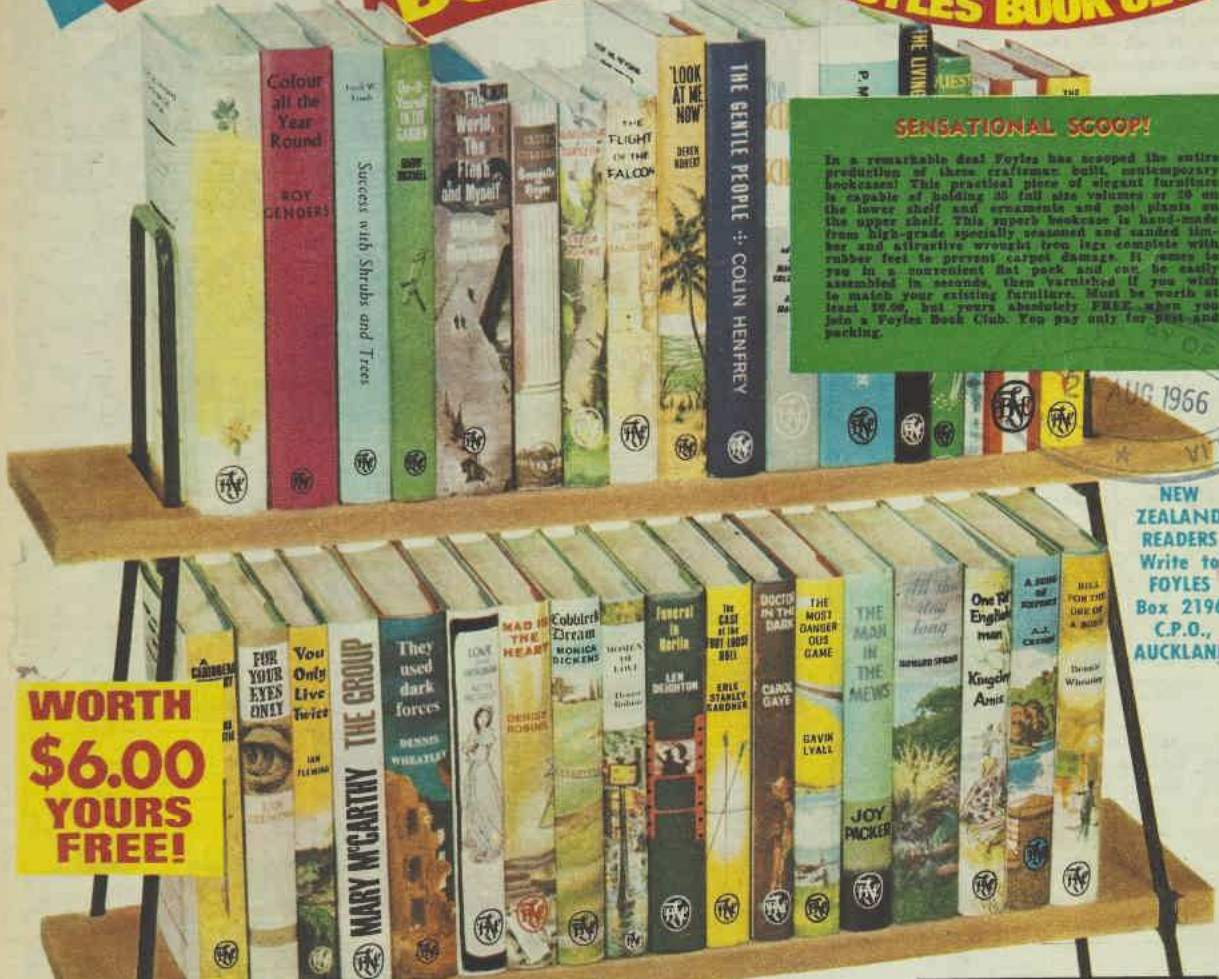
Page 87

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY
presents . . .

NEW KNITTING FOR BABY

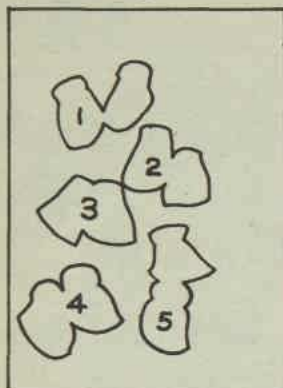
● New knitteds in this book are designed to start springtime babies off on the right foot. Beginning with the booties at right, they include romper suits, dresses, jackets, sweaters, and a delightful layette.

A BEVY OF BOOTIES.
Directions on page 2.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 31, 1966



A bevy of bootees Color picture page 1



1. Plain booties. 2. Embroidered booties. 3. Patterned booties. 4. Two-tone booties. 5. Picot booties.

Note: Knit Emu 4-Ply Bri-Nylon on Nos. 10 and 12 needles for booties to fit 1- to 9-month-old babies; knit Emu Double Knitting on Nos. 8 and 10 needles to fit 9- to 18-month-old babies. Figures for needles for larger size are given in brackets, otherwise directions are the same for both sizes.

Materials: Emu 4-Ply Bri-Nylon or Emu Double Knitting—1 ball each pair for plain, patterned, picot, and embroidered booties, 1 ball each of 2 contrast colors for two-tone booties; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles for 4-ply booties, 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 needles for Double Knitting booties; lyd. narrow ribbon for each pair.

Measurements: 4-ply booties, to fit 1 to 9 months; Double Knitting booties, to fit 9 to 18 months.

Abbreviations: W.fwd., wool forward; sl. 1, slip one purlwise; m.c., main color; c.c., contrast color; m 1, make one by picking up bar that lies between st. just worked and next st. on left-hand needle and knitting into back of it.

PLAIN BOOTIES

Using No. 12 (10) needles, cast on 32 sts. and knit 5 rows.

Page 2 — NEW KNITTING FOR BABY

Change to No. 10 (8) needles and knit 4 rows.

Next Row (right side): Make eyelet holes—k 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 9, inc. in next st., turn, leaving remaining sts. on a spare needle.

Next Row: Inc. in first st., k to end.

Working in garter-st., inc. 1 st. at inner edge of next 8 rows. (20 sts.). Slip these sts. on to spare needle. Rejoin yarn to inner edge of remaining sts., k 12, turn, leaving remaining 10 sts. on spare needle.

Work 15 rows in stocking-stitch, starting with a p row. Slip these centre 12 sts. on to spare needle already containing first set of 20 sts.

Rejoin yarn to inner edge of remaining 10 sts., inc. in first st., k to end. Working in garter-st., inc. 1 st. at inner edge of next 9 rows. Slip 32 sts. from spare needle back on to needle just used. (52 sts.).

Work 9 rows in st-st., starting with a k row.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Knit.

To Shape Foot, 1st Row (right side): K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 19, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 19, k 2 tog., k 2.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 17, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 17, k 2 tog., k 2.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 15, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 15, k 2 tog., k 2. Cast off purlwise.

EMBROIDERED BOOTIES

Using No. 10 (8) needles, cast on 32 sts. and work 6 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row (right side): Make eyelet holes—k 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: Rib to end.

1st Row: K 9, inc. in next st., turn, leaving remaining sts. on a spare needle.

2nd Row: Inc. in next st., p to end. Work 6 rows stocking-stitch, inc. 1 st. at inner edge every row. (18 sts.).

Rejoin yarn to inner edge of remaining sts., k 12, turn, leaving remaining 10 sts. on spare needle.

Work 13 rows in st-st., starting with p row. Slip these centre 12 sts. on to spare needle already containing first set of 18

sts. Rejoin yarn to inner edge of remaining 10 sts. inc. in first st., k to end.

Work 7 rows in st-st., starting with p row, continuing to inc. 1 st. at inner edge every row. (18 sts.).

Slip 30 sts. from spare needle back on to needle just used. (48 sts.).

1st Row: K 20, m 1 (see abbreviations), k 8, m 1, k to end. Work 8 rows st-st., starting with p row.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Knit.

To Shape Foot—1st Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 19, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 19, k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 17, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 17, k 2 tog., k 1.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 15, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 15, k 2 tog., k 1. Cast off purlwise.

PATTERNED BOOTIES

Using No. 10 (8) needles, cast on 32 sts. and work 6 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row (right side): Make eyelet holes—k 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: Rib to end. Cont. thus:

1st Row: K 9, inc. in next st., turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

2nd Row: Inc. in 1st st., k to end.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 3 tog., and leave sts. on left-hand needle, k 1st of these 3 sts. again, k 2 tog. the 2nd and 3rd stitches, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 1, inc. into last st.

4th Row: Inc. in 1st st., p to end.

5th Row: K to end, inc. in last st.

6th Row: Inc. in 1st st., k to end.

7th Row: K 1, * k 3 tog., and leave sts. on left-hand needle, k 1st of these 3 sts. again, k 2 tog. the 2nd and 3rd stitches, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 2, inc. into last st.

8th Row: Inc. into 1st st., p to end. Slip these 18 sts. on to spare needle.

Rejoin yarn to inner edge of remaining sts., k 12, turn, leaving remaining 10 sts. on spare needle.

Work 13 rows in stocking-stitch, starting with a p row.

Slip these centre 12 sts. on to spare needle already containing first set of 18 sts. Rejoin yarn to inner edge of remaining 10 sts. inc. into 1st st., k to end.

Next Row: K to end, inc. in last st.

Next Row: Inc. in 1st st., k 1, * k 3 tog., and leave sts. on left-hand needle. K 1st of these 3 sts. again, k 2 tog. the 2nd and 3rd stitches, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Next Row: P to end, inc. in last st.

Next Row: Inc. in 1st st., k to end.

Next Row: K to end, inc. in last st.

Next Row: Inc. in 1st st., k 2, * k 3 tog., and leave sts. on left-hand needle, k 1st of these 3 sts. again, k 2 tog. the 2nd and 3rd stitches, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Next Row: P to end, inc. into last st. (18 sts.). Slip 30 sts. on spare needle back on to needle just used. (48 sts.). Cont. thus:

1st Row: K 20, m 1 (see abbreviations), k 8, m 1, k to end. (50 sts.).

2nd Row: K to end.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 3 tog. and leave sts. on left-hand needle, k first of these 3 sts. again, k 2 tog. the 2nd and 3rd stitches, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: Purl.

5th and 6th Rows: Knit.

7th Row: As 3rd row.

8th Row: Purl.

9th and 10th Rows: Knit.

11th Row: Purl.

12th Row: Knit.

To Shape Foot—1st Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 19, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 19, k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 17, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 17, k 2 tog., k 1.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 15, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 15, k 2 tog., k 1. Cast off purlwise.

TWO-TONE BOOTIES

Using No. 12 (10) needles and m.c., cast on 32 sts. Knit 5 rows. Change to No. 10 (8) needles. Knit 4 rows.

Next Row (right side): Make eyelet holes thus: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: K 11, * k 1, wind yarn twice round needle, k 2, rep. from * 3 times more, k to end.

Next Row: K 9, inc. in next st., turn, leaving rem. sts. on spare needle.

Next Row: Inc. in 1st st., k to end.

Working in garter-st., inc. 1 st. at inner edge on next 8 rows (20 sts.). Slip these sts. on to spare needle.

Continued on page 4

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 31, 1966

JUNIOR JUMP SUIT

Materials: 4 balls Patons Beehive Baby wool; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 11 needles; 6 small buttons; 1 stitch-holder; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 10.

Measurements: To fit 20in. chest. Cardigan: Length, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; sleeve, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Pants: Length at centre front, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in.

PATTERN STITCH

1st Row: Knit.
2nd, 4th, and 6th Rows: Purl.
3rd Row: K 2, * p 1, k 3, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 1, k 2.
5th Row: Knit.
7th Row: * P 1, k 3, rep. from * to last st., p 1.
8th Row: Purl.

CARDIGAN BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 84 sts.
1st Row: * K 1 t.b.l., p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. last row 15 times.

Change to No. 10 needles and k 1 row, inc. 1 st. at end of row. P 1 row.

Work 8 rows of patt. st. and rep. them until work measures 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. or length required, ending on 8th or 4th row of pattern.

**** Shape Raglan:** Cont. in patt. casting off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., patt. to last 4 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows 9 times. (57 sts.)

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2.

Next Row: P 3, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 1, p 3.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2.

Rep. last 2 rows until 27 sts. remain. P 1 row. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 46 sts.
1st Row: * P 1, k 1 t.b.l., rep. from * to last 6 sts., (k 1, p 1) 3 times.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) 3 times, * p 1, k 1 t.b.l., rep. from * to end.

Rep. last 2 rows 7 times.

Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K into front and back of first st., knit to last 6 sts., (k 1, p 1) 3 times. (47 sts.)

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) 3 times, p to end.

Next Row: Work 1st row of pattern st. on 41 sts., then (k 1, p 1) 3 times.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) 3 times, work 2nd row of patt. on next 41 sts.

Cont. in this manner, working patt. on 41 sts. and moss-st., on 6 border-sts. until work measures same as back to armhole, ending on 8th or 4th patt. row.

To Shape Raglan—Next Row: Keeping patt. correct cast off 4 sts. and work to end of row. Work 1 row.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., work patt. to last 6 sts., (k 1, p 1) 3 times.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) 3 times, purl to end of row. Rep. last 2 rows 9 times.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., p 1, (k 1, p 1) 14 times.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) 14 times, p 4.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., (k 1, p 1) 14 times.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) 3 times, p to end of row.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to last 6 sts., (k 1, p 1) 3 times.

Rep. last 2 rows until 24 sts. remain, ending on right-side row.

To Shape Neck: (P 1, k 1) 3 times, p 2, slip these 8 sts. on stitch-holder for neckband. Cast off next 2 sts., p to end.

Cont. in st-st., dec. at raglan every alt. row as before, at same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 5 sts. rem.

Cont. in st-st., dec. at raglan every alt. row as before until 3 sts. remain.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row to last st., fasten off.

Place 5 markers in border, equal distance apart, having first one $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from lower edge, and allowing for 6th one $\frac{1}{2}$ in. higher in neckband.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing shapings and border and making buttonholes to correspond with markers.

To Make a Buttonhole: With right side facing, work 3 sts. in moss-st., w.fwd., work 2 tog., work to end.

Continued overleaf



BUTTON-THROUGH JACKET and pants for a free kicking baby boy or girl. See directions for knitting at left.

A BEVY OF BOOTEES . . . continued from page 2

Join in c.c. to inner edge of rem. sts., k 1 c.c., * sl. 1 (see abbreviations), k 2 c.c., rep. from * twice more, sl. 1, k 1 c.c., turn, leaving rem. sts. on spare needle.

****Next Row:** P 1 c.c., * sl. 1, p 2 c.c., rep. from * twice more, sl. 1, p 1 c.c.

Next Row: With m.c., knit.

Next Row: With m.c., p 1, * p 1, wind yarn twice round needle, p 2, rep. from * twice more, p 1, wind yarn twice round needle, p 1.

Next Row: K 1 c.c., * sl. 1, k 2 c.c., rep. from * twice more, sl. 1, k 1 c.c. ****.** Rep. from ** to ** twice more.

Next Row: P 1 c.c., * sl. 1, p 2 c.c., rep. from * twice more, sl. 1, p 1 c.c.

Next Row: With m.c., k to end.

Next Row: With m.c., p 1, * p 1, wind yarn twice round needle, p 2, rep. from * twice more, p 1, wind yarn twice round needle, p 1. Slip these centre 12 sts. on to spare needle already containing first set of 20 sts.

Rejoin m.c. to inner edge of remaining 10 sts., inc. in first st., k to end. Working in garter-st., inc. 1 st. at inner edge of next 9 rows. Slip the 32 sts. on spare needle back on to needle just used. (52 sts.).

1st Row: Join in c.c., k 3 c.c., * sl. 1, k 2 c.c., rep. from * to last 4 sts., sl. 1, k 3 c.c.

2nd Row: P 3 c.c., * sl. 1, p 2 c.c., rep.

from * to last 4 sts., sl. 1, p 3 c.c.

3rd Row: With m.c., k to end.

4th Row: With m.c., p 3, * p 1, wind yarn twice round needle, p 2, rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 1, wind yarn twice round needle, p 3. Rep. last 4 rows once more, then rows 1 to 3 again. Break off c.c.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Knit.

To Shape Foot—1st Row (right side): K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 19, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 19, k 2 tog., k 2.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 17, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 17, k 2 tog., k 2.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 15, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 15, k 2 tog., k 2. Cast off purlwise.

PICOT BOOTIES

Using No. 12 (10) needles, cast on 32 sts. and work 4 rows in stocking-stitch, starting with a k row.

Next Row (make picot hemline): K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Work 9 rows in st-st., starting with p row.

Next Row (make eyelet holes): K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: Purl.

Change to No. 10 (8) needles.

1st Row: K 9 inc. in next st., turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

2nd Row: Inc. in 1st st., p to end.

Work 6 more rows in st-st., inc. 1 st. at inner edge every row. (18 sts.). Slip these 18 sts. on to spare needle.

Rejoin yarn to inner edge of remaining sts., k 12, turn, leaving remaining 10 sts. on spare needle.

Work 15 rows garter-st. (every row k). Slip these centre 12 sts. on to spare needle already containing first set of 18 sts. Rejoin yarn to inner edge of remaining 10 sts., inc. in first st., k to end. Work 7 rows in st-st., starting with p row, inc. 1 st. at inner edge every row. (18 sts.).

Slip 30 sts. from spare needle back on to needle just used. (48 sts.).

1st Row: K 20, m 1 (see abbreviations), k 8, m 1, k to end. (50 sts.). Work 7 rows in garter-st.

To Make Picot Edge: Work 2 rows in st-st., starting with k row.

Next Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1. Work 4 rows st-st., starting with p row.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Knit.

To Shape Foot—1st Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 19, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 19, k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 17, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 17, k 2 tog., k 1.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 15, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., k 15, k 2 tog., k 1. Cast off purlwise.

TO MAKE UP

Two-tone Booties, Plain Booties, Patterned Booties. Using a flat stitch, join back and sole seams. Thread ribbon through eyelet holes.

Picot Booties: Turn in hem and slip-stitch down. With right side facing, fold bootie at row of picot holes and work small running st. round bootie, just inside last garter-st. row, forming picot edge. Using flat stitch, join back and sole seams. Thread ribbon through eyelet holes.

Embroidered Booties: Using flat stitch, join back and sole seams. Thread ribbon through eyelet holes. Using scraps of colored wool, embroider a single lazydaisy on each instep.

JUNIOR JUMP SUIT . . . continued from previous page

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 40 sts.

1st Row: * K 1 t.b.l., p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. last row 11 times.

Change to No. 10 needles. **Next Row:** K, inc. sts. evenly along row to 45 sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Work in patt. st., inc. 1 st. each end of 5th row and every 4th foll. row 4 times, then every 6th foll. row to 63 sts.

Cont. in patt. until sleeve measures 6 1/2 in. or length required, ending on 8th or 4th patt. row.

To Shape Raglan: Work from ** to ** of back.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2.

Rep. last 2 rows until 7 sts. remain. P 1 row.

Next Row: K 2, k 3 tog., k 2. P 1 row and cast off.

NECKBAND

Join all raglan seams. With right side facing, using No. 11 needles, and commencing at right front edge, work 6 sts. in moss-st., k 2, pick up and knit 13 sts. up right side of neck, 5 across top of right sleeve, 27 across back of neck, 5 across top of left sleeve, 13 down left side of neck to stitch-holder, k 2, moss-st. 6.

Next Row: Moss-st. 6, p 1, * k 1 t.b.l., p 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., moss 6.

Next Row: Make a buttonhole, thus: Moss 3, w.fwd., work 2 tog., moss 1, * k 1 t.b.l., p 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 1 t.b.l., moss 6.

Cont. in this way, having 6 border sts. in moss-st. and rem. sts. in k 1 t.b.l., p 1 rib until 9 rows of ribbing are worked. Cast off in moss and ribbing.

PANTS

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 80 sts.

1st Row: * K 1 t.b.l., p 1, * rep. from * to end. Rep. last row 3 times.

Next Row (Ribbonholes): K 1 t.b.l., p 1, k 1 t.b.l., * w.fwd., k 2 tog., p 1, k 1 t.b.l., rep. from * to last st., p 1.

Work 5 rows in rib as before, inc. 1 st. in last st. of last row. (81 sts.)

Change to No. 10 needles. K 1 row. P 1 row. Rep. last 2 rows 4 times.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1. Rep. last row twice. P 1 row.

Work in patt. st. for 8 rows. Cont. in patt., keeping patt. as est., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 6th foll. row to 93 sts. Patt. 3 more rows.

To Shape Leg: Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. each end of every row to 35 sts. Work 1 row. Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of every row to 93 sts. Work 3 rows patt.

Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. each end of next row and every 6th foll. row to 81 sts. Work 7 rows patt. without shaping.

Work 2 rows st-st.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1. Rep. last row twice.

Work 10 rows st-st., dec. 1 st. at end of last row. (80 sts.)

Change to No. 11 needles. **Next Row:** (K 1 t.b.l., p 1) to end. Rep. last row 4 times.

Make row of ribbonholes as before.

Work 4 rows in rib and cast off ribwise.

LEGBANDS

With right side facing, using No. 11 needles, pick up and knit 76 sts. evenly round leg. Work in (k 1 t.b.l., p 1) rib for 9 rows, cast off ribwise.

TO MAKE UP

Press all sections on wrong side.

Cardigan: Seam sides and sleeve. Sew on buttons.

Pants: Seam sides. Crochet a length of chain, thread through ribbonholes. Make 2 pompons and fasten one to each end of chain, tie bow at waist. Press all seams.



● This fetching romper suit is shown in color on page 8.

Striped theme

Materials: 4 (4) balls main color (m.c.), 3 (3) balls contrast color (c.c.) of Patons Bri-Nylon 4-ply Knitting Yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 knitting needles; 3 buttons; length 1 in. elastic for pants.

Measurements: Sweater—To fit 20 (22) in. chest; length, 11 (12) in.; sleeve, 1½ (2) in. Pants—length, 8½ (9½) in.

Tension: 15 sts. to 2 in.

SWEATER BACK

Using No. 13 needles and c.c., cast on 80 (88) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2 in.

Change to No. 11 needles and st-st. working patt. stripes as follows: 1st and 2nd rows m.c., 3rd and 4th rows c.c.

Rep. 4 rows striped patt. until work measures 7 (7½) in., ending on p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end every row until 64 (72) sts. rem. Cont. as before until work measures 11 (12) in. from beg.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 6 (7) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows and 7 (8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

FRONT

Work exactly as back until work measures 6½ (7) in., ending on p row (½ in. less than back to armholes).

Next Row: K 44 (48), turn. Leave rem. sts. on spare needle.

Next Row: K 8, p to end.

Cont. in stripes, working buttonhole strip in garter st. until work measures 7 (7½) in., ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next row, work to end.

Next Row: P to end.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., w.r.n.t. (i.e., wool round needle twice), k 3.

Next Row: K 3, k into one loop dropping 2nd loop, work to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every row

until 36 (40) sts. rem., then cont. straight until work measures 9½ (10½) in., working 2 more buttonholes at 1¼ (1½) in. intervals, ending at neck edge.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Cast off 9 (10) sts., work to end.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., p to end.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 3 rows, then on next 2 alt. rows. Cont. straight until work measures same as back to shoulder.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 6 (7) sts. at beg. of next 2 right side rows, then 7 (8) sts. on foll. right side row. Return to rem. sts. and join in yarn to neck edge. Cast on 8 sts. and work to correspond with other side, reversing shapings and omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles and c.c., cast on 48 (52) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1 in.

1st Size: * Rib 2, inc. in next st., rib 1, rep. from * to end. (60 sts.)

2nd Size: Rib 1, * rib 2, inc. in next st., rep. from * to last 3 sts., rib 3. (68 sts.)

Both Sizes: Change to No. 11 needles and work in stripe patt. as established until sleeve measures 1½ (2) in.

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, then cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 13 needles and c.c., cast on 16 sts. and work thus:

1st to 6th Rows: Knit.

7th Row: K 12, turn.

8th Row: K 12. Rep. these 8 rows until short edge measures 9 (9½) in., ending with 6th row. Cast off.

PANTS FRONT

Using No. 11 needles and m.c., cast on 21 sts. for gusset and work 6 rows in st-st.

Next Row: Cast on 4 sts., k 4, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 17, k 2 tog.

Next Row: Cast on 4 sts., p to end.

Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of every row, at the same time dec. 1 st. at each side of gusset, working 2 sts. less between decs. on every right-side row, until 1 st. rem. between decs., ending on a p row.

Next Row: Cast on 4 (8) sts., k to 1 st. before gusset st., k 3 tog., k to end.

Next Row: Cast on 4 (8), p to end. 81 (89) sts.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. each end of 9th and foll. 10th rows until 75 (83) sts. rem. Cont. straight until work measures

7 (8) in. from edge of gusset. Change to No. 13 needles and work 1½ in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and m.c., cast on 21 sts. and work 6 rows in st-st. Work thus:

1st Row: Cast on 4 sts., k 4, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 17, k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Cast on 4 sts., p to end.

3rd Row: Cast on 4 sts., k to end.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th and 6th Rows: As 3rd and 4th rows. Rep. last 6 rows twice more, allowing for dec. sts. in gusset.

Next Row: Cast on 4 (8) sts., k to gusset sts., sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 11, k 2 tog., k to end.

Next Row: Cast on 4 (8) sts., p to end. Work 4 rows in st-st.

Next Row: K to gusset sts., sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 9, k 2 tog., k to end.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K to gusset sts., sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 7, k 2 tog., k to end.

Cont. to dec. on gusset sts. every 6th row, at the same time dec. each end of 7th and foll. 10th rows until 1 st. rem. between gusset decs. 77 (85) sts. Work 5 rows st-st.

Next Row: K to 1 st. before gusset sts., k 3 tog., k to end. 75 (83) sts.

Cont. straight until work measures 7 (8) in. from edge of gusset, ending after a p row.

To Shape for Back—1st Row: K until 4 sts. rem., turn.

2nd Row: P until 4 sts. rem., turn.

3rd Row: K until 8 sts. rem., turn.

4th Row: P until 8 sts. rem., turn. Cont. thus until 20 (24) sts. are left each end.

Next Row: K across all sts.

Change to No. 13 needles and work 1½ in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Sweater: Using small back-stitch, join shoulders. Set in sleeves. Back-stitch sleeve and side seams. Sew underwrap in position. Flat seam collar to garment. Sew on buttons.

Pants: Join gusset seam. Using No. 13 needles and m.c., with right side of work facing pick up and k 88 (96) sts. round each leg. Work in g-st. for ½ in.

Next Row: K 1, * k 6, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7.

Cont. in g-st. for ½ in. Cast off.

Using a small back-stitch join side seams and case elastic to rib on wrong side at waist using herringbone-stitch.

JEANS with sweater and cap in vivid red and white — a colorful daytime combination for the very young. See directions at right.



STROLLER SET

Materials: Emu 8-Ply Sports, Emu Scotch Double Knitting, Emu Double Crepe or Emu Bri-Nylon Double Knitting—Jumper, 6 (6, 7, 7) balls; Jeans, 7 (8, 9, 9) balls; Hat, 3 (3, 4, 4) balls; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 knitting needles; 4in. zip-fastener for jumper; 2 buttons and medium-size crochet hook for jeans.

Measurements: To fit 20 (21, 22, 23) in. chest; actual measurement, 22 (23, 24, 25) in. Jumper Length, 9½ (9½, 10½, 11½) in.; Sleeve Seam, 6½ (7, 7½, 8) in.; Jeans Length, 19 (19½, 20, 20½) in.

Tension: 5½ stitches and 8 rows to 1 square inch over stocking-stitch; 6 stitches and 7½ rows to 1 square inch over pattern.

Abbreviations: W.fwd., wool forward.

JUMPER

BACK

** Using No. 10 needles, cast on 59 (63, 65, 69) sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

Rep. these 2 rows for 1½ in., ending with wrong-side row, inc. 1 st. at end of last row. 60 (64, 66, 70) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles and st-st. and continue until work measures 5 (5, 5½, 6½) in. from beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan Armholes: Cast off 4 (4, 3, 3) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., p 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows ** until 18 (20, 22, 24) sts. remain, ending with p row. Leave these sts. on spare needle.

FRONT

Follow instructions for back from ** to ** until 30 (32, 34, 36) sts. remain, ending with p row.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k 6, k 2 tog., turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

Still dec. at armhole edge as before, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 4 rows. Keeping neck edge straight, continue dec. at armhole edge until 1 st. remains, working decs. at outer armhole edge when they can no longer be worked inside a border of 2 sts. Fasten off.

Slip centre 6 (8, 10, 12) sts. on to safety-

pin. Join wool at neck edge to remaining sts., k 2 tog., k to last 4 sts. p 2 tog., k 2. Complete to match first side of neck.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 35 (37, 37, 39) sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

Rep. these 2 rows for 1½ in., ending with wrong-side row, inc. 1 st. at end of last row. 36 (38, 38, 40) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every following 6th row until there are 44 (46, 50, 52) sts. Continue without shaping until work measures 6½ (7, 7½, 8) in. from the beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan Top: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., p 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows until 4 (4, 6, 6) sts. remain, working decs. at outer armhole edge when they can no longer be worked inside border of 2 sts. Leave remaining sts. on spare needle.

NECKBAND

Using flat-stitch, join raglan seams, leaving left-back raglan seam open. With right side facing, using No. 10 needles, k across 4 (4, 6, 6) sts. on top of left sleeve, pick up and k 12 sts. down left side of neck, k across 6 (8, 10, 12) sts. at centre front, pick up and k 12 sts. up right side of neck, k across 4 (4, 6, 6) sts. on top of right sleeve and 18 (20, 22, 24) sts. on back neck. 56 (60, 68, 72) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1 in. Cast off in rib.

JEANS

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 37 (41, 41, 45) sts.

1st Row (right side): * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1. Rep. these 2 rows once.

1st Buttonhole Row: Rib 8, cast off 2 sts., rib to last 10 sts., cast off 2 sts., rib to end.

2nd Buttonhole Row: Rib, casting on over cast-off sts. in previous row.

Continued opposite page

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STROLLER SET . . . concluded

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once. Change to pattern.

1st Row: K 2, (k 1, p 1) 8 (9, 9, 10) times, k 1, (p 1, k 1) 8 (9, 9, 10) times, k 2.

2nd Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) 8 (9, 9, 10) times, p 1, (k 1, p 1) 8 (9, 9, 10) times, k 2.

3rd Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) 8 (9, 9, 10) times, k 1, (k 1, p 1) 8 (9, 9, 10) times, k 2.

4th Row: K 2, (k 1, p 1) 8 (9, 9, 10) times, p 1, (p 1, k 1) 8 (9, 9, 10) times, k 2.

Rep. these 4 rows until work measures 4 (4, 4½, 4½) in. from beg., ending with 4th pattern row.

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 50 (50, 52, 54) sts. and leave these sts. on spare needle. Returning to main part of knitting and using No. 10 needles, cast on 50 (50, 52, 54) sts.

Next Row: Work in k 1, p 1 rib to last st., k 1, then p 1, k 1 across cast-on sts. left on spare needle. 137 (141, 145, 153) sts.

1st Row: * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

2nd Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Next Row: Rib 4 (6, 2, 6), * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rib 4, rep. from * to last 7 (9, 5, 9) sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., rib to last st., p 1.

Next Row: As 2nd.

Next Row: As 1st.

Next Row: As 2nd.

Next Row: As 1st.

Change to No. 8 needles and pattern.

1st Row (right side): (K 1, p 1) 34 (35, 36, 38) times, k 1, (p 1, k 1) 34 (35, 36, 38) times.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) 34 (35, 36, 38) times, p 1, (k 1, p 1) 34 (35, 36, 38) times.

3rd Row: (P 1, k 1) 34 (35, 36, 38) times, k 1, (k 1, p 1) 34 (35, 36, 38) times.

4th Row: (K 1, p 1) 34 (35, 36, 38) times, p 1, (p 1, k 1) 34 (35, 36, 38) times. These 4 rows form the pattern.

Keeping continuity of pattern and centre st. in st-st. throughout, inc. and work into pattern 1 st. each end of following 15th and every following 5th row until there are 145 (149, 153, 161) sts. Work 4 rows.

Continuing to inc. at outside edge as before, inc. 1 st. at each side of centre st. on next and every following 5th row until there are 169 (173, 177, 185) sts. Work 3 rows straight.

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Next Row: Work 2 tog., pattern 81 (83, 85, 89) sts., cast off next 3 sts., pattern to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

To Work Leg Shaping—Next Row: Pattern 82 (84, 86, 90) sts., turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

** Work 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following 4th row until 60 (62, 64, 68) sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until work measures 9 (9½, 10, 10½) in. (or desired length) from beg. of leg shaping. Cast off. **

Join wool at centre to remaining sts., pattern to end. Complete to match first leg from ** to **.

STRAPS (Make 2)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 6 sts. and work in garter-stitch for 10 (10½, 11, 11) in. Cast off.

HAT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 144 (148, 152, 156) sts. and work k 1, p 1 rib for 8½ in., ending with wrong-side row.

Next Row: K 2 tog. across all sts. 72 (74, 76, 78) sts.

Next Row: P 2 tog. across all sts. 36 (37, 38, 39) sts.

1st and 3rd Sizes Only—Next Row: K 2 tog. across all sts. 18 (19) sts.

2nd and 4th Sizes Only—Next Row: K 2 tog. to last st., k 1. 19 (20) sts.

All Sizes: Break wool, thread through remaining sts., draw up and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press with warm iron over damp cloth, omitting ribbing. If Bri-nylon has been used, press with cool iron and dry cloth instead of damp one.

Jumper: Using back-stitch, join side and sleeve seams, leaving left back raglan seam open, sew in zip-fastener, then join remainder of raglan seam.

Jeans: Sew up back and leg seams. Sew straps to back. Sew buttons on to ends of straps. Neaten buttonholes. Using double wool, make a crochet chain 36 in. long. Thread through eyelet holes at waist. Sew a small tassel to each end of chain. To make tassel, cut wool into 4 in. lengths, fold in half, bind folded end firmly, fluff out and trim.

Hat: Using flat-stitch, join back seam. Make pompon. To make pompon, cut wool into 3 in. lengths, tie securely in centre, fluff out and trim. Sew to top of hat.

Dress with patterned yoke

Color picture,
page 8

Materials: 5 balls Patons Azalea Knitting and Crochet Yarn; 1 pair No. 10 needles; Milwards Phantom crochet hook No. 10; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit 20 in. underarm. Length, 14 in.; sleeve, 2 in. Tension: 8 sts. to 1 in.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Cast on 180 sts. and work 9 rows garter-st.

Next Row: * k 5, k 2 tog., w.fwd., repeat from * to last 5 sts., k 5.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K 2, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 5, repeat from * to last 3 sts., k 3.

6th, 7th, and 8th Rows: As 2nd, 3rd, and 4th rows.

Repeat these 8 rows until work measures 4 in., then cont. in st-st. for 7 in.

Next Row: K 2 tog. to end of row (90 sts.). Leave on spare needle.

SLEEVES

Cast on 41 sts. K 4 rows.

Jacket with crocheted edge

Color picture,
page 8

Materials: 6 balls Patons Soft Touch Orton Yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 3 small buttons; medium crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 22 in. underarm; length, 11 in.; sleeve, 6 in.

BODY

Jacket is worked in one piece to armhole.

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 180 sts. and work in garter-st. for 2 in.

Next Row: K 17, * k 5, p 3, k 5, k 120, repeat from * to *, k 17.

2nd Row: K 17, * p 5, k 3, p 5, * k 120, repeat from * to *, k 17.

3rd Row: K 17, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., k into st. below next st., w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., * p 3, repeat from * to *, k 120, repeat from * to *, p 3, repeat from * to *, k 17.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Cont. in g-st. with patt. panels until work measures 7 in.

Next Row: Patt. 43 sts., cast off 4 sts., patt. 86 sts., cast off 4 sts., patt. 43 sts. Cont. on last 43 sts. for left front as follows:

Dec. at armhole edge of every row to 27 sts. Change to k 1, p 1 rib, cont. dec. every row until 17 sts. rem. Cast off at neck

5th Row: K twice into every st. Work ½ in. st-st., then 8 patt. rows, then further ½ in. in st-st.

Next Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1. Leave on spare needle.

YOKE

1st Row (use several needles): Right side facing, slip first 45 sts. of back on to spare needle and leave. K across remaining 45 sts., then across 42 sts. from sleeve, 90 sts. from front, 42 from other sleeve sts., and 45 sts. from spare needle. (264 sts.) 2nd Row: Purl. 3rd and 4th Rows: Knit.

Work 4 rows st-st. Work 8 patt. rows as for back once, then 4 rows st-st. K 3 rows. P 1 row. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 8 rows.

Next Row: K 3 tog. to end. Cont. in rib for 1½ in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Join side and sleeve seams. Fold neckband in half and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Crochet 2 rows d.c. round neck opening, making 3 buttonhole loops on right side. Press.

Color picture,
page 8

edge 4 sts. once, 3 sts. on next alt. row, 2 sts. on next alt. row, at same time dec. at armhole edge on every alt. row to 2 sts., k 2 tog., and fasten off.

BACK

Rejoin yarn to 86 sts. left for back, dec. each end every row to 50 sts.

Change to k 1, p 1 rib, still dec. every row to 30 sts., then every alt. row to 20 sts. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 52 sts., work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3 in.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in g-st. until sleeve measures 6 in.

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 each end of every row to 32 sts. Change to k 1, p 1 rib, dec. every alt. row to 4 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join raglan shapings, join side and sleeve seams. Crochet picot edge round lower edge, fronts, and neck of jacket, making 3 button-loops in yoke. Press seams.

To Work Picot Edge: * 3 d.c., 3 ch., sl-st. into 1st ch., rep. from * round all edges.

NEW KNITTING FOR BABY — Page 7

FIRST IMPRESSIONS...

Pram rug

Materials: 6 balls main color (m.c.), 6 balls contrasting color (c.c.) Patons Holiday Knitting Yarn; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 8.

Measurements: 31in. by 23in.

Tension: 1 motif measures 5½in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; sp., space.

TO MAKE

1st Motif

With c.c., make 4 ch. Join with sl-st.
1st Round: 3 ch., 2 tr., 1 d.c. into ring, (3 tr., 1 d.c. into ring) 3 times, join with sl-st. (4 petals.) Break off c.c.

2nd Round: Join m.c. to d.c., 3 ch., 2 tr., 1 ch., 3 tr. into same d.c. * 2 ch., miss petal, (3 tr., 1 ch., 3 tr.) into next d.c. between petals, rep. from *, join with sl-st., sl-st. into centre of 1 ch. space.

3rd Round: * 3 ch., 2 tr., 1 ch., 3 tr. all

into 1 ch. space, 2 ch., 3 tr. into next sp., rep. from * to end, join with sl-st. into 3 ch., sl-st. into 1 ch. sp.

Rep. 3rd round twice. Break off m.c.

With c.c., work 2 rows d.c. Fasten off.

Make 23 more motifs in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

Sew motifs together, 4 in width and 6 in length.

Beg. at a corner, join in c.c. and work 2 rows d.c. round outer edge.

Next Round: (3 ch., 4 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr.) into corner, * miss 2 d.c., 4 tr. into next d.c., rep. from * to corner, (4 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr.) into corner, rep. from * to end of round, omitting 4 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr. in last repeat.

Next Round: D.c., working 12 tr. in each corner.

Work 1 row d.c. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side.



PRAM RUG (above) in crocheted squares. See directions this page.



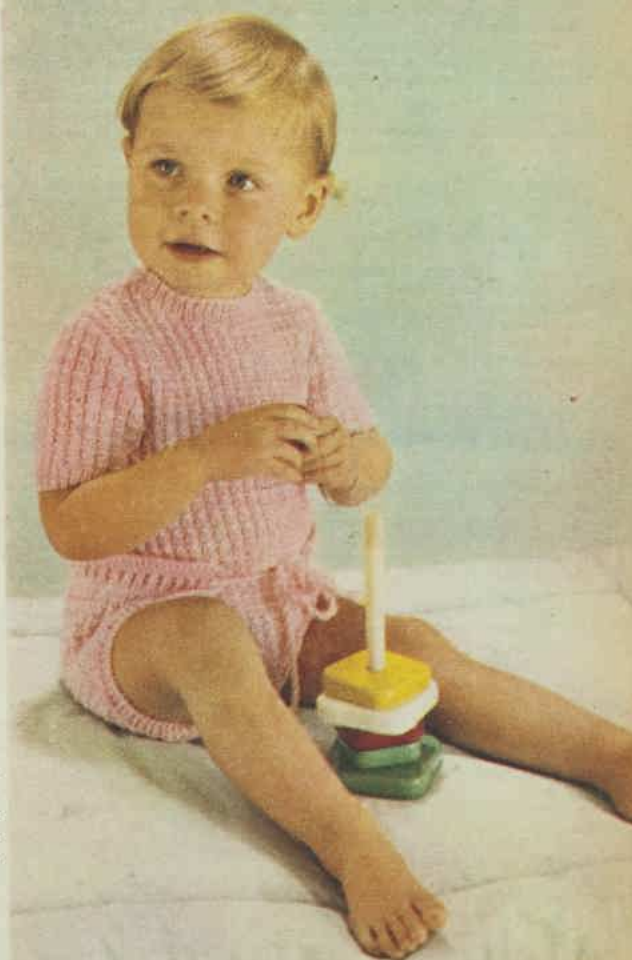
STRIPED THEME for two-piece suit (above). Directions page 5.

DRESS with patterned yoke (left). See knitting directions page 7.

JACKET with crocheted edging (right). See directions page 7.



SHORT - SLEEVE SWEATER (left) has broken rib design on yoke and opens down the back. Directions are given overleaf.



ALL-IN-ONE rompers (right) knitted in an easy-care synthetic yarn make a comfortable playsuit. Directions are overleaf.

Short-sleeved sweater Color picture, page 9

Materials: 3 balls Woolworths Nylo Baby wool; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 1 stitch-holder; 3 small buttons.
Measurements: To fit 20in. chest; length from shoulder, 10½in.; sleeve seam, 2½in.
Tension: 8 sts. to lin. over st-st.
Abbreviations: W.fwd., wool forward.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 92 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in. Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row (right side): K 2, * p 2, k 1, p 1, k 2, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P 2, * k 2, p 1, k 1, p 2, rep. from * to end. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 6½in.

To Shape Armholes: With right side facing, keeping patt. correct, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 rows and next alt. row. (74 sts.) **

Next Row: With right side facing, k 2, (p 2, k 1, p 1, k 2) 5 times, p 2, turn and

cast on 6 sts. (40 sts.) Cont. on this side only leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: K 6 cast-on sts., p 1, k 1, (p 2, k 2, p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 2 (thus changing pattern).

Next Row: K 2, (p 2, k 1, p 1, k 2) 5 times, p 2, k 6. Rep. last 2 rows until armhole measures 4in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: With right side facing, cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next row and next alt. row.

Leave rem. sts. on holder for neckband.

Place 2 markers in border equal distances apart allowing for 3rd ½in. higher in neckband. Return to rem. 40 sts.

1st Row: K 6, (k 1, p 1, k 2, p 2) 5 times, k 1, p 1, k 2.

Next Row: P 2, (k 2, p 1, k 1, p 2) 5 times, k 1, p 1, k 6.

Rep. last 2 rows working this side to correspond with 1st side in reverse and making buttonholes opposite markers.

To Make a Buttonhole: With right side facing, k 2, k 2 tog., w.fwd., patt. to end.

FRONT

Work as back to **

Next Row: With right side facing, work 1st patt. row as for back.

Next Row: Work 2nd patt. row thus changing patt. Rep. last 2 rows until armhole measures 2½in. on straight.

To Shape Neck: With right side facing, work 29 sts., turn. Cont. on this side only leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Cont. in patt. dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 5 rows and next 2 alt. rows.

Cont. in patt. on rem. 22 sts. until armhole measures 4in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: With right side facing, cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next row and next alt. row.

Return to rem. 45 sts.; leave centre-16 sts. on holder for neckband and work on last 29 sts. to correspond, reversing shapings.

SLEEVE

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 56 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 8 rows. Change

to No. 10 needles and work 2 rows in patt. as for back.

Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. each end next row and every 4th row to 64 sts. Cont. in patt. until sleeve measures 2½in. ending on wrong-side row.

To Shape Top: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end next 4 alt. rows then every row to 26 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Seam shoulders. With right side facing, using No. 12 needles, k 18 left-back sts., pick up and k 13 sts. down left side of neck, k 16 centre-front sts. and 13 sts. up right front, k across 18 back-neck sts. (78 sts.)

Next Row: K 6, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6. Rep. last row twice.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 2, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

Cont. in rib and border for 3 rows.

Cast off 6 border-sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work 7 rows rib and cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Seam sides. Seam sleeves and set into armholes. Fold neckband in half inside and slip-stitch as hem. Stitch end of placket into position. Sew on buttons.

All-in-one romper suit Color picture, page 9

Materials: 6 balls Woolworths 4-ply Supercrimp Bri-Nylon; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 3 small buttons; stitch-holder; No. 10 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 20in. chest; length from neck to crotch, 14½in.; sleeve seam, 2½in.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin. over patt.

Abbreviations: t.b.l., through back of loop; w.fwd., wool forward.

BODICE BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 94 sts. and work lin. k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 10 needles and patt.

1st Row: P 1, * k 2, p 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 2, k 1, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: P 1, * k 2 tog. t.b.l., but before slipping off needle k 1st st. again and slip both off tog., p 1, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th foll. row to 88 sts. Cont. in patt. until work measures 7½in.

To Shape Armholes: Right side facing, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 rows and next 2 alt. rows. (70 sts.) Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 4in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulders: Right side facing, cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 30 sts. for back of neck.

BODICE FRONT AND PANTS

(Worked in one piece)

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 152 sts. and work 6 rows k 1, p 1 rib.

To Make Ribbonholes: * K 1, p 1, w.fwd., p 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Cont. in rib for 7 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: K 14, * p 1, k 2, rep. from * to last 15 sts., p 1, k 14.

2nd Row: K 14, * k 1, p 2, rep. from * to last 15 sts., k 15.

3rd Row: K 14, * p 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., but before slipping off needle k 1st st. again and slip both off tog., rep. from * to last 15 sts., p 1, k 14.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Next Row: K 14, k 2 tog., patt. to last 16 sts., k 2 tog., k 14.

Next Row: K 14, p 2 tog., patt. to last 16 sts., p 2 tog., k 14. Rep. last 2 rows twice.

Next Row: Cast off 8 sts., k 6, k 2 tog., patt. to last 16 sts., k 2 tog., k 14.

Next Row: Cast off 8 sts., k 6, p 2 tog., patt. to last 8 sts., p 2 tog., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, k 2 tog., patt. to last 8 sts., k 2 tog., k 6.

Next Row: K 6 p 2 tog., patt. to last 8 sts., p 2 tog., k 6. Rep. last 2 rows until 40 sts. rem. Work 6 rows straight.

Next Row (right side): K 6, inc. 1 by picking up loop before next st., placing it on left-hand needle and knitting into back of it, patt. to last 6 sts., inc. 1 as before, k 6.

Next Row: K 6, inc. 1 by picking up loop before next st., placing it on left-hand needle and purling into back of it, patt. to last 6 sts., inc. 1, k 6.

Rep. last 2 rows to 94 sts.

Place marker each end of last row.

Cont. in patt. and border for lin.

On next 4 rows, work all sts. in patt.

Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. each end of next row and every 6th foll. row to 88 sts.

Cont. in patt. until 7½in. from markers.

To Shape Armholes: Right side facing, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 rows and next 2 alt. rows. (70 sts.) Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 2in. on straight.

To Shape Neck: Right side facing, keeping patt. correct, work 27, cast off 16, work 27. **Next Row:** Work 25, p 2 tog., turn. Leave rem. sts. on holder.

Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 2 rows and next 4 alt. rows. Cont.

in patt. until armhole is 4in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: With wrong side facing, cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next row and next alt. row. Return to rem. sts. Work as 1st side in reverse.

SLEEVE

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 54 sts. and work 8 rows k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 10 needles and work patt. as for back for 2 rows.

Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. each end next row and every 3rd foll. row to 62 sts.

Cont. in patt. until sleeve measures 2½in.

To Shape Top: Right side facing, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 alt. rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row to 20 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Seam left shoulder. Using No. 12 needles, right side facing, pick up and k 80 sts. evenly round neck. Work 8 rows k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly on wrong side with cool iron over damp cloth. Seam right shoulder ½in. only from armhole edge leaving rest open for placket.

Seam sides from marker to underarm. Seam sleeves and set into armholes. Work 1 row double-crochet round shoulder placket making 3 loops for buttonholes. Make cord and thread through ribbonholes.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 31, 1966

BABY TROUSSEAU

Materials: Short Dress, 3 (4) balls of Emu 3-Ply Bri-Nylon, Long Dress, 5 (7) balls of Emu 3-Ply Bri-Nylon, Matinee Coat, 3 (3) balls of Emu 3-Ply Bri-Nylon, Bonnet, 1 (1) ball of Emu 3-Ply Bri-Nylon, Booties and Mittens, 1 (1) ball of Emu 3-Ply Bri-Nylon; one pair each knitting needles Nos. 8, 10, and 11, one pair long No. 10 knitting needles for Matinee Coat yoke; 3yds. baby ribbon for dress, booties, and mittens; 1yd. lin.-wide ribbon for bonnet; 6 small buttons for dress, 3 small buttons for coat; medium-size crochet hook for dress and bonnet.

Measurements: To fit 19 (20) in. chest for Dress and Matinee Coat. Length, 24 (25½) in. for long dress, 14 (15½) in. for short dress; dress sleeve seam, 5½ (6) in. Matinee Coat, length 11½ (11½) in.; sleeve seam, 5½ (6) in.

Tension: 6½ stitches and 8 rows to 1 square inch over pattern on No. 8 needles; 8½ stitches and 11 rows to 1 square inch over stocking-stitch on No. 10 needles. Be sure to test tension before commencing the garment.

Abbreviations: T.b.l., through back of loop(s), w.fwd., wool forward, w.r.n., wool round needle.

SHORT DRESS BACK

** With No. 8 needles, cast on 133 (143) sts. and k 3 rows. Commence pattern.

1st Row (right side): K 6, * k 1 t.b.l., k 9, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 1 t.b.l., k 6.

2nd Row: K 5, * p 3, k 7, rep. from * to last 8 sts., p 3, k 5.

3rd Row: P 4, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 3, rep. from * to last 9 sts., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 4.

4th Row: K 4, * p 5, k 5, rep. from * to last 9 sts., p 5, k 4.

5th Row: P 3, * k 2 tog., k 1, w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 3, rep. from * to end.

6th Row: K 3, * p 7, k 3, rep. from * to end.

7th Row: P 2, * k 2 tog., k 2, w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

8th Row: K 2, * p 9, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

9th Row: P 1, k 2 tog., * k 3, w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last 10 sts., k 3, w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1.

10th Row: Purl.

These 10 rows form pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures 9 (10) inches approximately from beg., ending with 10th pattern row.

Change to No. 10 needles.

Waist Decrease Row: K 15 (14), (k 2 tog.) 51 (57) times, k 16 (15), 82 (86) sts.

Make Eyelet Holes: P 2 (4), * p 2 tog., w.r.n., p 2, rep. from * to last 4 (6) sts., p 2 tog., w.r.n., p 2 (4).

Change to st-st. (1 row k, 1 row p) and continue until work measures 1½ (1½) inches from eyelet holes, ending with p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following alternate row until 66 (68) sts. remain. ** Continue without further shaping until work measures 3½ (3½) inches from start of armhole shaping, ending with p row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 6 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows.

Change to No. 11 needles and k 6 rows on remaining 26 (28) sts. Cast off fairly loosely.

FRONT

Follow instructions for back from ** to **. Continue without further shaping until work measures 1½ (1½) inches from start of armhole shaping, ending with p row.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: K 27 (27) sts. and turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 7 rows. Continue without further shaping until work measures same as back to shoulder, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next and following alternate row. Work 1 row. Cast off remaining 6 sts. Slip centre 12 (14) sts. on to safety-pin. Join in yarn at neck edge to remaining sts., k to end. Complete to match first side of neck.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 44 (46) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for lin., ending with wrong-side row. Change to No. 10

Continued overleaf

THIS lovely layette includes an heirloom christening robe. Directions begin above left.



NEW KNITTING FOR BABY — Page 11

Baby trousseau...continued

needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and every following 4th row until 60 (64) sts. on needle. Continue without further shaping until work measures 5½ (6) in. from beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Top: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following alternate row until 42 (46) sts. remain, then 1 st. each end every row until 16 (16) sts. remain. Cast off.

Front Neck Edging: With right side facing and No. 11 needles, pick up and k 21 sts. down left side of front neck, k across 12 (14) sts. on safety-pin, pick up and k 21 sts. up right side of neck. 54 (56) sts. K 5 rows. Cast off loosely.

LONG DRESS

Follow instructions for short dress, but work 19 (20) in. approx. before waist decrease row.

MATINEE COAT

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 123 (133) sts. and k 3 rows. Work in pattern as for back of dress until work measures 6½ in. approximately from beg., ending with 2nd pattern row.

To Shape Armholes: Keeping continuity of pattern, dec. 1 st. each end of next 8 rows. Leave remaining 107 (117) sts. on spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 69 (79) sts. and k 3 rows. Commence pattern.

1st Row: K 6, * k 1 t.b.l., k 9, rep. from * to last 13 sts., k 1 t.b.l., k 12.

2nd Row: K 11, * p 3, k 7, rep. from * to last 8 sts., p 3, k 5.

3rd Row: P 4, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 5, rep. from * to last 15 sts., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 4, k 6.

4th Row: K 10, * p 5, k 5, rep. from * to last 9 sts., p 5, k 4.

5th Row: P 3, * k 2 tog., k 1, w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 3, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

6th Row: K 9, * p 7, k 3, rep. from * to end.

7th Row: P 2, * k 2 tog., k 2, w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 1, k 6.

8th Row: K 8, * p 9, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

9th Row: P 1, k 2 tog., * k 3, w.fwd.,

k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last 16 sts., k 3, w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1, k 6.

10th Row: K 6, p to end.
Continue in pattern, keeping border of 6 garter-sts. (every row k) at front edge, until work measures same as back to armhole, ending with same pattern row.

To Shape Armhole: Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next row and at this same edge 8 times in all. Leave remaining 61 (71) sts. on spare needle.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 69 (79) sts. and k 3 rows. Commence pattern.

1st Row: K 12, * k 1 t.b.l., k 9, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 1 t.b.l., k 6.

2nd Row: K 5, * p 3, k 7, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

3rd Row: K 6, p 4, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 5, rep. from * to last 9 sts., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 4.

4th Row: K 4, * p 5, k 5, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5.

5th Row: K 6, p 3, * k 2 tog., k 1, w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 3, rep. from * to end.

6th Row: K 3, * p 7, k 3, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

7th Row: K 6, p 2, * k 2 tog., k 2, w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

8th Row: K 2, * p 9, k 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7.

9th Row: K 6, p 1, k 2 tog., * k 3, w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last 10 sts., k 3, w.fwd., k 1 t.b.l., w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1.

10th Row: P to last 6 sts., k 6.

Complete to match left front, reversing armhole shaping.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 46 (48) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for lin., ending with wrong-side row. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and every following 4th row until 62 (66) sts. on needle. Continue without shaping until work measures 5½ (6) in. from beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Top: Dec. 1 st. at each end of next 8 rows. Leave remaining 46 (50) sts. on spare needle.

YOKE

Using long No. 10 needles, work across all sts. as follows:

1st Size: Commencing at right front with right side facing, k 7, (k 2 tog.) 27 times, k 14, (k 2 tog.) 9 times, k 14 across 46 sts. of one sleeve, k 1, (k 2 tog.) 53 times across back, k 14, (k 2 tog.) 9 times, k 14 across 46 sts. of other sleeve, (k 2 tog.) 27 times across left front to last 7 sts., k 7. (196 sts.)

2nd Size: Commencing at right front with right side facing, k 7 (k 2 tog.) 32 times, k 4, (k 2 tog.) 21 times, k 4 across 50 sts. of one sleeve, k 1, (k 2 tog.) 57 times, k 4 across 50 sts. of other sleeve, (k 2 tog.) 32 times across left front to last 7 sts., k 7. (196 sts.)

Both Sizes—Next Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row (Buttonhole row): K 2, cast off 2, k to end.

Next Row: K 6, p to last 4 sts., k 2, cast on 2, k 2.

Commence shaping thus: 1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6. Rep. last 2 rows 3 times more.

9th Row: K 19, * sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 10, rep. from * to last 23 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 19. (172 sts.)

10th Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

11th Row: Knit. 12th Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6. Rep. last 2 rows twice more.

17th Row: K 18, * sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 8, rep. from * to last 22 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 18. (148 sts.)

18th Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

19th Row: Knit.

20th Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

21st Row (Buttonhole row): K 2, cast off 2, k to end.

22nd Row: K 6, p to last 4 sts., k 2, cast on 2, k 2.

23rd Row: Knit.

24th Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

25th Row: K 17, * sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 6, rep. from * to last 21 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 17. (124 sts.)

26th Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

27th Row: Knit. 28th Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6. Rep. last 2 rows twice more.

33rd Row: K 16, * sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 4, rep. from * to last 20 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 16. (100 sts.)

34th Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6.

35th Row: Knit.

36th Row: K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6. Rep. last 2 rows twice more.

41st Row (buttonhole row): K 2, cast off 2, k 11 including st. used in casting off, * sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from * to last 19 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 15. (74 sts.)

42nd Row: K to last 2 sts., cast on 2, k 2. (76 sts.)

43rd Row: K 6 (8), * k 2 tog., k 5 (10), rep. from * to last 7 (8) sts., k 2 tog., k 5 (6). 66 (70) sts. K 2 rows. Cast off.

BONNET

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 93 (93) sts. and k 7 rows.

Change to No. 8 needles and pattern as for back of dress until 3 complete patterns worked. (30 rows.)

Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. and continue until work measures 4½ (5½) in. from beg., ending with k row.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p 43, p 2 tog., p 44, p 2 tog. 90 (90) sts.

To Shape Back—1st Row: * K 7, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. (80 sts.)

2nd and Alternate Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: * K 6, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. (70 sts.)

5th Row: * K 5, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. (60 sts.)

Continue dec. 10 sts. every alternate row until 20 sts. remain, then p 2 tog. all along next row. (10 sts.)

Break yarn, thread through remaining sts., draw up and fasten off securely.

BOOTEES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 43 (43) sts. K 3 rows, then work in pattern as for back of dress until 2 complete patterns worked. (20 rows.)

Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K 5 (7), * k 2 tog., k 6 (12), rep. from * to last 6 (8) sts., k 2 tog., k 4 (6). 38 (40) sts.

Make Eyelet Holes: P 2 (3), * w.r.n., p 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to last 3 (4) sts., w.r.n., p 2 tog., p 1 (2).

Divide for Instep: K 25 (26) sts., turn, p 12 (12) sts., turn.

Work 16 (18) rows in st-st. on these 12 sts. Break yarn. With right side facing, start where the 13 (14) sts. were left on needle, pick up and k 10 sts. along side of instep, k across the 12 toe sts., pick up and k 10 sts. along other side of instep, then work across

Continued opposite page

Cosy jacket Color picture, page 16

Materials: 4 (4, 5) balls Emu Scotch 4-ply or Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply; one pair each Nos. 10 and 11 knitting needles; 3 small buttons; 1 yd. 1-in. wide ribbon.

Measurements: To fit 19 (20, 21) in. chest; length, 10 (10½, 11½) in.; sleeve seam, 5½ (6, 6½) in.

Tension: 7½ st. and 9½ rows to 1 square inch measured over patt.

Abbreviations: W.r.n., wool round needle; w.o.n., wool over needle.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 72 (76, 80) sts. and work 1 in. in g-st. (every row k), ending with wrong-side row.

Commence pattern:

1st Row: K 9 (1) (3), * p 1, w.o.n., k 2 tog., p 1, k 6, rep. from * to last 3 (5), (7) sts., k 3, (p 1, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 1, k 1), (p 1, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 1, k 3).

BABY TROUSSEAU . . . concluded

the 13 (14) sts. on other needle. 58 (60) sts. Work 9 rows in st-st., commencing with a p row.

To Shape Foot—Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 24 (25), (k 2 tog.) twice, k 24 (25), k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: P 25 (26), (p 2 tog.) twice, p 25 (26).

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 21 (22), (k 2 tog.) twice, k 21 (22), k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: P 22 (23), (p 2 tog.) twice, p 22 (23).

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 18 (19), (k 2 tog.) twice, k 18 (19), k 2 tog., k 1. Cast off.

MITTENS

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 43 (43) sts. and k 3 rows, then work 10 rows in pattern as for back of dress. Change to No. 10 needles.

Make Eyelet Holes: K 3, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p 17, p 2 tog., p 18, p 2 tog., 40 (40) sts.

Work in st-st. on these sts. for 2½ (2½) in. from eyelet holes, ending with p row.

To Shape Top—1st Row: * K 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. (30 sts.)

2nd Row: Purl.

p 1, k 1), (p 1, w.o.n., k 2 tog., p 1, k 3).

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 9 (1), (3), * p 1, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 1, k 6, rep. from * to last 3 (5), (7) sts., k 3, (p 1, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 1, k 1), (p 1, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 1, k 3).

4th Row: Purl.

These 4 rows form patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 5½ (6, 6½) in. from beg., ending with wrong-side row.

To Shape Raglan Armholes: Keeping continuity of pattern, cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., patt. to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until 24 (26, 28) sts. rem., ending with wrong-side row. Leave these sts. on spare needle.

3rd Row: * K 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. (20 sts.)

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end. (10 sts.)

Break yarn, thread through remaining sts., draw up, and fasten off securely.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out all pieces to correct measurements and press with warm iron over dry cloth, omitting ribbing.

Dress: Using back-stitch, join side and sleeve seams. Join shoulder seams for ½ in. Work row of double crochet along back and front shoulder edges, making 3 buttonhole loops at each side on front edges. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttons to match loops. Thread ribbon through eyelet holes at waist, bringing ends out at centre front to tie.

Matinee Coat: Using back-stitch, join side and sleeve seams. Join shaped part of sleeve to shaped part of armhole. Neaten buttonholes and sew on buttons.

Bonnet: Sew up back seam for 3 in. Work row of double crochet along neck edge. Sew on ribbon to each side.

Bootees: Join leg and foot seams. Thread ribbon through eyelet holes.

Mittens: Sew up side seams. Thread ribbon through eyelet holes.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 39 (41, 43) sts. and work 1 in. in g-st., ending with wrong-side row.

Commence pattern:

1st Row: K 9 (1), (3), * p 1, w.o.n., k 2 tog., p 1, k 6, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 6, p to end.

3rd Row: K 9 (1), (3), * p 1, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 1, k 6, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: K 6, p to end.

Cont. in patt., keeping border of 6 g-sts. at front edge, until work measures 5½ (6, 6½) in. from beg., ending at side edge.

To Shape Raglan Armhole—Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., patt. to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, p to end.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., patt. to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, p to end.

Rep. last 2 rows until 23 (24, 25) sts. rem., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Work across first 7 (7, 8) sts. and slip them on to safety-pin, p to end.

Still dec. at armhole edge as before, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every foll. alt. row until 6 (5, 5) sts. rem.

Keeping neck edge straight, cont. to dec. at armhole edge until 3 sts. rem. K 3 tog. and fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 39 (41, 43) sts. and work 1 in. in g-st., ending with wrong-side row.

Commence pattern:

1st Row: * K 6, p 1, w.o.n., k 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to last 9 (1), (3) sts., k 9 (1), (3).

2nd Row: P to last 6 sts., k 6.

3rd Row: * K 6, p 1, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 1, rep. from * to last 9 (1), (3) sts., k 9 (1), (3).

4th Row: P to last 6 sts., k 6.

Cont. in patt., keeping border of 6 g-sts. at front edge until work measures 5½ (6, 6½) in. from beg., ending at side edge.

To Shape Raglan Armhole—Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., p to last 6 sts., k 6.

Next Row: K 6, patt. to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: P to last 6 sts., k 6.

Complete to match left front, reversing all shapings, at the same time making 3 buttonholes, the first 5½ (6½, 7) in. from base of garment, the others at intervals of

1 in., measured from base of previous buttonhole.

1st Buttonhole Row: Right side facing, k 2, cast off 2, k 2, work to end.

2nd Buttonhole Row: P to last 4 sts., k 2, cast on 2, k 2.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 38 (38, 40) sts. and work 1 in. in g-st., ending with wrong-side row.

Change to No. 10 needles and pattern:

1st Row: K 2 (2), (3), * p 1, w.o.n., k 2 tog., p 1, k 6, rep. from * to last 6 (6), (7) sts., p 1, w.o.n., k 2 tog., p 1, k 2 (2), (3).

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2 (2), (3), * p 1, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 1, k 6, rep. from * to last 6 (6), (7) sts., p 1, k 2 tog., w.r.n., p 1, k 2 (2), (3).

4th Row: Purl.

Inc. and work into patt. 1 st. at each end of next and every foll. 4th (3rd, 3rd) row until 52 (56, 60) sts. on needle. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 5½ (6, 6½) in. from beg., ending with wrong-side row.

To Shape Raglan Top: Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., patt. to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until 4 (6, 8) sts. rem., ending with wrong-side row and working decreases at outer armhole edge when they can no longer be worked inside border of 2 sts. Leave these sts. on a safety-pin.

NECKBAND

Using flat-stitch, join raglan seams. With right side facing and No. 11 needles, slip 7 (7, 8) sts. of right front on to needle, join wool at inside edge, pick up and k 14 sts. up right side of neck, k across 4 (6, 8) sts. on top of right sleeve, 24 (26, 28) sts. on back neck, 4 (6, 8) sts. on top of left sleeve, pick up and k 14 sts. down left side of neck, then k across 7 (7, 8) sts. of left front safety-pin. 74 (80, 88) sts.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., k to end. Rep. last row once. Cont. in g-st. for 1½ in. Cast off fairly loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press with warm iron over damp cloth. If Bri-Nylon has been used, press with dry cloth instead of damp one. Using back-stitch, join side and sleeve seams. Fold neckband in half to wrong side and slip-stitch down. Neaten buttonholes and sew on buttons. Thread ribbon through neckband.



RIBBON - TRIMMED contrast makes a dainty finishing touch to this simple raglan jacket. See knitting directions at right.

Baby blue with white

Materials: 3 (4, 4) balls main color, 1 (1, 1) ball contrast color, Emu Scotch 4-ply or Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply; one pair each Nos. 10 and 11 knitting needles; medium crochet hook; 2yds. ribbon.

Measurements: Actual chest, 19 (20, 21) in.; length, 10½ (11½, 12½) in.; sleeve seam, 5½ (6, 6½) in.

Tension: 7½ stitches and 9½ rows to 1 square inch measured over stocking-stitch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); st-st., stocking-stitch; rep., repeat; beg., beginning; inc., increase(ing); dec., decrease(ing); tog., together; w.fwd., wool forward; m.c., main color; c.c., contrast color; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and c.c., cast on 73 (77, 81) sts. and work 2 rows in st-st. (1 row k, 1 row p).

Next Row (Eyelet Holes): K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Work further 3 rows st-st., commencing with p row.

Change to m.c. and continue in st-st. until work measures 6½ (6¾, 7¼) in. from beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan Armhole: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following 4th row until 25 (27, 29) sts. remain, ending with p row. Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and c.c., cast on 36 (38, 40) sts. and work 2 rows in st-st.

Next Row (Eyelet Holes): K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1. Work further 3 rows st-st., commencing with p row.

Change to m.c. and continue in st-st. until work measures 6½ (6¾, 7¼) in. from beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan Armhole: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every following alternate row until 20 (21, 22) sts. remain, ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Cast off 5 (5, 6) sts., p to end.

Still dec. at armhole edge as before, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every following 3rd row until 6 (7, 4) sts. remain. Keeping neck edge straight, continue to dec. at armhole edge until 3 sts. remain. K 3 tog. and fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front, reversing all shapings and working eyelet-hole row as follows: K 1, * k 2 tog.; w.fwd., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and m.c., cast on 38 (40, 40) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in., ending with wrong-side row.

Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 4th row until 52 (56, 60) sts. on needle. Continue without further shaping until work measures 5½ (6, 6½) in. from beg., ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan Top: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following 4th row until 38 (42, 48) sts. remain, then 1 st. each end every alternate row until 8 (10, 10) sts. remain, ending with p row. Leave these sts. on safety-pin.

FRONT BANDS (2)

Using No. 11 needles and m.c., cast on 7 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib as follows:

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until band is long enough, when slightly stretched, to fit up front edge. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using back-stitch, join raglan seams. With right side of work facing, No. 10 needles, and c.c., pick up and k 16 (17, 18) sts. up right side of neck, k across the 8 (10, 10) sts. on top of right sleeve, 25 (27, 29) sts. on back neck, 8 (10, 10) sts. on top of left sleeve, pick up and k 16 (17, 18) sts. down left side of neck. 73 (81, 85) sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row (Eyelet Holes): K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Work further 2 rows in st-st., commencing with p row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press with warm iron over damp cloth. If Bri-nylon has been used, press with dry cloth instead of damp one. Using back-stitch, join side and sleeve seams. Sew on front bands.

Continued opposite page

Trouser suit

Color picture page 16

Materials: Emu Sports, Scotch Double Knitting, Double Crepe, or Bri-Nylon Double Knitting—Jumper, 5 (6, 6) balls main color, 1 (1, 1) ball contrast color; Cardigan, 6 (6, 7) balls main color; Trousers, 6 (6, 7) balls contrast color. One pair each Nos. 8 and 10 knitting needles; 5 buttons for cardigan; elastic to fit waist.

Measurements: Jumper—to fit 19½ (20½, 22) in.; length, 10½ (11, 11½) in. Jacket—to fit 20 (21, 22½) in. chest; length, 10½ (11½, 12½) in. Sleeve seam, 6 (6½, 7) in. Trousers length, 18½ (19½, 19½) in.

Tension: 5½ stitches and 8 rows to 1 square inch measured over stocking-stitch. **Abbreviations:** W.fwd., wool forward; m.c., main color; c.c., contrast color.

JUMPER

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 52 (56, 60) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in., ending with wrong side row and inc. 1 st. at end of last row. 53 (57, 61) sts. Change to No. 8 needles and patt.

1st Row: * K 2, p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

3rd Row: * P 1, k 3, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

4th Row: * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

These 4 rows form patt. Cont. in patt.

BABY BLUE WITH WHITE

... concluded

Crochet Edging for Neck

With right side facing and m.c., work as follows—

1st Row: * 1 d.c. into edge, 2 ch., miss 1 st. of edge, 1 d.c. in next st. of edge, 2 ch., miss 2 sts. of edge, rep. from * to end, turn with 2 ch.

2nd Row: * 1 d.c. in 2 ch. of previous row, 4 ch., rep. from * to end. Fasten off.

Crochet Edging for Lower Edge

With right side of work facing and m.c., work as follows:

1st Row: * 1 d.c. into edge, 2 ch., miss 1 st. of edge, rep. from * to end, turn with 2 ch.

2nd Row: * 1 d.c. in 2 ch. of previous row, 4 ch., rep. from * to end. Fasten off. Thread ribbon through eyelet holes at lower edge and round neck.

until work measures 5½ (6, 6½) in. from beg., ending with wrong side row.

To Shape Raglan Armholes: Keeping cont. of patt., dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 4th row until 43 (47, 53) sts. rem., then 1 st. each end every alt. row until 35 (37, 37) sts. rem., ending with wrong side row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., patt. 11 sts. and turn, leaving rem. sts. on spare needle.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., patt. to end.

Next Row: K 2 tog., patt. to end. Rep. last 2 rows once more.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., patt. to end. Cast off rem. 2 sts. Sl. centre 9 (11, 11) sts. on to spare needle. Join wool at neck edge to rem. sts., patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Patt. to end.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Rep. last 2 rows once more.

Next Row: Patt. to end.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., patt. to end. Cast off rem. 2 sts.

SLEEVES

** Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 36 (36, 40) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in., ending with wrong side row and inc. 1 st. at end of last row. 37 (37, 41) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles and patt. Inc. and work into patt. 1 st. each end of 5th and every foll. 8th (7th, 8th) row until 45 (47, 51) sts. on needle. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 6 (6½, 7) in. from the beg., ending with wrong side row. **

To Shape Raglan Top: Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 4th row until 39 (41, 45) sts. rem., then 1 st. each end every alt. row until 17 (17, 19) sts. rem., ending with wrong side row. Leave these sts. on safety-pin.

NECKBAND

Using back-stitch, join raglan seams, leaving left back raglan seam open. With right side facing, No. 8 needles and c.c., work across 17 (17, 19) sts. on top of left sleeve thus: (k 2 tog.) 8 (8, 9) times, k 1, pick up and k 10 sts. down left side of front neck, k across 9 (11, 11) sts. at centre, pick up and k 10 sts. up right side of front neck, (k 2 tog.) 8 (8, 9) times, k 1, across 17 (17, 19) sts. on top of right sleeve, pick up and k 10 sts. down right side of back neck, k across the 9 (11, 11) sts. at centre, pick up and k 10 sts. up left side of back neck. 76 (80, 82) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 16 rows. Cast off loosely in rib.

CARDIGAN

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 52 (56, 56) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in., ending with wrong side row and inc. 1 st. at end of last row. 53 (57, 57) sts. Change to No. 8 needles and patt. as for back of jumper. Cont. until work measures 6 (6½, 7) in. from beg., ending with wrong side row.

To Shape Raglan Armholes: Keeping cont. of patt., dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 4th row until 43 (47, 45) sts. rem., then 1 st. each end of every alt. row until 19 (21, 21) sts. rem., ending with wrong side row. Leave these sts. on spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 28 (28, 32) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in., ending with wrong side row and inc. 1 st. at end of last row. 29 (29, 33) sts. Change to No. 8 needles and patt. Cont. until work measures 6 (6½, 7) in. from beg., ending with wrong side row.

To Shape Raglan Armhole: Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next row and at this same edge on every foll. 4th row until 24 (24, 27) sts. rem., then 1 st. on every alt. row until 19 (18, 22) sts. rem., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Cast off 6 (5, 7) sts., patt. to end.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. alt. row until 5 (5, 3) sts. rem. Keeping neck edge straight cont. to dec. at armhole edge as before until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. and fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Work as jumper sleeves from ** to **.

To Shape Raglan Top: Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 4th row until 39 (41, 45) sts. rem., then 1 st. each end of every alt. row until 7 (7, 9) sts. rem., ending with wrong side row. Leave these sts. on safety-pin.

NECKBAND

Using back-stitch, join raglan seams. With right side facing, No. 10 needles and m.c., pick up and k 18 (18, 19) sts. up right side of neck, k across 7 (7, 9) sts. on top of right sleeve, 19 (21, 21) sts. on back neck, 7 (7, 9) sts. on top of left sleeve, pick up and k 18 (18, 19) sts. down left side of neck. 69 (71, 77) sts.

Next Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1. **Next Row:** * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

Rep. these 2 rows for lin. Cast off in rib.

BUTTONHOLE BAND

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on

9 sts. **1st Row:** * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1. **2nd Row:** * P 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

Rep. these 2 rows for ¼ (½, ½) in.

1st Buttonhole Row: Rib 3, cast off 3, rib to end. **2nd Buttonhole Row:** Rib, casting on over cast off sts. in previous row.

Cont. in rib, making 4 more buttonholes at intervals of 2 (2, 2½) in., measured from base of previous buttonhole. Work further ½ in. in rib. Cast off in rib.

BUTTON BAND

Work to match buttonhole band, omitting buttonholes.

TROUSERS

RIGHT LEG

Using No. 10 needles and c.c., cast on 58 (62, 66) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for ¼ in.

Next Row: Rib 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rib 2, rep. from * to end.

Cont. in rib for a further ½ in.

Change to No. 8 needles and st-st.

To Shape Top—1st Row: K 12 (14, 16) sts. and turn.

2nd and All Alternate Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 24 (26, 28) sts., turn.

5th Row: K 36 (38, 40) sts., turn.

7th Row: K 48 (50, 52) sts., turn.

8th Row: P to end **.

Work across all sts. for 20 (24, 24) rows.

Now inc. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 7th row until 70 (74, 78) sts. on needle, then inc. 1 st. at each end of next 2 rows. 74 (78, 82) sts.

Commence Leg Shaping: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. alt. row until 60 (64, 68) sts. rem., then 1 st. each end of every foll. 5th row until 44 (46, 50) sts. rem. Cont. on these sts. until work measures 18½ (19½, 19½) in. at longest (back) edge, ending with k row.

Next Row: K to mark hemline. Work further 1½ in. in st-st. Cast off loosely.

LEFT LEG

Work as right leg, reversing all shapings from ** to ** by reading p for k, k for p.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out all pieces to correct measurements and press with warm iron over damp cloth, omitting ribbing. If Bri-Nylon has been used, press with a dry cloth.

Jumper: Using back-stitch, join side and sleeve seams. Join left back raglan seam and neckband, joining neckband section with flat stitch. Fold lin. of neckband on to wrong side and slip-stitch down.

Cardigan: Using back-stitch, join side and sleeve seams. Sew on front bands. Neaten buttonholes and sew on buttons.

Trousers: Join back, front, and leg seams. Turn hem at ankles on to wrong side and slip-stitch down. Thread elastic at waist.



COSY JACKET (above) **TROUSER SUIT** (right)
*knitted in sunny yellow for knockabout wear
 with a ribbon bow suits from sandpit to swings.
 boy or girl. Directions for three chest
 sizes on page 13. Directions for three chest
 sizes are on page 15.*